



(THE)

LAND WE LIVE IN.

A

PICTORIAL AND LITERARY SKETCH - BOOK

OF THE

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CHARLES KNIGHT, FLEET STREET.

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JAMES THORNE.

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THE BARONIAL HALLS OF KENT.

"Our writings," says old Burton, "are so many dishes, our readers the guests:" wherefore, as he very reasonably lucubrates, it is only becoming that we should endeavour to have them in some measure suitable to the time and the occasion. For this winter season, a culling from the old Baronial mansions of England, seems a not unseasonable dish to set before our friendly guests,—the readers of 'THE LAND WE LIVE IN.' Those stately halls are beyond almost every object provocative of recollections of that large and hearty Christmas hospitality which was so eminently characteristic of England in the olden time. The very shadow of it has fled away long since; but even to recal to our memory that such things were, is neither without profit nor pleasure.

Yet in truth it needs no apology of the season for introducing such a subject in our work. We should have a very incomplete series of sketches of our noble land, either pictorial or literary, if we had none of those old mansions which form so noticeable a feature in it. Nor is the subject merely an ornamental one: a history of our chief country mansions would form a theme of rich and various interest. Even to trace the history of some one at sufficient length, and in a genial spirit, would afford abundant information as well as amusement: the weather-beaten walls, and the dusty family records, would alike furnish matter which the wand of fancy might transform into vivid and speaking realities. The different parts of the building would recal and illustrate the varying phases of public and domestic life: the embattled towers would tell of those ruder times when the feudal chief might have to call around him his retainers and tenants, and prepare against the approach of some hostile band; the huge halls and capacious kitchens of ancient state and hospitality; the graceful bay-windows of the growth of elegance and security; while all would display the progress of architectural skill and taste. How distinctly, too, would the apartments and their garniture record the shifting habits of social life—changing slowly and almost imperceptibly from year to year, but showing so vast a difference between the present time and that when the foundations of the house were laid, it may be some four or five centuries ago! And then in the fortunes of its owners—often the mighty, the famous, the unhappy—how impressive a story might be read! To most who visit these ancient halls some such thoughts occur; and some such history of them might, without extraordinary labour, be written. Of course that cannot be attempted here. We are to look lightly over two or three of these old buildings which lie at a few miles distance from each other, and in one county: and whilst strolling through the rooms we shall, without much regard to order, speak of such matters as we meet with, or as the objects we see may recal to the memory.

HEVER CASTLE.

Kent is a beautiful county, and one full of all kinds of interest. Few counties can display so ample a variety of pleasing scenery, and few possess more objects that will repay the examination of the curious tourist. In old baronial and manorial residences it is especially rich; and they, with the fine parks that generally appertain to them, contribute in no small measure to the beauty and interest of the county. From them we select a few that have more than the ordinary amount of historical or other value, and that may serve at the same time as examples of the several kinds of structures that are characteristic of ancient baronial domestic architecture.

We may begin with the rudest-looking and oldest. Hever Castle is a tolerably perfect example of a castellated mansion of the earliest date. Though called a castle, that is an improper designation: it retains in part the form and character of a castle, but it was erected in an age when comfort as well as security was sought after; when, though it was deemed needful to build so as to be secure from a sudden attack, defence was no longer the first thing thought of and provided for. During the sway of the Norman monarchs, castles were raised all over the land. It is affirmed that above eleven hundred were erected in England, in the reign of Stephen. In the strong language of the 'Saxon Chronicle,' "Every rich man built his castles and defended them, and they filled the land full of castles. And they greatly oppressed the wretched people, by making them work at these castles; and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men." Henry II., however, put a stop to the mischief by making it unlawful to erect a castle without the Royal licence—which he but seldom granted.

The Norman castle was a large and enormously strong building. The walls, which were of immense thickness, were surmounted with battlements, and usually further fortified by small projecting towers or bastions. Where the nature of the ground did not render the approach nearly inaccessible, a moat encompassed the walls, and across it was thrown a drawbridge. The entrance gateway was flanked by towers: there were several thick doors; and portcullises were fitted into grooves, so as to be easily dropped in case of surprisal, and to prevent the danger which might arise from the application of fire. There was also near the centre of the castle a great keep, to which the garrison might retreat if the castle itself should be forced. No more efficient stronghold than the Norman castle could well have been contrived for withstanding the assaults of an army in the then state of warfare; but it made at best but a gloomy and uncomfortable abode,—every external aperture was of the smallest size, the rooms were confined and inconvenient, the whole wore a stern and forbidding air. It

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

was not, however, till the splendid victories of Edward had ensured peace and safety in the land, that the English nobility thought of erecting for themselves dwellings of a more homely character. It was in the reign of Edward III. that domestic architecture may be said to have arisen in England; but even then, as has been mentioned, although comfort and elegance were sought after, security was not neglected. The result was the construction of that class of buildings which has received the name of castellated mansions.

Hever Castle is of this kind, and of this date. William de Hever, lord of the manor, obtained a license of Edward III. to erect his manor-house at Hever, '*more castelli*,' with towers, battlements, and machicolations; and in virtue of this grant he built the castle we are now to examine. Hever Castle does not remain as it was originally erected; alterations, additions, and modernizations have been made at different times, but in its general form and character it is pretty much as he left it.

It is situated about three miles south-east of the Edenbridge station of the South-Eastern Railway. There is a pleasant walk to it from the village of Edenbridge, along by-lanes and field-paths. Little is seen of the castle till you come close upon it, owing to its lying in so low a spot. The site was chosen, no doubt, from its proximity to the river Eden, affording so much facility for surrounding the building by a moat. When fairly seen the appearance of the castle is rather striking, as well as picturesque. (Cut No. 1.) The building is quadrangular, enclosing a court-yard. The place of the original draw-bridge is supplied by a fixed wooden one; but the moat remains undrained. The principal front, which presents itself to the view on approaching the castle, is the fortified part. It consists of a large and lofty gate-house, flanked by two square towers. It is built of stone, and is evidently of great strength, answering in some measure to the keep of the Norman castle. As this was the only entrance to the castle, the architect has expended upon its defences all his skill. Over the gateway impend bold machicolations from which missiles might be poured on the heads of assailants. The towers are pierced with oilets and loop-holes, through which arrows might be discharged, without chance of reprisal. Three stout gates and as many portcullises are arranged one behind the other, within the gateway. In the gate-house are guard-rooms: the chambers above were provided with furnaces for melting lead and pitch; and all other defensive appliances were carefully provided. The strength of the castle, however, does not appear to have been tested. It owes its celebrity to other than warlike recollections. It has been the abode of two of the many wives of Henry VIII. It was the birth-place and the residence of Anne Boleyn; and here it was that she dwelt a part of the tedious six years, during which, to borrow the words of Mr. Sharon Turner, she patiently listened, "to the solicitations and aspirations of a Royal and interesting admirer." Several of this "interesting admirer's" still-existing love-letters (or as Mr. Turner prefers to call them, "con-

genial billets,") were addressed to her here, and her answers are dated from hence; and hither that "interesting admirer" used often to come whilst she "was in patient waiting for the nuptial tie."

Poor Anne! hers was indeed a hard lot. The sorrow and wrong she had brought upon another were with fearful interest returned into her own bosom. Hardly is the lofty eminence she had so long panted for attained, ere clouds gather around, and she sees darkness and danger on every hand. The "interesting admirer" is changed into a brutal tyrant; in place of love and hope, come alienation and misery. Then follows that hideous mockery of a trial, where the womanly ear is outraged by every insult which the depraved imaginations of coarse old men can, at the bidding of a reckless master, shape out of the vile tales of shameless attendants: and then that graceful form is, without trace of compassion, consigned to the blood-stained hands of the common executioner. But her husband was not her only—hardly her worst—persecutor. Even in the grave she has not been suffered to rest at peace. Her miserable doom has failed to excite a merciful consideration of her failings. It has been her fate to be the object of more and angrier controversy, and more bitter vituperation, than ever was any other English woman,—except her daughter. Down to our own day she has been subjected to the grossest accusations which even theological rancour could inspire; and only in the case of her daughter, where to theological rancour national enmity is superadded, has the persecution been as long continued and as unrelenting.

Hever Castle was purchased by William Bullen, the great-grandfather of Anne. He was a wealthy silkmonger in London,—of which city he was, in 1459, elected lord-mayor: but the Bullens (for so they spelled their name) were an ancient and honourable Norfolk family. Upon the death of the father of Anne Boleyn "without male issue," the manor accrued to the crown. After his divorce from Anne of Cleves, Henry granted Hever Castle and manor to her for life, or as long as she should remain in England: and in Hever Castle were spent the remaining days of that most fortunate of the tyrant's unhappy wives. She died here in 1556, after a quiet sojourn of sixteen years. Shortly after her death the estate was sold by Royal commission. It has since passed through many hands; but nothing of interest has occurred in connection with it. It is now the property of a family named Medley. Hever Castle has become a farm-house.

The gate-house by which you enter is the original stronghold. It is in capital preservation, and retains to a great degree its primitive appearance. The only alteration of any consequence is the insertion of some windows of Tudor date. On the front is some rather elegant tracery; but as you enter the gateway, the bold impending machicolations and triple portcullises, render it a sufficiently formidable-looking structure. The rooms inside this building are also in tolerable preservation. The principal is the great hall, the original state-room of the castle: this is a noble apart-

THE BARONIAL HALLS OF KENT.

ment, and very handsomely fitted up. The room is large and lofty; and is provided with a music-gallery, withdrawing-room, and the other appurtenances of an old hall. The walls are covered with carved oak panels; the roof is also panelled. The fire-place has some good carving of the arms of the Boleyns and their alliances, supported by well-designed figures of angels: on one of the shields the arms of Henry VIII. are empanelled. This hall seems to have been remodelled after the castle became the property of the Boleyns. A few years back it was carefully repaired and refitted, and is now the most completely-furnished room in the whole edifice. When it was 'restored' what remained of the old Boleyn furniture was collected and placed here, and contributes not a little to the general effect. The chairs and sofas are not only of antique form, but retain their original covering of that needle-work for which the English ladies of Anne Boleyn's day were so famous. There is a feebly supported tradition that some of these covers are of Anne's own embroidery. At one time the furniture of Hever must have been of rare value, but the costlier articles were scattered by the auctioneer. Some of the curious fire-dogs, with other relics, are now at Knole. We must not quit the hall without mentioning that there are several portraits on the walls. One is pointed out as the family portrait of Anne Boleyn, and it is added that it was painted shortly before her execution. To us it seems to bear little resemblance to the authentic portraits of her: we do not believe it is even a copy of her portrait—we need hardly add, that it is not an original. The other portraits are worthless as pictures—but they help the general effect of the room.

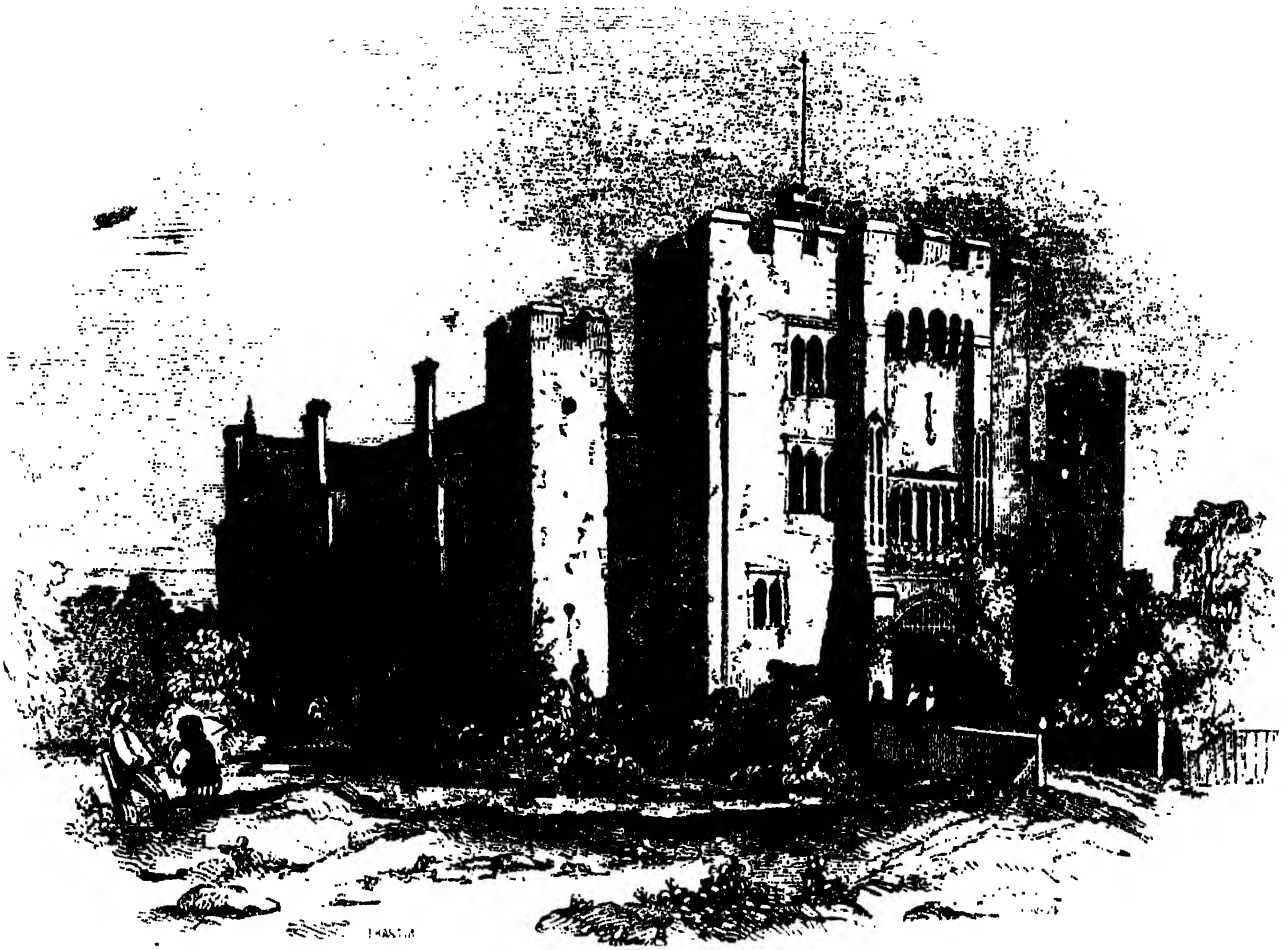
We might be led to repeople the old hall with its early tenants; to fancy the Hevers or the Boleyns sitting here in their dignity, at a court-baron, or as sheriffs of Kent, or presiding at the banquet, or listening to some goodly interlude and merry: or place the bluff monarch in the chair of state to receive the homage of the surrounding 'squires:—but our guide spoils the fancy, if we venture to utter it aloud, by the assurance that the old dining-room was on the other side of the court-yard; and that as for the king, he always saw company up in the long gallery. We cannot say nay to this, and so we will pass on, only intimating that this hall was probably the state dining-room of the Hevers, as the other may have been the ordinary one of the Boleyns. This hall is reached by a winding staircase in one of the towers: the visitor may, if he pleases, ascend by it to the battlements on the summit of the tower, but owing to the lowness of the site there is little prospect; he must not, however, descend the stairs without stepping into some one of the little chambers in order to see the way in which they were contrived for the annoyance of an enemy. The loopholes he will observe were well-adapted for discharging arrows through. The guard-rooms are also worth looking into; and on returning to the gateway, it will be well just to notice the portcullises, and some other of the original fittings which yet remain in their proper

places. Altogether, this gatehouse affords a very good idea of the stronghold of a baronial mansion.

On emerging from the gateway we find ourselves in a stately quadrangular court-yard, surrounded by buildings, evidently not all of equal antiquity, but yet having all somewhat of an antique aspect. The whole is in good repair, but not in its ancient state. The fronts were once fancifully painted; but no trace of painting is now visible. We cross the court-yard (which in passing, we notice, retains the old red-brick pavement) and enter the gateway directly opposite to that we have just quitted. On the left is the dining-hall: this is a room fit for the ordinary refectory of a noble family before ancient hospitality was given up. Not so stately as the older hall we have recently come from, it is yet a goodly room; and while the master of the house with his family and his guests have places apart, there is ample room for the numerous domestics, and also for the humble dependent or stranger who may be a casual participant at the plenteous board. The room is large, and of proportionate height: the ceiling is rather elaborately ornamented. On one side is a huge fire-place. The long tables may have served when the Earl of Wiltshire was lord of Hever Castle. But the ancient hangings are gone; no banners float over head; neither arms, nor helmets, nor broad antlers hang upon the walls. As the old castle is degraded into a farm-house, so the old hall is made to serve as the farm-house kitchen. Yet there is some good even in this use of it: a bright fire is ever burning in the huge fire-place, and its cheerful blaze lights up the old walls in a way that contrasts quite gratefully in comparison with the ungenial chill that pervades the ancient halls which are kept merely for show in so many a lordly dwelling.

Passing through the hall, we proceed up what is called the 'Grand Staircase,' to the Long Gallery, or ball-room. This is a noticeable apartment: it is very long, but narrow, and the ceiling is low. The sides are of panelled oak; the ceiling is also divided into panels. The floor is of oak, rather too rudely put together, we should fancy, to be pleasant to ladies' 'twinkling feet.' On one side, at equal distances apart, are three recesses: one of them is a large bay window, the middle one is for the fire. Altogether the room will probably remind the visitor of the Long Gallery at Haddon, to which it bears a very marked resemblance. The three recesses there, however, are all bay windows. The long gallery at Hever is in its present state evidently of the Tudor period. It was doubtless the construction of a Boleyn,—perhaps of Anne's father. In her day it was at any rate in its greatest splendour; and, filled with such a company as sometimes were assembled in it, must have presented a striking spectacle. We might be sure, if tradition were silent respecting it, that Anne's lover—the great master of revels—would have

"A noble and a fair assembly
Some night to meet here—he could do no less,
Out of the great respect he bore to beauty—
 and entreat
An hour of revels with them."



-HEVER CASTLE.

And we can easily fancy how the little maiden's heart would flutter when the king "took her out" to lead the brawls.

Tradition has fixed chiefly on the bay window for the scene of its tales of Anne and her lover. Here, it relates, she sat and watched, when she anticipated his coming. A lattice is shown, from which she used to wave her handkerchief what time her royal admirer sounded his bugle when he had reached the summit of the hill, some half-mile off, where first the towers of Hever become visible from the road; or when sorrowing over his departure she caught the last glimpse of his portly form. It hardly needs tradition to tell that here was the fond pair's favourite seat; the seat in a sunny bay is, we know,

"For whispering lovers made."

In this bay-window, too, we are assured, was placed Henry's chair of state when the neighbouring gentry were admitted to a levée. At the end of the room a trap-door is pointed out, which opens into 'the dungeon'—a gloomy chamber which, you are told, was intended for a hiding-place in time of trouble. As if to counterbalance the bit of sentiment in which she had indulged at the bay-window, Tradition repeats another story of rather a grim character. When the king, she tells, was smitten by the charms of Jane Seymour, he

became perplexed how best to rid himself of poor Anne Boleyn. To have two divorced wives living, was rather beyond what he liked to venture on. To cut off the head of one had not yet suggested itself to him. He determined to try whether starvation would not answer his purpose. Anne was sent down to Hever and consigned to the dungeon. When her keeper thought time enough had elapsed, he opened the door and brought out her body. She appeared to be dead, but after a brief space, she revived, and his heart failed him. Instead of replacing her in the cell he carried her to London; and then the king took a more legal course.

They don't repeat this legend at Hever now. Visitors are grown critical, and guides taciturn.

Another room will be shown the stranger:—Anne Boleyn's bed-room. It is worth seeing: it is but scantily furnished, but what furniture it has is ancient. The bed is affirmed to be the veritable one she slept in. It is an antique-looking one, with heavy yellow hangings. The chairs and tables, and a strong carved oak chest, are said to have belonged to the Boleyns.

Write your name in the visitor's book,—and let us away.

There is nothing to attract the visitor in the village of Hever, which is, in fact, merely a gathering on a hill-side of a few very sad-looking cottages; but he should remember that by every old baronial hall, as by every



2.—PENSURST.

THE BARONIAL HALLS OF KENT.

old abbey, the neighbouring church is almost sure to deserve inspection. The keys can always be easily attained, and he should spend a quarter of an hour in looking over it. Hever Church is but a humble one, yet some few features that will repay the search for them, and a few monuments of the lords of Hever, will be found there. The altar tomb, to the memory of Anne's father, the Earl of Wiltshire, has upon the top of it a brass, representing the earl in the full costume of a knight of the garter, which is a very superior example of the incised work of the sixteenth century.

In front of the little village inn hangs a dismal portraiture of King Harry's head. Why he should be chosen to 'predominate' over a hostel here is rather hard to guess. Was it made to swing here from admiration or abhorrence?—or, as we heard suggested, as a warning to the wives of Hever?

PENSURST PLACE.

We are now to visit a place of more pleasing associations, and in every sense of greater interest. Penshurst is one of the most cherished spots all over our land;

"For Sidney here was born;
Sidney, than whom no greater, braver man,
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves."—

(Southey.)

Other associations it has of rare worth, but Sidney's is the ruling memory. His name recurs to the recollection whenever Penshurst is spoken of; and when we visit the place, everything there serves to deepen the impression. It is Sidney's Penshurst.

Very difficult would it be to select a more pleasant spot for a day's holiday. The railway carries you within a couple of miles of the house and village; the rooms occupy an hour or two in the best manner; the park is full of beauty, and not devoid of special attractions; and there are charming walks about the surrounding country. You may find enough to occupy without satiety or weariness, the longest summer's day; and after a day spent as delightfully as profitably, you can return by the evening train speedily, and without fatigue. Penshurst is only three or four miles distant from Hever, and they may both be easily examined on the same day.

Come with us now and spend a day at Penshurst. Tempting are the lanes we pass through, and more tempting the peeps we get from them. But we linger not till we arrive at a somewhat elevated spot, from which we see stretched before us the long front of the mansion, and the divided stream of the Medway lying just below it. We enter the park by an avenue of noble elms, and behold the mansion just before us. (Cut, No. 2.) As we look more closely at it, we notice that its several parts are plainly of very different ages and architectural character. The older portions, which we see at the sides, are broken into not unpleasing irregularity: the

chief front, with its central entrance-tower and corresponding wings, is more recent though still old; in appearance it is stately from its extent, but very formal. We remember what Ben Jonson says of it, and are satisfied:

"Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor can boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are told;
Or stair or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And, these grudge'd at, art revered the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair."

The early owners of Penshurst would supply an entertaining history. Not here, however, can it be told. It must be enough to say that shortly after the Conquest it belonged to a family named Pencestre. Great men dwelt here before the Sidneys. The Duke of Bedford, who was regent during the long minority of Henry VI., one of the bravest and best men of his age; and his brother, the "good duke Humphrey" of Shakspeare, and rendered illustrious by his patronage of literature and its followers, both resided at Penshurst. How it came into the possession of the Sidney family is told by the inscription we read over the gateway of the entrance-tower: "The most religious and renowned Prince, Edward the Sixth, King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this House of Pencester, with its manors, lands, and appurtenances thereunto belonging unto his trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir William Sydney, Knight Banneret, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of chamberlain and steward of his household. In commemoration of which most worthy and famous king, Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, son and heir of the aforementioned Sir William, caused this Tower to be builded, and that most excellent prince's arms to be erected, Anno Domini, 1585."

Penshurst has long ceased to be the property of a Sidney. The direct line became extinct on the decease of the last Earl of Leicester, who bore that name. Upon his death, arose protracted and expensive litigation among the several branches of the family. It was at length settled by a compromise, but a good part of the estate was consumed in the strife. The daughter of the person to whose share Penshurst fell, a lady named Parry, carried it by marriage to one of the Shelleys of Sussex, who assumed the name of Sidney. Sir John Sidney (the uncle of the poet Shelley) laid claim to the barony of L'isle, which had formerly been held with the earldom of Leicester by the Sidneys: but the House of Lords decided against his claim. His son, the present owner of Penshurst, however, had the title of De Lisle conferred upon him on his marriage with the daughter of William IV. The earldom is altogether lost to the family, having been, as will be recollected, conferred some few years since, on Mr. Coke, of Norfolk.

It is yet too early to enter the mansion. We will

avail ourselves of the morning air for a stroll through the park. Ben Jonson, in the lines immediately following those we have already quoted, has sounded in sonorous strains its most celebrated attractions as well as its beauty. He says—

"Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport :
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut's shade ;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met ;
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames ;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fawns to reach thy Lady's oak ;
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,
When thou would'st feast or exercise thy friends."

These things may be seen here still: Sidney's oak—

"That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met ;"

the most attractive of all these objects, there is indeed some doubt concerning. Gifford says it was cut down by mistake, in 1768; and is properly indignant that such a *mistake* should have been possible. The oak which was felled was one known among the peasantry and the belief is constant at Penshurst that it was not 'that taller tree,' but the other, which Jonson has celebrated as the 'Lady's Oak.'

Indeed, it hardly seems possible that, even in 1768—although any Vandalic deed may be credited of that period—Sidney's Oak could have been destroyed by mistake: at any rate, there is no doubt at Penshurst that it is yet standing; and the tree so named agrees well with the accounts published previously to 1768 of the Sidney Oak. We accept the tradition.

Let us walk first to Sidney's Oak. It stands apart in a bottom, close by Lancup Well, a fine sheet of water, which might almost be called a lake. The oak is a very large one, and has yet abundant leaves, though the trunk has long been quite hollow. At three feet from the ground the trunk measures 26 feet in girth: a century ago, it measured 22 feet. The engraving (Cut, No. 3,) will, better than words, show its form. Though not to be compared with the Panshanger Oak, nor with some others known to fame, it is yet a handsome tree, and would be noticeable apart from its associations. The tree has other poetical celebrity besides that which the verse of Jonson has conferred. Waller has tried to impress his love to Saccharissa upon it:

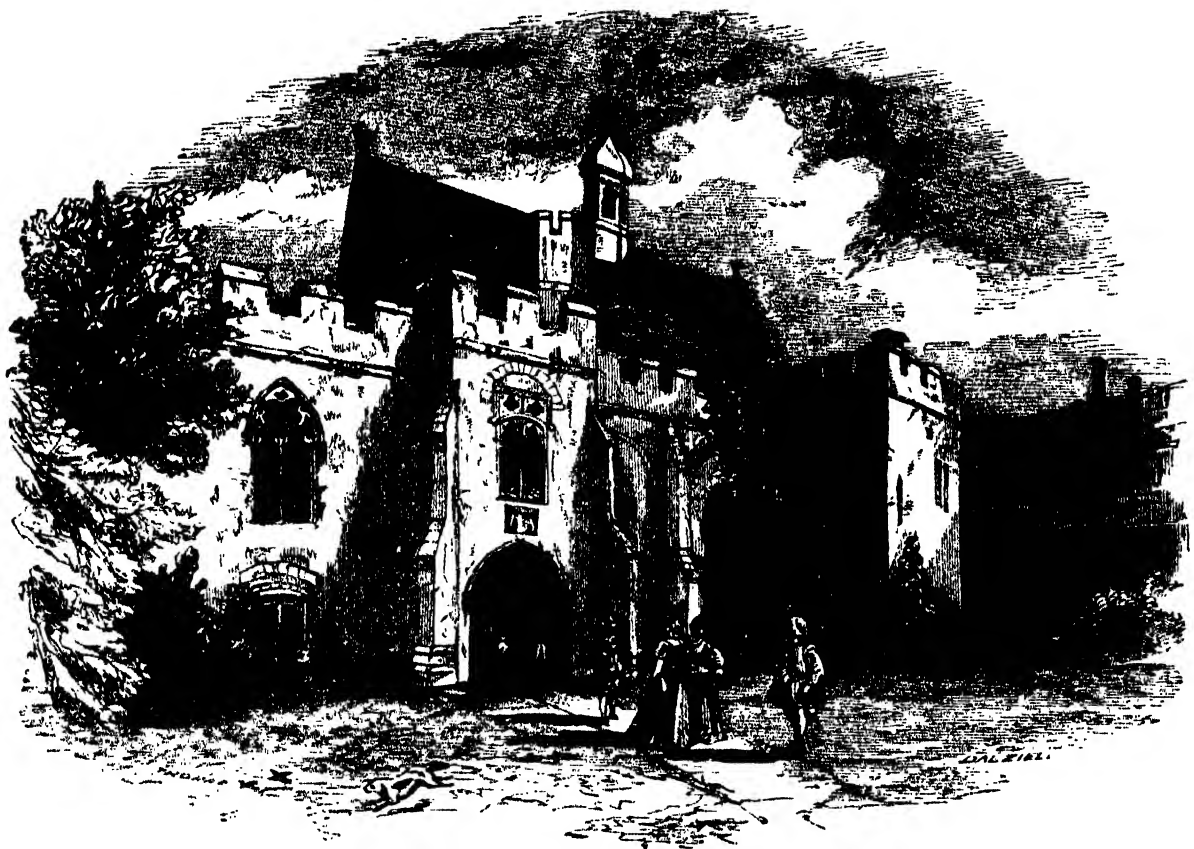
"Go boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands, the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth."

He was thinking of Jonson's lines, and forgot that the bark of a full-grown oak is hardly fit for such an inscription. The tree has gained nothing by this association. It is hardly worth while to recal lesser poets



3.—SIDNEY'S OAK.

THE BARONIAL HALLS OF KENT.



4.—FIRST COURT-YARD, PENSURST.

musings here. As long as it lasts, the oak will continue to be visited by those who are drawn by the fine affinities which the poetic mind no less than the prosaic, recognizes in those sensible objects that are associated with the personal being of the gifted of foregone days: and when the tree shall have perished, the spot itself will be visited; the feeling will remain, which led Southey to speak thus of it, believing that the oak was destroyed:

“ Upon his natal day the acorn here
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when its perishable part
Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now; but Sidney's name
Endureth in his own immortal works.”

The ‘Lady's Oak,’ as we said, is gone. The ‘copse,’ too, named of Gamage, remains, or rather three or four shattered trees remain, which are pointed to as ‘Barbara Gamage's Copse:’ but it has for a long while failed ‘to serve the seasoned deer.’ The copse is said to have received its name from Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, taking great delight in feeding the deer there. At no great distance was a beech grove that had won the name of ‘Saccharissa's Walk,’ from being the place where the lady whom Waller celebrated under that most unpoetical of poet's names, used to walk, and Waller to woo her. Of it only a very few trees are left standing. To our thinking one of the most noteworthy groups of trees in the park is the fine ~~avenue~~ which stands on the eastern side of the mansion.

The visitor to London picture-galleries will remember the noble picture which Mr. Lee painted of it a few years since.

Penshurst Park is of considerable extent, but was formerly of much greater. The surface gently undulates, and it is richly wooded. Several of the oaks are of large size and noble form. Beeches abound, and many of them are also very large; but the soil does not seem to be so well adapted for them. Some are very lofty and handsome trees, but they begin to decay rather early. From the higher parts of the park the views are very extensive and very beautiful. In the more thickly-wooded parts there are as delicious shady spots as on a summer's day could be desired. It is a place full of delights for the poet and the painter, and for the lover of nature.

But it is noon; we must return to the mansion. The door of the entrance-tower swings open, and the attendant is summoned. While we wait for her, we pass through to the ‘First Court-yard.’ (Cut No. 4). We are here by the oldest part of the building. The First Court-yard presents one of the most picturesque architectural combinations at Penshurst. Directly before us is the original chief entrance: with its battlements, its bold buttresses, and the handsome window over the door, and the turret at the angle, in itself a fine object. Behind it is the hall, its high roof rising far up against the dark blue of the sky. On the right, lying in deep shadow, are some of the Tudor buildings. A few roots of ivy have affixed themselves to the walls in front; a good-sized tree casts its branches before the wall, on our

left. The whole is rich in effect, yet wearing the sobriety of character that is proper to age. Prout or Roberts might paint it without needing to alter a feature—unless it were to replace the louvre on the hall-roof, and thereby complete the play of outline, and add the crowning finish to the composition.

We enter the old porch, and are led at once to the Hall; it is an admirable and almost perfect specimen of a great hall of the fourteenth century, when the hall was the chief room in the mansion, and was not only the audience-chamber on occasions of state and ceremony, but the ordinary refectory wherein the lord at the head of his family, and perhaps a hundred retainers, with as many guests as chance had brought together, assembled daily at the dinner hour. Though not so large as some other ancient halls still remaining in lordly mansions, it is a really noble room, and sufficiently spacious for all the requirements of old hospitality in its best days; and it is one of the least injured. The lofty walls support a remarkably fine high-pitched open roof of dark oak, having well moulded arched braces, resting on boldly carved corbel figures. At the farther end of the hall is the dais—a platform that is carried across the room, and raised a step above the rest of the floor; here the master and mistress of the house sat with their chief guests, as Chaucer tells in his ‘Marriage of January and May:’

“And at the feste sitteth he and she
With other worthy folk upon the deis.”

The high-board, as the table at which they sat was called, still occupies its proper place on the dais: the other tables range along the sides of the hall. Across the lower end is a carved oak screen, supporting the minstrels’ gallery. In the centre of the hall is the hearth, with the great fire-dog, or andiron, which supported the huge logs of wood that were burning on the hearth; but the louvre, or open lantern, that was placed on the roof, immediately over the hearth, for the smoke to escape by, was removed many years ago. If in its present desolate condition the old hall is striking and interesting, how imposing must have been its appearance on some high festival in the good old times!

Let us try to realize a Christmas in the Penshurst Hall of Sir Henry Sidney.

We must look in on Christmas-eve, for the festivities begin on the vigil of the holy day. The hall has its ordinary decorations; the arras hangings upon the walls; arms and armour, and the spreading antlers of deer captured after some memorable huntings, are suspended around; banners glittering with many a gaudy emblazoning float overhead; but, in addition to these, every part from floor to roof is decked with bay, and rosemary, and laurel, and other evergreens, but chiefly holly: ivy is not there, though sometimes it is placed at this time in the churches:

“Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be I wis—
Let holly have the rhaistery as the manner is:
Holly stondeth in the Hall faire to behold,
Ivy stond without the door; she is full sore acold.”

There is little company in the hall. Sir Henry and my lady are on the dais, and a few friends are standing by them; but they are not the rulers of this night’s merriment. A Lord of Misrule has been appointed (as is “the custom at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction”), whose office it is to see that all goes gaily during Christmas-tide, and he is supreme now. The ladies, and the chief part of the guests who would be entitled to a seat at the high-board, are in the music loft, where they can most conveniently witness the night’s revelry. The hall-fire is not lighted yet, but a vast heap of faggot-wood, and some stout branches lie ready on the hearth; a loud noise is heard outside; presently the sound of music mingles with the boisterous shouting; there is a busy movement of expectation in the hall. The hangings are held aside from the doors under the music gallery, and the Lord of Misrule himself, clad in a quaint showy habit enters, accompanied by his band of proper officers, dressed each in a fantastic livery of green and yellow, upon which is their chief’s cognizance, and further bedizened with such “scarfs, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels,” as their own stores can furnish, or the almoner will trust them with, or they can “borrow of their pretty Mopsies and loving Betsies.” Thus gallantly attended, the ‘master of merry disport’ advances with affected state into the middle of the room, when turning round he waves his staff with much ceremony, and repeats with stentorian voice the formulary, which a poet of the following century rendered into flowing verse:

“Come, bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good lord he,
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart’s desiring.”

The trumpets sound, and the yule log—the trunk of one of the largest trees of the year’s felling—is dragged in, a score or more sturdy yeomen lending their arms to the ropes that are fastened around the huge tree, and as many more pushing at the sides and behind, all striving with might and main to speed its progress. Following it is a motley crowd of both sexes, including all those who are to share in the ensuing sports.

With so many willing assistants the log is soon duly poised on the andiron, and the lighter wood heaped around it; and now, at Misrule’s bidding, the brand that was quenched last Candlemas, and then carefully and with a little mystery stored away, is produced, and lighted by the steward, who applies it to the heap. The dry boughs crackle and blaze, and wrap the old hall in a ruddy glow. Few among the revellers however care to notice how brilliant and sparkling is its appearance, as the flashing light glances upon the coats of mail and burnished shields, and shining weapons, and from beam to beam of the roof, gay with gilding and heraldic emblazonry, along the many-coloured banners, and plays about the shining holly bunches, and amongst the merry assembly that now fills the hall—lords and ser-

nts, fair and noble-born ladies, and humble tenants, mingling there, gentle and simple, without restraint or envy. It is no time to think of such things, for at the cry 'the yule log is lighted,' which is raised as soon as master steward applies the brand, there is a cash flourish of trumpets, and a hearty Kentish hurrah given; the wassail-bowl is brought forth and passed riskily around, amid shouts of 'was-hael,' and 'drink-hael;' and the master of the feast bids them aloud 'be merry,' and drink 'success to the firing.' The shouts and the music are renewed, till the old hall re-echoes, and the 'rafters ring again.' 'Merry Christmas' is begun. For a moment there is a lull, while Misrule delivers a short but pithy speech, as a prelude to the feast his herald proclaims, 'of health and prosperity to the Lord of Penshurst,' a toast that is responded to with a hearty devotion, which tells, louder than the rumpets that accompany the cheering, of the affectionate regard with which this unrestrained intercourse unites the lord to his dependents.

Few and brief are the ceremonies, for the feast to-night is especially devoted to the servants and tenants, whose mirth ceremony would rather damp than enkindle. Misrule, as host, passes from table to table with continuous admonitions of 'drink, my masters; drink and be merry,' an injunction that in both its parts appears to be most loyally observed. Some of the choicer voices sing a three-part song, and one and another ballad succeeds. As a fresh brewing of the 'spicy nut-brown ale,' the strongest October, with sugar and spices and roasted apples in it—the 'Christmas lamb's-wool'—is brought in, one of the revellers leads off with the popular ditty:

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both hand and foot go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old,"

and all join with mirthful gravity in the chorus.

Misrule sees that the mirth will go on without him, and he has other sport to prepare. He and his followers withdraw as the song ends, taking care to repeat as he reaches the door his old 'be merry.' Master Silence, of Doubledone Grange, down by the Eden (a descendant of the Silences of Gloucestershire), who has left his wife at home sick of the ague, after having sat hitherto in quiet attendance on the bowl, catches at Misrule's parting words, and breaks forth in a rhyme that has been carefully preserved in the family from the time of his ancestor, the Justice Silence of immortal memory:

"Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all,
For women are shrews, both great and small:
'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Christmas."

My lord's fool sidles up at the unwonted voice, but the joke he is about to break at Master Silence's expense is interrupted by a loud smack that resounds from the lower end of the hall, followed by a sudden bustle and outburst of obstreperous laughter. A dozen

young men have just returned from the wood where they had gone to 'fetch the mistletoe,' and they have slyly suspended from the gallery a goodly bunch of it, directly over the heads of a group of buxom maidens who happened to be chatting together there, and upon whose rosy lips instant assault was made. The usual rushing and struggling succeeds, and it is long before the light-hearted lads and lasses tire of this frolicking. There follows a noisy round of rustic games; and before the rougher jollity begins to flag, my lord and lady and their privileged guests take their seats on the dais, the musicians appear in the gallery, the attendants call out 'room there, places, places!' while the whisper passes round, 'here be the Mummers.'

The middle of the hall is speedily cleared, and something approaching silence obtained. All eyes are directed to the door, where appears to be some little scuffling; but after several gruff repetitions of 'Stand back, stand back, I say!' the intruder makes good his entrance. He is a burly figure with a long white beard, and locks of the same colour hanging down his shoulders. His dress is a robe of sheep-skins, in his hand he carries a long staff, on his head is a coronet of holly. This portly personage advances, expostulating with the door-keepers who still retain hold of him, till he reaches the fire, when he turns to the company and tells the purpose of his coming. Ben Jonson has preserved his speech for us, with some trifling alterations, which we take leave to remove. Hear his oration:

"Why Gentlemen, do you know what you do, eh? would you keep me out? Christmas, old Christmas, Christmas of Kent, and Captain Christmas? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Misrule, I'll not be answered else: 'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all: I ha' seen the time when you'd ha' wished for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you ha' me, they would not let me in: I must come another time! a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year. Why I'm no dangerous person, and so I told my friends o'the gate. I'm old Christmas still, and though I come from the Pope's Head, as good a Protestant as any i' the parish. The truth is, I ha' brought a masque here, out o'the country, o' my own making; and do present it by a set of my sons, that comes out of the lanes of Kent, good dancing boys all. Bones o'bread, his lordship! son Rowland, son Clym, be ready there in a trice."

The mummers so called upon quickly come capering in; they are the best of Misrule's jovial crew, with two or three light-heeled damsels; and all are daintily attired in accordance with their several characters. After them enters a motley crowd, who have disguised themselves under the direction of the almoner, a special master in the craft of mumming and interlude-making. Some are clad in Lincoln green, and represent Robin Hood and his merry men, not omitting friar Tuck and maid Marian; others appear as St. George and King Alexander. But the major part are content with little more than a change of clothes as complete as they can devise, and so much disguising of the face as they

can effect with burnt brands and red ochre. The chief object is to be as unlike themselves as possible: six-foot men are arrayed therefore in the gowns and kirtles of the servant-wench, or the cast-off finery of the mistress; the women have donned retainer's jerkins, or wagoner's gaberdines; children have long beards and crutches, and old men have been forced into giant bibs, and other infantile attire, while the transformed children are holding them by leading-strings. And "the hobby-horse is *not* forgot." He is the most popular actor in the mumming, and care has been taken to find a proper person to play the part: one who knows the reins, the careers, the pranks, the ambles, both rough and smooth, the false trots, and the Canterbury paces; and can manage his pasteboard half with any player in the county. Next the hobby-horse in rank and favour is the dragon, the master 'Snap' of famous memory, who continued to make his annual appearance in the Norwich pageants till about a dozen years ago, when, after having survived him a full century, he followed the last hobby-horse to the limbo appointed for all such vanities. The chief mummers deliver some short complimentary verses to the master of the house, and dance some fanciful rounds; the hobby-horse does his best amblings, while my lord's jester adds some odd tricks and extempore jokes and rhymes to the intense relish of the not over-fastidious audience: and amid the loudest clamour of sackbuts, cornets, and kettle-drums, the mummers, after marching in purposely uncouth procession three or four times round the hall, take their departure.

"Marry now, does not Master Nimble-needle play the hobby most bravely?" asks a ruddy farmer, somewhat past the middle age, of a rather sour-looking junior who sits beside him. "Nay, forsooth," replies the person so addressed, "I like not such harlotry and ethnic antics. Your hobby-horse and dragon I cannot away with, and these boudie pipers and thundering drummers who strike up this devil's dance withal—verily they are an abomination to me!"—borrowing, by anticipation, a portion of a most irate denunciation which good Master Philip Stubbes, some half-century or so later, uttered against what he called "this heathenish devilrie." "Now, surely, friend Thumplast," returns the other, "this dancing be none so wicked a thing: David, you know, danced; and, as Sir Tobias our good master's chaplain asked, in his sermon, only last Sunday, 'Doth not the motion and the music help to cheer the spirits, and chase away melancholy phantasies, and so comfortably recreate both body and mind?'" "Now, in troth, neighbour Snayth, this is a most profane comparison of thine, to liken this pestiferous dance about this idol calf—this Phillistine Dagon—to such a dance as David danced before the ark withal. But for health's sake, I grant you, dancing may be both wholesome and profitable, so it be practised as Master New-light the silenced preacher adviseth—'privately and apart, every sex by themselves'—and then, mayhap it might be accompanied with pipe and timbrel, and there should yet be in it neither wantonness nor popish heathenry."

Three or four treble voices are heard, from behind the screen, singing one of those carols that are so impressive and even solemn, in their primitive simplicity of phrase. It is intended to recal the listeners to a remembrance of the sacredness of the season; for our forefathers had an unsuspecting habit of mingling religious thoughts with their wildest mirth, and cheerfulness with their devotion, in a way that seems very strange, and even profane, in these later and more enlightened times. Thus runs the carol:

"As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be born
Our heavenly King!

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise
But in an ox's stall," &c.

There is a religious silence while the hymn is singing, but it only for that while delays the mirth, which is renewed as soon as it has ceased. The games and dances go on, and the cup passes round till midnight, when a soberer joy succeeds. A full choir ranges along the end of the hall, and that most favourite of all old English carols is chanted and listened to with a sweetness and earnest devotion which the sublime anthem often fails to excite:

"God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

"Now to the Lord sing praises
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace.
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface."

And all present, from the oldest to the youngest, do sing together with at least a passing feeling of love and faith, and brotherhood, joining with all their heart in the refrain:

"O! tidings of comfort and joy;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day."

Very different is the appearance of the old hall on Christmas morning. The dinner-hour is an early one: the sun is yet high in the heavens, and his rays stream through the stained-glass windows, working a wild confusion of pattern and colour upon the tables and floor, and causing the yule log, which is yet consuming on the hearth, to burn dim. The company, which includes almost all those who were present last night, are ranged at the tables, which are placed lengthwise down the body of the hall. The lord and his friends enter and take their seats at the high-board, which stands on the dais across the hall: my lord has the chief seat, which is in the centre of the board, the arras being drawn over it so as to form a sort of canopy; the others, both ladies and

gentlemen, are seated according to their rank. All being thus ordered, the first course is brought in; the principal dish, the boar's head, being carried by the steward, while the other officers of the household follow, each bearing a dish: the music plays loudly all the time of this service, while there is chanted *ore rotundo*, the song which, with some variations, was sung in every hall in England when the first dish was brought to table on Christmas day.*

*"Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The Boar's head in hand bring I,
With garland's gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily
Qui estis in convivio.

"The Boar's head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land,
Look wherever it be fand,
Servite cum Cantico.

"Be glad, Lords, both more and lass,
For this hath ordained our steward,
To cheer you all this Christmas,
The Boar's Head with mustard."

There is an over-abundant supply of every kind of flesh and fowl, but fish is not there, that 'being no meat for feast days.' The rarer dishes are brought to the high-board, and from thence a regular gradation may be traced down the tables, to the plainer and more ordinary but substantial meats at the lower end of the hall; but the distinction is a usual one, and no feeling of abasement is occasioned by what is considered as much a mere matter of etiquette as the arrangement of places. Every course is served like the first, with music, but no other dish calls for a carol, not even the Christmas pie, the plum porridge, the pudding, or the mighty baron. After dinner, hippocrass and confects are served at the dais, a spiced bowl of less costly wine at the upper tables, and the plain English beverage at the lower end. All as they are bid make themselves merry as best they may. There are more and merrier Christmas sports for the young and the active than in these duller days can easily be fancied; while the seniors and the less lively take to tables and shovel-board, and other of the common games. Each end of the hall has its own amusements. At the upper part something of state is maintained, even in the wildest play. The jester there helps on the mirth, but his wit is of a caustic and comparatively polished kind. At the lower end the merriment is ruder, the jest coarser. There the wit flows from rustics, who, having gained a village celebrity, on this grand occasion put forth their mirth-moving powers with as keen a rivalry as modern wits, whose feet are under the polished mahogany; and if they have less *esprit*, they have perhaps more good-nature. One tells a tale provocative of broad laughter; another strains his powers of mimicry; while a third is so ready with a

clenching quirk, that an admiring listener is tempted to exclaim, "Truly, Maister Jeremiah, an' thy wit groweth at this rate, thou mayest e'en come to be made my lord's fool—save the mark!—some day." "I dare warrant now," chimes in a second, who, by right of serving as parish clerk on Sundays, speaks as one having authority in all matters of wit and scholarship, "I dare warrant now, Maister Jeremie there thinketh he hath wit enow already to serve the turn, should he suffer such preferment; but I trow an' that is a cut above thy reach, Jeremie: 'let every man be satisfied with that God hath given him, and eschew all vain aspirings,' as sayeth the crooked letters over Maister Dominie's desk in our revestry; but come, man, speak out, dost thou not conceive thy wit would serve thee to retort all the gibes and the fleers, the quirks and the floutings, the ruffs and the mopes, and the gullings thou would'st have put upon thee at yonder high-board. Sure I think thou would'st look like a noddie, Maister Jeremie; thy little wit would'st forsake thee, and thou would'st be fain to cry out like thy namesake, in the Lesson, 'Behold, I am dumb; I cannot speak, I am like a child before thee'—eh, Jeremie, what sayest thou?" "Why, marry I say, only let my lord make me his fool, and then show me the man would dare question my wit—or folly either, Maister Leatherlungs!"

But the ears of those who sit at the dais are not shocked by the ribaldry. Only the boisterous unchecked bursts of laughter now and then ascend from the bottom of the hall, and provoke once and again a lighter laugh of sympathy. But in truth if some unrefined pleasantry should reach the high-board, it would not greatly offend:—perhaps it would hardly shock the nerves of the ladies seated there—to say nothing of the lords.

When the sports have gone on a fair space, there is a motion made to clear the hall. My lord's minstrels, with a company of players who have come by invitation to Penshurst for the occasion, are to show their skill. The dais is yielded to them, and they proceed to make their preparations behind a curtain which is drawn in front of the platform. But we have no space left to describe their doings. Suffice it that a new interlude both "goodly and merry," has been prepared for this evening; that the players go through their parts to the content of my lord and the more critical part of the assembly, and to the unbounded delight of the remainder; that after the play, the minstrels sing their ballads of "knightly deeds and ladies' love," for the edification of the gentle; and Clym of the Clough, Chevy Chase, and Robin Hood for the simple: that the joculars hold conversations with voices on the roof and under the floor; and transfer handkerchiefs and rings and purses from the hands and the pockets of their owners to the pockets or the persons of honest people in other parts of the room, and do other deeds of no less magical a character, till the rustics fancy the lights burn blue, and look with undisguised terror on the conjurors: that the tumblers throw summersaults, and poise chairs, and plates, and straws, and cast up knives and balls

* It is still sung with undiminished zeal, though with innovations, in the hall of Queen's College, at Oxford, (see vol. ii., p. 57). The version given above is printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

three or four at a time, just as the tumblers do now-a-days in the back streets of London, and to still more admiring spectators.

After players and minstrels, with their humbler brethren the jocolators, have gone through their devisings, the forms are removed, the tables drawn close to the wall, and the dancing—"the damsels' delight"—commences in earnest. My lord leads off the brawls with a fair guest, or the daughter of one of his tenantry. The first dances are of a stately kind, and they grow gayer and freer as the night advances. As Selden has expressed it, in an unmatchable sentence:—"First you have the grave measures, then the corrantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to French-more, and the cushion-dance, and then all the company dances,—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. . . . Omnim gatherum, tolly-polly, hoity come toity." We may drop the curtain:

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

(*Scott.*)

We have tried to picture Penshurst Hall in its palmiest days. Ben Jonson, in a succeeding generation, thus sings the praises of its every-day hospitality: the lines are deserving regard on many accounts:

"Penshurst, whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know,
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat:
Where the same beer, and bread, and self-same wine
That is his lordship's shall be also mine:
And I not fain to sit (as some this day)
At great men's tables and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor standing by
No waiter dost my gluttony envy;
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;
He knows below he shall find plenty of meat.
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day;
Nor when I take my lodgings need I pray
For fire, or light, or livery—all is there
As if thou then wert mine."

On the lines—

"Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat,"

Gifford observes, "This, and what follows, may appear a strange topic for praise to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times. But, in fact, the liberal mode of hospitality here recorded, was almost peculiar to this noble person [Sir Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester]. The great indeed, dined at long tables (they had no other in their vast halls), and permitted many guests to sit down with them; but the gradations of rank and fortune were rigidly maintained, and the dishes grew visibly coarser as they receded from the head of the table. No reader of our old poets can be ignorant of the phrase, *below the salt*: it is the

natural consequence of feudal manners. In England the system was breaking up when Jonson wrote, and he notices it with his usual good sense. It is to the honour of Penshurst that the observation was made there."

All this is undoubtedly true: but the innovation, excellent as it is in itself, very materially assisted in breaking up that old-fashioned hospitality which assembled the several ranks in the same Great Hall. When all partake of "the lord's own meat, of the same bread, and beer, and self-same wine," it is evident that the guests will be fewer than when each was served in accordance with his rank and place: the banquet would be too costly else; and it is probable that the guests will be of a different grade: the humble dependant and plain country tenant would hardly be served in such a fashion. The lord may sit at the head of the long table, (not at the centre, as in olden times,) and the guests below the salt may fare as well as those above it; but the 'simple folk,' who were formerly glad of a seat at the lower end of the hall, with a trencher of plain beef, or brawn, and a cup of ale, will hardly be called to a seat near the lord, and to share in his venison and claret. The change will bring others in its train: the 'vast hall' itself will seem an uncomfortable place to dine in, when the floor of it is empty, and all the company are on the dais. Accordingly, we find that at this very time, the great were beginning to dine in other rooms; in fact, a Royal proclamation was issued in 1626 against the practice:—"Whereas, sundry noblemen, gentlemen, and others, do much delight and use, to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the High Chamber, or Hall, &c." But the change was not thereby stayed; and a few years later, the old custom of dining in the great hall was as much spoken of as a bygone thing as it would be now. Selden notices the consequence of the change with his usual sagacity; but his manner of expression shows how entirely the old custom had already become a matter of tradition. "The Hall was the place where the great lord used to eat, (wherefore else were the halls made so big?) where he saw all his tenants and servants about him. He eat not in private, except in time of sickness; when once he became a thing cooped up, all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the king himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sat with him, and then he understood men." He is right: when there was more of social intercourse, the great did better understand men, and in return were better understood by them. Much of the mutual suspicion and ill-feeling that so unhappily exists between the different classes of society, in the country as well as in the town, may be traced to insufficient knowledge of each other,—the result of the mutual isolation in which each dwells, as far as the other is concerned.

We have made a rather long stay in this hall; and yet in good truth there are half a score more things we ought to repeat concerning it, from Jonson's description of another pleasant old custom he was here a witness to, down to the last reparation. The old hall is desolate now. No fires burn on the hearth: the damp

hangs heavily on the naked lime-washed walls. All that it contains are the long tables that are nearly rotten with age, and a few mouldering breast-plates and matchlocks that lie upon them, and two or three rusty tilting helmets; but one of these,—a very curious one too,—is said to have been worn by Sir Philip Sidney.

The state apartments, those which are open to public inspection, are not very remarkable on their own account, nor very beautiful: it is their contents that are the chief attraction. Yet with their antique furniture, and the quaintly attired family pictures on the walls, they serve to place before the visitor with uncommon distinctness, the domestic life of a former age, and to illustrate obsolete habits. The first room into which the visitor is conducted, on quitting the hall, is the ball-room, which retains to a considerable extent the furniture and fittings it was provided with on occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Penshurst. The two small odd-looking chandeliers, and the alabaster plates on the table, are said to have been presented to Sir Henry Sidney by her majesty. There are some portraits here, that as works of art will repay examination—especially those by Vandyke; and some are also valuable on account of the persons they represent. The miscellaneous pictures are of small account, though one will attract a moment's notice when it is pointed out as the work of Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester. The smaller room adjoining contains objects of far greater interest. One is a portrait of himself by Rembrandt, broad, massive, forcible. There are some other pictures here by eminent painters, chiefly of the Italian schools; and there are also some more good old English portraits. On a table is a Sidney relic: Sir Phillip's two-handed sword; a sufficiently formidable weapon no doubt in skilful hands; but withal rather unwieldy. It is a rather curious example of this kind of sword, but that is a point for the antiquary. There are several other noteworthy things in this room, but we must pass on.

The next room is the most perfect and the most interesting, called Queen Elizabeth's drawing-room, on account of its having been furnished by her when about to visit Sir Henry: it still retains its furniture unaltered, save as time alters every thing, since she was its occupant. The room is very spacious, and the furniture, as may be supposed, magnificent; yet not so magnificent as perhaps would be expected. English workmen had not then attained any very great skill in upholstery. The chairs and couches are covered with richly embroidered yellow and crimson damask—the embroidery being, it is affirmed, the work of the Queen and her maids, worked by them in order to do especial honour to Sir Henry, who was a highly esteemed and favoured servant of hers, as he had been of the two preceding monarchs. A table in this room has an embroidered centre-piece, which is related to have been wholly wrought by the Queen's own hand. There are a good many pictures in this room on which we might linger. One or two are of a rememberable character. But the paintings, which are chiefly valuable as works of art, we must

pass unnoticed, notwithstanding that there are some which bear the name of Titian, and of other famous masters. Generally, however, it may be admitted that the pictures at Penshurst are not of a high class. The attention is chiefly claimed by the portraits; and those of the Sidneys are, of course, the most interesting. In this room the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney—a very striking one—claims the first place; but there is to our thinking a still more attractive portrait of our English Bayard in the gallery we shall visit presently. Another noticeable portrait here is that of the lady immortalized in Jonson's famous epitaph as 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.' From these we turn to the representation of a somewhat later Sidney. The portrait of Algernon Sidney was taken shortly before his execution for his alleged participation in the 'Rye House Plot.' There can be no doubt that the principles of Algernon Sidney were entirely opposed to those of the Government, nor indeed that they were ultra-republican; but there can at the same time be as little hesitancy in affirming that his trial was a mockery, that his condemnation was unjust, or that his execution conferred eternal dishonour on the profligate and unworthy monarch. The portrait is undoubtedly authentic; the period when it was taken is indicated by a representation of the block and executioner in the background, added when the picture was finished, after the death of the illustrious sitter. The face well accords with the character which his contemporaries have left of him: stern, haughty, enthusiastic, impatient of contradiction, but of consummate ability, and unwavering resolution; without any of the poetry of character, or lofty chivalry that rendered the other Sidney the object of such general admiration and devoted attachment, he, perhaps, had even higher qualifications for public life.

In the next room, called the Tapestry Room, from two immense pieces of Gobelin tapestry which are suspended in it, is a portrait of the mother of Sir Philip Sidney; she has pleasing, yet strongly marked features, and much resemblance in character, as well as contour of face to her distinguished descendants. A curious contrast in every respect to the matronly grace and modest dignity of the mother of the Sidneys, is another female portrait also in this room—Nell Gwynne, by Lely, who has here exposed that frail lady's charms even more freely than he usually does in his innumerable representations of her. In the little ante-room attached to this are a few more pictures of different degrees of merit and interest; and also a relic that never fails of devotees. This is a fragment of Sir Philip Sidney's shaving glass, which being concave, of course shows the face considerably enlarged: one may fancy from it that the good knight was rather curious about having a smooth chin.

The Long Gallery will require some time in its actual examination: here it must be passed over hastily. Among the paintings are some of considerable excellence. They claim the hands of Titian, Da Vinci, Caracci, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Holbein, and others of the great names of different ages and schools: not all

of them, however, will sustain a scrutiny into their claims. Still, as hitherto, the portraits chiefly interest the general visitor. Among the portraits we may give first place to the lady whom Waller made so widely known as Saccharissa, under which delectable name he wooed her favour and celebrated her beauty. As is well known, the lady rejected his suit, and he bore his fate with most exemplary but very unpoetical fortitude. She does not appear very charming in her picture; but she had sufficient charms to attach the affections of a far more worthy man than her poetic admirer, and sense enough to prefer him. In another room there is a portrait of the Earl of Sunderland, the successful lover of Lady Dorothy Sidney. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (who it will be recollected was the uncle of Sir Philip Sidney), is also here; and here is the portrait of Sir Philip, to which we before alluded. It is a quaint, hard production; but the painter, Mark Garrard, has somehow contrived to impart uncommon *naïveté* and character to his work. Sir Philip is represented with his arm round his younger brother Robert (the lord of Penshurst whom Jonson celebrates), and both the brothers, while they are remarkably alike in features, have decided individuality of expression.

Since Horace Walpole published his deprecatory notice of Sir Philip Sidney, a good many smaller wits have given utterance to their ill opinion of him. Walpole's scoff is easily accounted for. He delighted in paradox; was an habitual sneerer; frivolous and lax in mind and practice: cold, flippant, heartless; of all men least fitted to appreciate or even understand the lofty poetic seriousness of Sir Philip's character. His censure of the writer is sufficiently refuted by the unanimous opinion of every one who, having the smallest spark of poetry in his soul, has read Sidney's works. His condemnation of the man has an answer in the universal admiration of his contemporaries: and such contemporaries! He whose early death a nation mourned; whom the greatest minds praised with a devotion and lamented with an earnestness without parallel in his generation; and of whom so gifted a man as Lord Brooke, the favoured of sovereigns, so thought, as to cause to be placed on his tomb, as his highest eulogy, that he was "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney"—surely could not have been "a person of the slender proportion of merit" Walpole represents.

We must leave Penshurst. Many more things in these apartments might fairly claim notice, but we have already made too long tarryance here. When he returns to the park, the visitor will no doubt again look around the exterior of the building; at any rate, he should do so, as he will then more readily perceive the purpose and connection of the several parts. There is a passage in the first book of the *Arcadia*, in which Sidney appears to have been describing his family mansion; and as it has not been quoted in connection with the place which it characterises in so pleasant a manner, the reader will probably not be sorry to see it here:

"They might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all

such necessary additions to a great house, as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs, rather directed to the use of the guest, than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, yet the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful."

The beauty of the country about Penshurst has been already mentioned. Instead of now attempting to describe it, we shall again turn to the *Arcadia*, and borrow a passage, which is a sufficiently accurate sketch of the scenery in all its permanent features; while the landscape derives fresh delights from the exquisite old-world air it breathes. This first picture may be understood to depict the park, which, it will be remembered, was in his time far more extensive than now:—"It is," he says, "truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness; for it being set upon such unsensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit, which, according to the nature of the country, being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture of nature, with lovely lightness and artificial shadows."

The following embraces the vicinity. It would be idle to praise the painting, (by the way, Master Izaak Walton has copied some parts of it,) but we may just point attention to the skilful introduction of the human and other accessories, or, as a landscape painter would call them, "the figures:"—there be no such Idyllic shepherds and shepherdesses to be met about Penshurst now:—"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers: thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old: there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country, (for many houses came under their eye,) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour: a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness."



5.—KNOLE.

KNOLE.

Our notice of the remaining manor-houses must be very brief. Knole park is immediately contiguous to the quiet old market-town of Sevenoaks, and about six miles from Tonbridge. You enter the gates opposite the church, and shortly arrive at a long avenue, which leads you in time to the mansion. It is an admirable way of approach. The road, or a path you may take after following it some distance, conducts you up a gentle elevation, from the summit of which you for the first time gain a view of the house, with a wide stretch of open park in front of it. Before you quite enter upon the open space, some splendid beeches make a frame to the picture, and add not a little to its pleasing effect. (Cut No. 5.) Knole House is an imposing structure, rather from its extent, however, than from any particular grace or grandeur. The principal front is plain in style, having little other ornament than the gables which appear in the upper story. This front consists of a lofty central gatehouse, embattled, and having square towers at the angles; and two uniform wings. The buildings are very extensive, covering an area of above three acres. The principal parts form a spacious quadrangle, behind which the inferior buildings are arranged irregularly.

In the reign of Henry VI. Knole was purchased by Fiennes, Lord Say and Sele, whose tragical fate during Jack Cade's rebellion forms so ludicrous an episode in the story of the Kentish captain's momentary triumph. Lord Say's son sold Knole, in 1456, to Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury; to whose successors it appertained till Cranmer found it necessary to make a *voluntary* surrender of it to the rapacious Henry VIII. It was transferred from, and forfeited to the crown several times after this, before Elizabeth, about 1569, granted the reversion of it to Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset; whose family have since retained possession of it—though for a while the freehold was alienated.

The mansion is of different dates. At what time the oldest portions were erected is not known: Bouchier is said to have rebuilt the house about the middle of the 15th century, but an examination of it leads to the belief that some portions of the older edifice were merely altered. The principal front is supposed to have been added by Archbishop Morton, towards the close of the 15th century; and the great hall by the first Earl of Dorset, in the 16th century. Since 1604, no material change has been made: some tasteless "improvements" of the last century have been of late judiciously removed, and the whole is now in an excellent state of preservation. (Cut No. 6.)

That part of Knole which is so generously and freely opened to the public is of such extent that it will be quite impossible here to go through the rooms; and if we could do so, it would be a tedious labour alike to writer and reader. Generally we may state that the rooms are more spacious than those of Penshurst, and from the house having been always occupied by the descendants of the first earl, the rich furniture has been

much better preserved. Though now merely "show-rooms," the apartments at Knole are in perfect condition, and, better than almost any others that are open to the public, exemplifying the magnificence of the English nobles of Elizabeth and James. The great hall is, as has been seen, of some two centuries later date than that at Penshurst, and very different from it in style: it is a magnificent room, and in excellent condition—only the ugly close stove that stands out in the room (like the more hideous one at Hampton Court) interfering with its antique appearance. A long table, which was formerly used for the game of Shovelboard—our primitive billiards—still occupies its place on one side of the hall. Probably when this table was erected the custom of dining in a common hall was already passing away: but the "housekeeping" was on at least as expensive a scale, though probably it did not, as in former time, "win great favour of the commons." The third Earl of Dorset, for example, lived at Knole in great splendour: from household books, quoted by Bridgman, we can form a conception of the state maintained by a nobleman in the reign of James I. He says: "At my lord's table sat daily eight persons; at the parlour table twenty-one, including ladies-in-waiting, chaplain, secretary, pages, &c.; at the clerk's table in the hall, twenty, consisting of the principal household officers; in the nursery, four; at the long table in the hall, forty-eight, being attendants, footmen, and other inferior domestics; at the laundry-maid's table, twelve; and in the kitchen and scullery, six—in all a constant household of one hundred and nineteen persons, independently of visitors."

Perhaps the state bed-rooms at Knole are as striking examples of the enormous sums expended at this time on grand entertainments, as anything well can be. One is called the King's bed-room, from having been expressly fitted up for James I., and only used by him. The state bed alone is said to have cost £8,000; and the room altogether £20,000—a sum of course relatively very much larger than a like sum would be now. Of course where so much was spent upon the room in which he was to sleep, the entertainments prepared for the King would be on a proportionate scale. As may be conceived, the furniture of this room is very splendid; the bedstead itself is covered with furniture of gold and silver tissue, lined with richly-embroidered satin; and the chairs and stools have similar covering. The tables, the frames of the mirrors, and the candle sconces are of chased silver. There is also a chased silver toilet service, but it is said that it did not form part of the original furniture. The walls are hung with tapestry, and altogether the room is a splendid example of the taste of the age. Besides the articles mentioned, it has many other silver ornaments, and also a couple of ebony cabinets; one of which is very curious, and contains some pretty little feminine nick-nackeries. Another state bed-room has furniture also of this time, but it did not belong originally to Knole, having been presented by James I. to the Earl of Middlesex. This, which is called the Spangled Bed-room, though inferior



6. - KNOLE.

to the other, is also a splendid apartment. There is yet another that will bear looking at, even after them; it was prepared for James II.; but he did not visit Knole, and it now bears the name of the Ambassador's Room, from its having been slept in by Molino, the Venetian Ambassador. The coverings of the furniture here are of green velvet, and there is a larger display of carving. There is a dressing-room *en suite*, in which are some good paintings; among others, several portraits by Reynolds (one of which is a fancy portrait of 'pretty Peg Woffington'), and a portrait by Mytens, of 'Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery,' of epistolary fame.

Many of the other apartments are also both magnificent and interesting. The Retainers' Gallery is one of the most curious, with its singular carved-oak roof and panelling. The principal apartments are the Leicester Gallery, the ball-room, and the crimson drawing-room: all have antique furniture (though, of course, not all of it the original furniture of the rooms), and consequently wear a very pleasing old-fashioned air. Much of this furniture is of a very costly description, and will repay examination. The 'fire-dogs' should not be overlooked: Knole is very rich in these curious old articles. Some of them are of richly chased silver; that in the hall has the badge of Anne Boleyn: it was bought at the sale at Hever. In the Leicester Gallery are two immense parchment rolls of the pedigree of the Sackvilles; they are mounted on stout oak stands, and unrolled by a winch. In all these rooms, and indeed all throughout the house, the walls are thickly hung with pictures. Some of them are by the great masters, undoubtedly genuine, and of a very high order of merit; and Knole would amply repay a visit, were there nothing beyond the pictures to see in it. The chief paintings are in the drawing-room, where are some by the old masters; a charming portrait of the fifth

Countess of Dorset, and some others, by Vandyke; and several of the more famous of the productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds—among others, the 'Ugolino,' the 'Fortune Teller,' the 'Robinetta,' and a 'Samuel.' Our English master holds his place well amidst the older men of renown. The ball-room is devoted to family portraits, in many respects a noteworthy collection. The Leicester Gallery has some splendid Vandykes; one of them,—the portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby—worthy to be placed alongside the famous Gevartius in the National Gallery: it ought not to be permitted to hang in its present wretched position. The Countess of Bedford is one of his graceful female portraits. There are also in this gallery several portraits by Mytens, who was much patronized by the Earl of Dorset: the most noticeable is a large full-length of James I., painted during his visit here. It is a marvellous work: the broad silly stare is hit off to perfection, and yet with an evident unconsciousness on the part of the artist that he was doing anything extraordinary. It, and the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' will give as lively an idea of our British Solomon as though we had talked with him. The Cartoon Gallery is a room, so called from its containing a set of copies made by Mytens of the Cartoons at Hampton Court. In it is one of Lawrence's portraits of George IV. We may pass over the hundred and one portraits in the Brown Gallery (though the visitor will not); but we must not pass over those in the Dining-parlour, which is filled entirely with the portraits of poets or other eminent literary characters. The Sackvilles have themselves a poetic fame: the first earl was the author of 'Gorboduc' and the designer of the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' to which he wrote the Induction; both works of great importance in the history of English dramatic poetry, and containing—the latter especially—passages of very powerful genius. Had he devoted his life to literature

instead of public employments, he would probably have stood in a foremost rank. Charles, the sixth earl—

“Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride”—

owes more to the lavish praises of the poets who had experienced his generosity than to his own verses: yet they are always lively and agreeable, and they aimed at being nothing more. His liberality to literary men was indeed profuse, and he appears to have bestowed his bounty with a frankness that was very agreeable to the recipients. Dorset not only patronized the poets of his day, but he delighted to have them share his social hours. A very good story (if true) is told in connection with one of Dryden's visits to Knole. During an interval in the conversation, when the wine failed to loose the tongue, it was proposed that the company should try which could write the best impromptu, and the poet was appointed judge. While the others applied themselves with due gravity to their task, Dorset merely scrawled a few words carelessly on his paper, and handed it to Dryden. When the other papers were collected, Dryden said he thought it would be useless to read them, as he supposed no one would doubt, when he heard it read, that the earl's was best.

It ran thus: “I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, on demand, the sum of £500. Dorset.”

Among the portraits in this room is that of “Glorious John,” by Kneller. Dorset himself, by the same artist, is also here: as are portraits by him of Newton, Locke, and Hobbes. Several of the most interesting of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits are in this room, including himself, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Johnson—all excellent and characteristic, but the last savouring a little too strongly of those peculiarities which tempted the doctor to complain that his friend had made him look like “Blinking Sam:” “It is not friendly, Sir,” he growled, “to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man.” This is a duplicate of the Duke of Sutherland's picture. One or two of the portraits are attributed to Vandyke. Waller, Addison, and some others, are by Pope's ‘Jarvis.’ Among the minor pictures is a portrait of Tom Durfey, and a “Conversation piece,” by Vandergucht, representing Durfey, the artist, and some of the household at Knole, carousing. Tom Durfey deserves a place here among his betters. In his lifetime he had an apartment allotted to him at Knole, and he rendered his company very agreeable to the earl and his friends by his con-



7.—COBHAM HALL.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

— was one of the sprightliest of the small wits of his day, and he has contrived to state the very worst of his occasional pieces with scintillations of his unflinching liveliness; and some of his songs are a good deal above the average standard of song merit. He was not forgetful of Knole, or its master: he has praised his patron with as good heart as any of his flatterers; and he has commemorated his day at the house by a song on "the incomparable strong beer at Knole." "Such beer," he says, "as all wine must control:"

"Such beer, fine as Burgundy, lifts high my soul
When bumpers are filled for the glory of Knole."

He merited a place in Knole's Gallery of Poets.

Knole park is on a higher site, more varied in surface, and even more beautiful than Penshurst. It is very extensive, abundantly stocked with deer, and richly wooded. The beeches are perhaps hardly elsewhere to be equalled for number, size, health, and beauty. One near, what is called the Duchess's Walk, is very remarkable: the trunk is of prodigious girth, and ascends to a great altitude; whilst the branches overshadow a vast space. It is quite sound and flourishing, in every respect the finest beech we remember to have seen. Not far from it is a very large oak, said by Mr. Brady to have been known two centuries ago as 'The Old Oak': the trunk, which is now a mere shell, is thirty feet in circumference. The stranger should, if he have time, stroll awhile about the park—the paths across it are freely open. At any rate he should endeavour to reach the end of the noble avenue, which leads to the high-ground at the south-western extremity of the park, for the sake of one of the finest prospects in Kent—a county famous for its splendid scenery. We wish him a fair day for the view.

This is a very imperfect sketch of Knole, but we have the less compunction in offering it because, if we have succeeded in indicating its character, the visitor can easily fill up the details, by providing himself with the excellent 'Guide to Knole, by J. H. Brady, F.S.A.'

We may just mention while here, that Mote House, at Ightham, about five miles from Knole, is another specimen of a moated manor-house of a date not later than that at Hever. It has never been so important a building as Hever Castle, but it is well worth seeing. The hall and chapel are remarkably fine.

COBHAM HALL.

Cobham Hall is about four miles south-east of Gravesend. Very beautiful is the approach to it; and especially refreshing after newly escaping from the smoke of London, and Gravesend's dusty highways. Outside the limits of the park, proper, is a woody tract which has gained wondrous beauty from a few years' judicious neglect. The road lies through this wood, under a thick canopy of luxuriant foliage—affording a delicious stroll on a fine autumnal day. When you reach the end of the wood, it will be well to ask,—if you can see anybody to ask,—for Brewer's Gate, that being the gate strangers are directed to pass through when they visit

the house: where to find it they are not told. From the broken ground along the outskirts of the park you get the first glimpse of the Hall, which from this distance looks very well (Cut No. 7). The road from Brewer's Gate leads by a magnificent cedar, on passing which you find yourself close to the mansion.

The building is different in date, arrangement, and appearance from those we have yet visited. Though the later parts of both Penshurst and Knole are almost without defensive appliances, it is not so with the earlier portions. Cobham is entirely domestic in character: even the entrances are without battlements. They too are built of stone, Cobham of brick. The main building consists of two extensive wings, with lofty octagonal turrets in the middle and at the extremities. These wings bear on them their respective dates of erection, 1582 and 1594. They are united by a central building, designed by Inigo Jones; the ground plan of the edifice being thus in the form of a capital H. As a whole it is both striking and picturesque. The arrangement allows of bold masses of light and shadow; while the numerous turrets, the many stacks of variously-carved chimney-shafts, the quaint gables, and handsome bay windows, produce great richness of effect, and a very pleasing play of outline.

But before we enter, we must just recal the names of a few of the owners of Cobham. From the first year of the reign of John till the ninth of Henry IV. it belonged to a series of male descendants of a Norman knight, hight Cobham. It then passed to a lady, who transferred the manor in succession to five husbands, all of whom she outlived. Her fourth husband was the celebrated Lollard martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, who assumed the title of Lord Cobham on his marriage with her. This formidable lady left a daughter, whose descendants retained the estate till the reign of James I., when it was forfeited to the crown by the last of them, the wretched Lord Cobham, whose evidence condemned Raleigh. He saved his life by his cowardly compliance with the king's desire, but he saved nothing else. Cobham was left to drag on a degraded existence in the deepest poverty; fain, if we may trust a contemporary, to beg scraps from a trencher-scraper to save himself from starving, while the king gave the estate to his kinsman Darnley, Earl of Lennox. The Earl of Darnley, the present owner of Cobham, is the descendant of a gentleman named Bligh, who in 1714 married the heiress of the Lennoxes.

The rooms which are shown at Cobham have little of the air of antiquity which was so attractive in those we have hitherto visited. In the early part of the present century the whole house underwent a Wyatvillian improvement; when, as far as the interior is concerned, almost all the original character was improved away. The rooms were, however, rendered more convenient, and more consonant to modern habits; many of them are very elegant apartments, and they are furnished with considerable splendour. The dining-room, into which the visitor is first led, will give him a favourable impression of modern style; it is chastely

fitted up, by which the effect of the pictures is considerably enhanced. The next, the music-room, is the most magnificent in the house, and indeed is said to have been pronounced by George IV. 'the finest room in England'—a decision we take leave to demur to. This is one of the apartments erected by Inigo Jones, who had ever a good eye for picturesque effect. It is large and lofty, and well proportioned; the walls are to some height of polished white marble, with pilasters of sienna marble; the walls above, and the roof, have bold relief ornaments, richly gilt, off a ground of dead white. The fire-place has a very high chimney-piece of white marble, of elaborate sculpture, the work of Sir R. Westmacott, R.A. The floor is of polished oak; at one end of the room is a music gallery, in the centre of which is an organ—a present, we believe, from George IV. The chairs, ottomans, &c., are of the richest description, and like all else profusely gilt. All this gilding and marble undoubtedly produces a very rich effect; and most likely, when the room is brilliantly lighted and filled with fair ladies and well-dressed men the splendour is very much increased. But we confess to thinking it too fine, at least for daylight.

But after all, the pictures are what are most worth seeing at Cobham. In this music-hall there is a very fine full-length, by Vandyke, of the two sons of the Earl of Lennox, who were killed when fighting for Charles I. against the Parliament. In the dining-room are several other of Vandyke's portraits; they are not among the finest of his works, but they possess much of the quiet grace and dignity which so emphatically distinguish him; the best, perhaps, is that of the second Duke of Lennox. There are also in this room portraits by Lely and Kneller worth looking at, though hardly worth describing. There is elsewhere a room-full of portraits, of which this mention may suffice. On the staircase are several large paintings; one of which, a Stag Hunt, by Snyders, full of life and fire, deserves to be hung where it could be better seen.

The chief and most valuable paintings are assembled in the Picture Gallery. It is a fine collection, spoiled by the arrangement. One would fancy that some upholsterer had been commissioned to arrange them, as he would the tables or the curtains in a room. The only principle followed seems to have been that of hanging them as though they were mere furniture, and were to be placed where the frames would produce the best effect. Some of the choicest pictures are in the worst positions, and almost all are put beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. There is one exception, however: Rubens' grand picture, 'The Head of Cyrus brought to Queen Tomyris,' which hangs at the farthest end of the gallery, catches the eye as you enter, and is so brilliant as almost to illumine the room. It is one of his most glowing pieces of colour; indeed, the power and harmony of the colouring more than atone for the entire disregard of all propriety of costume and character. It was purchased from the Orleans collection. There is another very good painting, by Rubens, here—a Boar Hunt—very animated and vigorous; but falling

far short of the power displayed in the other. Several small but very spirited oil sketches by him should also be examined. The Guidos, of which there are several, are generally considered among the choicest paintings in the collection: the Herodias with John the Baptist's Head is the best. By Titian there are two or three, hung where it is not easy to judge of their merit. The two historical pictures by Salvator Rosa, which the connoisseurs admire so much, appear to us very uninteresting. The only English paintings that we remember are some two or three, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; one is a repetition of the 'Samuel,' differing a good deal from that we saw at Knole; another is a female head, very gracefully painted. There are a few small paintings that deserve examination; and a few portraits.

The park extends over an area of some 1,800 acres; well diversified with hill and valley, and broad smooth glades, and bosky dells. Some parts of it afford the most beautiful little closed-up spots of woody scenery that can be desired; others afford wide and noble prospects. The park contains many very large trees; the chestnuts being especially famous. One, known as the Four Sisters, is some five-and-twenty feet in girth.

The stranger must not quit Cobham without visiting the Church. In it are several very interesting monuments of the Cobhams: among them is a very fine altar tomb, with a recumbent statue of the Lord Cobham who was executed in the first year of the reign of Mary, for his participation in Wyatt's rebellion. But what the church is mainly visited for, is the series of thirteen monumental brasses of the Cobhams. Eight of them represent knights, five ladies: they vary, of course, in execution, but they are probably the finest and most perfect series of incised slabs in Great Britain.

CHARLTON HOUSE.

By way of completing the series of manor-houses, we add an engraving and short notice of Charlton House, between Greenwich and Woolwich, one of the buildings erected when the old English domestic architecture was about to be supplanted by what was then thought to be a purer style. (Cut, No. 8.)

At the accession of James I., the manor of Charlton was the property of the crown. The needy train of courtiers who followed that monarch to the rich south, were clamorous for provision, and James was nothing loth to supply the necessities of his loving countrymen. Charlton he assigned, the year after his accession, to the Earl of Mar. That nobleman sold it, in 1606, to one of his countrymen, Sir James Erskine, for £2,000. Sir James, in like manner, parted with his bargain the following year, for £4,500, to Sir Adam Newton, another of the king's northern knights. The traffic stopped there: Sir Adam kept the estate; in 1607 he commenced, and about 1612 completed, the present mansion. The present owner and occupant is Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart.

Inigo Jones is commonly said to have been the architect of Charlton House. He was at the time

architect to Prince Henry, and is very likely to have been employed by his tutor. The building is of brick, with stone quoins and dressings. In form it is an oblong, with projecting wings, and a central porch projecting somewhat less than the wings: the ground-plan being nearly that of a capital E. At each end there is a tall square turret. The style is the extremely florid one then in vogue. When first erected, its appearance must have been very different from the soberer structures of a preceding age; but time has taken off a good deal of its extravagancy, and it is now rather a pleasing, though it cannot be termed a graceful building. The chief labour is expended upon the centre, which, as was Jones's custom, is very elaborately ornamented. The arched doorway has plain double columns on each side; over it is a niche, in which is a female bust. The first story has quaintly-carved columns; and above them a series of grotesque-sculptured brackets. To this succeeds another story, and another row of similar brackets. Along the entire summit is carried a rather singular balustrade. A somewhat similar balustrade originally divided the terrace in front of the house from the garden. In the interior are some very handsome rooms. The entrance-hall is large, considerably ornamented, and has a deep central pendant hanging from the ceiling. There is also a grand saloon, which seems by its bold and profuse ornamentation to claim the parentage of Jones. Another of the more striking features is a gallery, seventy-six feet in length, very similar to that in Charlton House, Wiltshire, which is known to have been constructed by him. Indeed, the resemblance is so strong between these two houses (which

are of nearly the same date) as to leave very little doubt that they are the work of the same architect. The grand staircase is made a prominent object, and it is a very effective one in the design. In the various rooms are a good many pictures and articles of vertu; and some very showy and costly sculptured chimney-pieces; but as they cannot be seen by the stranger, it is not worth while to describe them.

To the reader who may desire to visit any of these places, it will be useful to know the days on which they can be inspected; it is a surpassing annoyance to make a holiday for the purpose, and then, after a journey perhaps of thirty miles or more, to be told you have selected the wrong day, and denied admission. Hever Castle is occupied by a farmer, who readily permits it to be seen on any week-day. Penshurst can only be viewed on Monday or Saturday. Penshurst and Hever may, as we mentioned, be easily examined on the same day. The Countess Dowager of Plymouth, who owns Knole, and constantly resides in it, very handsomely permits the readiest access to the state-rooms on any week-day. Cobham can only be seen on Fridays, between the hours of eleven and four, and the visitor must be careful to provide himself beforehand with a ticket (or if there be more than one in the party, with a ticket for each), that may be obtained of Mr. Caddell, bookseller, Milton-road, Gravesend, or at the stationers at Rochester, on payment of one shilling each; no fee is allowed to be taken at the hall. The interior of Charlton House is not shown at all, the rooms being in the ordinary occupation of the family.



8.—CHARLTON HOUSE.



BATH.

EARLY HISTORY OF BATH.

It is very rarely the case that the history of a city is carried back to its very source. In most instances the extreme distance is lost in the haze of fable, through which we catch vague glimpses of men and things assuming almost gigantic proportions. The good people of Bath, however, see clearer than their neighbours, and run back the line of their city's history until they at last arrive at a founder who counts only the thirtieth in descent from Adam himself! We question if any city in the Principality would desire a more respectable pedigree. Still more extraordinary is their belief that the most polite city in England owes its very existence to the sagacity of a herd of swine! Bathonians notoriously put faith in the story of king Bladud, and why should not we? They place his bust over the door of one of their principal banks, as though to give a golden currency to the tale: we cannot then be accused of literary "smashing," for doing our little to pass the somewhat apocryphal coin on to posterity.

According to the most approved accounts of the origin of Bath, Bladud, son of the British king Hudi-bras, was so unfortunate in his youth as to contract a leperous disease; and as in those times they were not quite so humane as they are now, he was, on the petition of the nobles, banished from his father's court, lest the loathsome affliction should spread to themselves. The queen, with a true woman's affection, however, presented him with a ring, as a token by which she should know him again in case he should ever return cured. The prince departed, and after wandering some time in exile, hired himself to a swineherd, whom he found feeding his pigs not far from the site of the future city. The Royal swineherd was so unfortunate, however, as to infect his charge with his own disease; and fearing that the fact would become known to his master, he separated from him, and drove his pigs towards the vast forests that at that time crowned the Lansdown and Beacon hills. The swine, however, taught by nature to medicine their own disempers, made straight for the spot whence issued the hot-springs, and here wallowed in the marsh caused by its overflowing waters. This kindly oblation soon cured them of their disease; which Bladud perceiving, he applied the same remedy, with the like good effect, to his own person. Thus cured, he appeared again before the old herdsman, his master, informed him of the miraculous cure that had been performed upon himself and pigs; and added further to his astonishment, by proclaiming that he was a king's son. To convince him of this fact, he led him to his father's court, and seizing an opportunity when the king and queen banqueted in public, he dropped into the royal banquet the ring his mother had given him. As the king and queen drank (and they did more than taste the rim

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of the cup in those days), she perceived at the bottom the glittering token, and thus became aware of the presence of her son. Bladud afterwards succeeded to the throne, and rewarded his old master by granting him a handsome estate near the hot-springs, and building him a palace and outhouses for his followers. These together made a town divided into two parts, the north town and the south town, to which the swineherd affixed the name of the animals that had been the cause of his good fortune; and even now the north part of the town is called Hogs Norton, but by some Norton Small-Reward, from a tradition that the king's bounty was looked upon by the swineherd as a small reward for what he had done for him. The king himself, it would seem, terminated his career in a very unfortunate manner; for, being of an aspiring disposition, like Rasselas he made an essay at flying, and was even more unfortunate than that prince of romance, for he fell down upon the tower of Salisbury Cathedral, and broke his neck! Puerile as is this tradition, yet would it be a golden one if it should have given Shakspeare a hint for his 'Cymbeline,' and if in Bladud he should have found his Polydore.

It seems very doubtful whether the hot-springs of Bath were made use of by the Britons; and in all probability no settlement existed here until that made by the Romans under the Emperor Claudius, who conquered and took possession of the neighbouring country about half a century before the birth of Christ. As Roman Bath lay wholly in a valley, such a situation must have been chosen by that people for other than military purposes; and there can be no reasonable doubt, addicted as they were to the use of the warm-bath, that the hot-springs were the chief attraction of the spot. These they collected, and erected over them buildings which even the Bath of the present day cannot rival. An excavation that was made in 1755, near the abbey, exposed to view a series of Roman baths of the most perfect and magnificent description. The following account of them, given in the 'History of Somersetshire,' will show how far beyond us they were in the construction of such buildings:

"The walls of these baths were eight feet in height, built of wrought stone lined with a strong cement of terras: one of them was of a semicircular form, fifteen feet in diameter, with a stone seat round it eighteen inches high, and floored with very smooth flag-stones. The descent into it was by seven steps, and a small channel for conveying the water ran along the bottom, turning at a right angle towards the present King's bath. At a small distance from this was a very large oblong bath, having on three sides a colonnade surrounded with small pilasters, which were probably intended to support a roof. On one side of this bath were two sudatories, nearly square, the floors of which

were composed of brick, covered with a strong coat of terras, and supported by pillars of brick, each brick being nine inches square, and two inches in thickness. The pillars were four feet and a half high, and set about fourteen inches asunder, composing a hypocaust, or vault, for the purpose of retaining the heat necessary for the rooms above. The interior walls of the apartment were set round with tubulated bricks or panels about eighteen inches long, with a small orifice opening inwards, by which the stream of heat was communicated to the apartments. The fire-place from which the heat was conveyed, was composed of a small conical arch at a little distance from the outward wall; and on each side of it, adjoining to the above-mentioned rooms, were two other small sudatories of a circular shape, with several small square baths, and a variety of apartments which the Romans used preparatory to their entering either the hot-baths or sudatories; such as the *Frigidarium*, where the bathers undressed themselves, which was not heated at all; the *Tepidarium*, which was moderately heated; and the *Elcothesion*, which was a small room, containing oil, ointments, and perfumes. These rooms had a communication with each other, and some of them were paved with flag-stones and others were beautifully tessellated with dies of various colours. A regular set of well-wrought channels conveyed the superfluous water from the baths into the Avon." These sumptuous buildings were upwards of 240 feet in length, and 120 in breadth.

Once these baths must have witnessed a thousand diversified scenes, as they were the great places of resort of the Roman people. The poet here recited his last composition, and the athletes excited the luxurious bather with a thousand feats of strength; and the song and the loud laugh caught the ear of many an old warrior as he anointed himself luxuriously with the precious ointments then in use, and little did the busy crowd beneath its portico imagine that a few centuries would bury it deep in the earth, and that the conqueror who was to come after them would inter their dead over the very spot that once contributed to the vigour of the living. Yet so it was: these baths were found full twenty feet below the present level of the soil, and four feet above them were discovered a number of stone coffins, evidently Saxon, thus denoting that the place was used by our ancestors as a place of sepulture.

In the immediate neighbourhood of these baths arose the stately porticos of temples to Minerva and Apollo and other deities of the Roman worship. Some of these must have been of a very imposing size, as portions of Corinthian pillars, measuring nearly three feet in diameter, have been exhumed, and are now preserved in the Literary Institution. Large and massive pieces of pediment have also been rescued from the depths in which they had been submerged; and in one instance the pieces have been placed together, until we see before us the façade of some highly-sculptured building.

The Bath, (or *Aquæ Solis*, as it was then called,) of

fifteen centuries ago, must have presented a beautiful appearance. Where the heart of the present city stands, dimly seen through its canopy of smoke, in that distant age the columns of the temples shone white against the dark blue of the surrounding hills, and many a noble-browed pediment seemed to watch majestically over the fortunes of the grand people who worshipped at their shrines. Here, too, in the morning sun, shone the beautiful gilt statue of Apollo, or the evening twilight dwelt upon the calm brow of some imaged Minerva. In those days there was little or no coal smoke to obscure the beautiful details of the classic city; and the whole stamped itself as sharply and distinctly upon the surrounding background of hills as did any of the antique towns of Italy herself.

But the sumptuousness and grandeur of *Aquæ Solis* served other purposes, according to Tacitus, than merely to minister to the wants and to please the sensuous eye of the Roman colonists. To this city flocked the Britons of the surrounding country, and, by participating in the luxuries of the place, gradually sunk beneath its sensualities and sacrificed their liberty at the altars of pleasure. "By these insidious means," says the historian, "the people were more effectually subjugated than by the Roman sword."

Aquæ Solis remained a place of great resort during the whole period of the Roman occupation; and even after their departure, which event took place in the year 400, the half-civilized Britons maintained it with a diminished splendour: and it was not until the coming of those rude workers, our Saxon ancestors,—who destroyed but to sow the germ of a more healthful state of things,—that the glory and beauty of the place were levelled to the dust.

All that remains of this once splendid city is now stowed away in the vaults and passages of the Literary Institution. As you pass along them to read the 'Times' of a morning, or to cut open the wet sheets of 'Blackwood,' your coat brushes against votive altars, wrought by the hands of this antique people. As you wander along the basement-rooms of the building your eye catches mouldering fragments, which the learned have placed together upon conjecture, as the child despairingly builds up its puzzle. Upon the tables are scattered about fragments of drinking-vessels, out of which the soldiers of the twentieth legion once pledged each other; and by stepping into the lecture-room, you will see upon the mantel-piece, amid a crowd of modern ornaments, the gilt head of the *Apollo Medicus*—a fragment of the grand statue of the deity who watched over the city, and who endued the springs with all their healing powers. The beautiful face of the god once so venerated, now claims no more respect (except as a piece of antiquity) than the bronze letter-weight that stands beside it!

To return, however, to the history of the city: after the departure of the Romans, and during the early part of that bloody struggle which took place between the Britons, and the Saxons whom they had invited over to their assistance, *Aquæ Solis* remained in comparative

peace. In the year 493, however, the city was besieged by a Saxon army, under Ella and his three sons, when there doubted King Arthur came to its assistance, and defeated the invaders with terrible slaughter. Again, in the year 520, this legendary hero evinced his prowess by defeating Cedric and his powerful army on the scene of his former victories, killing with his own hand, it is said, no less than four hundred and forty Saxons! After such sharp work as this, his famous brand, Excalibar, must have deserved a thorough grind. As King Arthur without doubt carried his round table among his baggage, who shall say that he did not set it up in the rescued city, and that the voices of Launcelot du Lake and of the other redoubted knights, did not make ring again its ancient walls?

The Saxons, in the year 577, became masters of the city and the neighbouring country, and the Latin name of *Aquæ Solis*, or Waters of the Sun, was changed to the homely, but more appropriate, *Hat Bathun*, or Hot Baths. During the Saxon period there can be no doubt that the hot springs were carefully attended to; as the tepid bath was considered by our ancestors as an absolute necessary of life. The succeeding history of the city, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, might be turned over without disadvantage. A place of no military strength, scarcely any event of importance occurred in it during the wars of succession of our early English kings; and during the great Rebellion it made but a sorry figure, the Royalist commandant giving up the place to the Parliamentarians in the most ignominious manner. He, according to the famous Prynne's representations in Parliament, "upon the approach only of two dragoons to one of the city gates, discharging their dragoons and setting some straw on fire before the gate, and the sight of twenty men brandishing their swords upon Beechen Cliff, presently sent out for a parley, and making conditions only for himself and his officers to march away with their bag and baggage, and live quietly at their own houses without molestation, valiantly quitted the city without the least assault. * * * The captain then leaping over the wall for haste, and running away into Wales for shelter, before any other forces appeared to summon this strong fortified city, leaves all the common souldiers and citizens to their enemies' mercy, who were thereupon imprisoned, pillaged, or fined."

If much prowess was not shown by the commandant of the city, however, the neighbouring hill of Lansdowne has found a place in history from the bloody battle that was fought upon it on the 5th of July, 1643, between the forces of Sir William Waller and those of the Prince Maurice and the Earl of Carnarvon, in which both parties claimed the victory.

In this action Sir Arthur Hazelrig's *Regiment of Lobsters*, as they were called from being encased in iron plates, were first brought into service, and completely routed the king's horse, who fled through amazement at such a terrible-looking foe. The Cornish musqueteers, under Sir Beville Granville, managed to

retrieve the day, with the loss of their gallant commander, however, who was slain in their impetuous charge. To commemorate his loss, a monument was erected to his memory, in 1720, by the Honourable George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, on the very spot upon which he fell. This monument is handsomely built of freestone, and on its north tablet is the following inscription, written by Cartwright, in the laudatory style of his day:

"When now th' incensed rebels proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam,
When undeserved success urged on their force,
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Granville must step in; then Granville stood,
And with himself opposed and checked the flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought; so fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire.
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand
But took new force from his inspiring hand:
Soldier encouraged soldier, man urged man,
And he urged all; so far example can.
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did fall,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all:
His soul, the while, retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell!
But the devoted stand, enraged the more
From that his fate, plied hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, swore not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, and gain'd the field.
Thus he being fallen, his actions fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd whilst the living flew."

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Bath, in common with Bristol, and many other places in the west of England, was the seat of an extensive woollen trade; but during the Stuart period these manufactures declined, and the city became by degrees a place of resort for health-seekers.

Pepys visited the city in 1668, and leaves us the following account of it in his Diary:—"Having dined very well, 10s., we came before night to the Bath; when I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the Baths with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping." Pepys, however, only saw the fair outside of things. Wood, the famous architect, takes us behind the scenes, and shows us domestic Bath up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. "The boards of the dining-rooms," he tells us, "and most other floors, in the houses of Bath, were made of a brown colour with *soot and small beer*, to hide the dirt as well as their own imperfections; and if the walls of any of the rooms were covered with wainscot, it was such as was mean, and never painted. The chimney-pieces, hearths, and slabs, were all of freestone; and these were daily cleaned with a particular kind of white-wash, which, by paying tribute to everything that touched it, soon rendered the brown floors like the starry firmament. . . . With Kidderminster stuff, or

at best with chene, the woollen furniture of the principal rooms was made; and such as were of linen consisted only of corded dimity or coarse fustian; the matrons of the city, their daughters, and their maids, flowering the latter with worsted during the intervals between the seasons, to give the beds a gaudy look. Add to this, also, the houses of the richest inhabitants of the city were, for the most part, of the meanest architecture, and only two of them could show the modern comforts of sash-windows." The city seems to have stood still at this point for a century at least; for between the years 1592 and 1692, it had only increased by seventeen houses!

MODERN BATH.

From such an abject condition as we have described, the city was destined to be raised to the highest degree of magnificence, and to be made the resort of the 'quality' of the land by the genius of two men—Beau Nash and Wood. Those individuals might be said to have supplied the very soul and body of modern Bath: the former by the elegant social life he infused into it; and the latter, by his superb reconstruction of its buildings.

To Richard Nash, however, Bath must mainly attribute the rapidity with which it sprang from an insignificant place, into the focus of fashionable life, and the most 'pleasurable' city in the kingdom. His genius for trifles, his taste, and his shrewdness, serving him better than more profound abilities would have done in erecting a kingdom of his own, and in governing it in so absolute a manner as he did. Nash commenced life in the army, but speedily becoming tired of the profession he turned to the law,—that is, he entered his name on the books at the Temple, and spent his time as a man about town; and his genius for gay life, and his love of intrigue, soon led him into the society of the young bloods of the day. It was a mystery to all his acquaintances, however, how he managed to support the various extravagances he was led into, as he was known to be without fortune. In these days we should look for the secret sources of income of such a person in the columns of the broad sheet, or in the poetical epistles of a puffing tailor; but Nash seems to have been suspected of a much more direct method of replenishing his exhausted purse. His friends, indeed, charged him with procuring money by robbery on the highway! We might guess the state of society when such an accusation could even suggest itself. Nash, full of indignation, replied to the charge, and cleared his honour (!) by handing round to his accusers a *billet doux* he had just received, enclosing a large sum of money. Having, for some reason or other, got sick of the law, as he had done of his Majesty's service; not, we apprehend, because he "found his mind superior to both," as Dr. Oliver, one of his fulsome eulogists, absurdly hath it, but most probably, that his inclinations suited neither. In a lucky hour he retired to Bath, and there found a pathway to fame

which he would have never reached by the study of 'Coke upon Littleton.'

The condition of the city upon the advent of the Beau, which took place about 1703, was peculiarly favourable to the development of his particular talent. Its accommodations were most contemptible: its houses and public places lacked those elegances and amusements which are calculated to attract those who seek for passing pleasure, are mainly desirous to kill ennui. The only place where the amusement of the dance could be enjoyed was upon the bowling-green, where a fiddle and a hautboy formed the whole band: the only promenade was a grove of sycamore trees. Of the varied appliances of the gaming-table Bath was then innocent; but the chairmen were so rude, that no respectable female durst pass along the street unprotected, in the evening. The Pump-house was without a director; "and," says Goldsmith, in his 'Life of Nash,' "to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age (we believe it was Dr. Radcliffe) conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of its waters. It was from a resentment of some affront he had received there that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which, he said, *he would cast a toad in the spring.*"

Nash, at this auspicious moment for his fortune, arrived at Bath, and made a hit at once by assuring the people that he would charm away the poison, as the venom of the tarantula was charmed—by music. He only asked for a band of performers, to make the Doctor's toad perfectly harmless. His proposition was at once agreed to, and the Pump-room immediately received the benefit, by attracting a full and fashionable company; and the spirit of the man so gained their goodwill, that he was speedily voted Master of the Ceremonies—or King of Bath.

Nash commenced his reign by repairing the roads of the city,—a strange duty for a master of the ceremonies to discharge, but one which speaks volumes as to the condition of the thoroughfares at the beginning of the last century. The company, which had hitherto been obliged to assemble in a booth to drink tea and chocolate, or to game, were, under his direction, accommodated with a handsome Assembly-room—the first ever erected in the city. He now set about composing a code of laws for his new subjects; and the conditions he drew up for the observance of a polite society were doubtless intended to smack of wit; but we must confess that, viewed in this light, they fully justified his own admission, that the pen was his torpedo,—when ever he grasped it, it benumbed his faculties. This composition, which was hung up in a conspicuous place in the Pump-room, strongly savours of the Beau's idiosyncrasies.

Rules to be observed at Bath.

1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that are expected or

desired by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinents.

2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, show breeding and respect.

4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs;—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his tickets for the balls to any but gentlemen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlewomen crowding before the ladies at the ball, show ill-manners; and that none do it for the future—except such as respect none but themselves.

7. That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them;—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

9. That the young ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N.B. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*.

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandals be taken for their authors.

11. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company;—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N.B. Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers.

Goldsmith says of these rules, rather sneeringly (if his fine nature might be considered capable of a sneer), "were we to give laws to a nursery, we should make them childish laws; his statutes, though stupid, were addressed to fine gentlemen and ladies, and were probably received with sympathetic approbation."

The public balls, now under his management, were conducted with the greatest decorum. They commenced at six, and concluded at eleven: this rule he maintained so rigidly, that the Princess Amelia once applying to him for one dance more after his authoritative finger had given the signal for the band to withdraw, was refused, with the remark that his laws were like those of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter subversion of all authority. Nash had some difficulty in regulating the dress to be worn at the Assembly; but he went boldly to work, and chid even the most exalted in rank, when they departed from his rules. On one occasion he signified his dislike of the practice of wearing white aprons at the Assembly, by stripping the Duchess of Queensberry of one valued at five hundred guineas, and throwing it at the hinder benches, amongst the ladies' women. The duchess begged his Majesty's pardon, and made him a present of the obnoxious article of apparel,—to our



1.—PORTRAIT OF NASH.

mind a rather keen method of retort. He found the gentlemen, however, not so easily controlled. He tried, in vain, for a long time, to prevent the rearing of swords, on the plea that they tore the ladies' dresses; but, in fact, to put a stop to the numerous duels which arose out of the intrigues of gallants, or disputes at the gaming-table. With a deep insight into human nature, Nash gave out that he wanted to hinder people from doing *what they had no mind to*. It was not, however, until an encounter took place, in which one of the combatants was mortally wounded, that he succeeded in abolishing the use of the sword in the city of Bath; henceforward, whenever he heard of a challenge, he instantly had both parties placed under arrest.

The gentlemen's boots made the most determined stand against him. The country squires in those days, who must have been a brutal set,—we have a very good type of them, no doubt, in Squire Topehall, with whom Roderick Random had the famous drinking bout at Bath,—would come to the balls in their heavy boots. Nash tried all sorts of stratagems to shame them out of their boorishness, and, among others, he wrote a song in which the rhyme is about equal to the severity, as the reader will perceive:

Frontinella's Invitation to the Assembly.

"Come one and all, to *Hoyden Hall*,
For there's the assembly this night;
None but servile fools
Mind manners and rules;
We *Hoydens* do decency slight.

"Come trollops and slatterns,
Cock'd hats and white aprons,
This best our modesty suits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free
As Hogs-Norton squires in boots?"

Finding that his verses told, he followed up his success by inventing a puppet-show, in which 'Punch' comes in, booted and spurred, in the character of a country squire. Upon going to bed with his wife, he is desired to pull off his boots. "My boots," replies Punch, "why, Madam, you might as well pull off my legs! I never go without boots; I never ride, I never dance, without them; and this piece of politeness is quite the thing in Bath." At last his wife gets so tired of him that she kicks him off the stage. There was some real point in this contrivance of Nash's, and the squires were soon shamed out of their boorishness. Sometimes, however, a gentleman, through ignorance or haste, would appear in the rooms in the forbidden boots; but Nash always made up to him, and bowing with much mock gravity, would tell him *that he had forgotten to bring his horse.*

Beau Nash, like other potentates, had his crown: the old German emperors fumed and fretted under an iron diadem: the king of Bath wore a white hat, which he wished to be taken as an emblem of the purity of his mind! He might be considered to have reached the apogee of his reign between the years 1730-40. Within that time, Bath was honoured with the visits of two royal personages—the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Wales, both of whom he managed to turn to account. Those who have visited Bath have doubtless been struck with the prevalence of obelisks in that city, the peculiarly mournful form of which seems to give a character to the place. The stranger who views them would little think that these monuments, which breathe such a solemn spirit, were the handiwork of such a frivolous specimen of humanity as the Beau: such, however, is the case. The obelisk in the Orange Grove was erected by him, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Orange to the city for the benefit of his health, in 1734. Nash, who appears to have combined a most ecstatic loyalty with a shrewd eye to the benefit of his little kingdom, was so overcome with the miraculousness of the Prince's recovery, that he immediately had this building erected, inscribing a seasonable puff upon it of the virtues of the Bath waters.

Again, in 1736, when the Prince of Wales visited Bath, Nash run up another obelisk in Queen Square, and in order to make it all the more worthy of the personage it was dedicated to, he asked Pope to write its inscription. The poet's answer is a master-piece of irony: the monument he was pressed to dignify with his composition is not more cutting and severe in its outline, as the reader will perceive.

"Sir,—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favours of his R. H., and I have me express what you feel, and in

a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can." (Signed "A. POPE.") Nash, who doubtless took the very ambiguous compliment at the conclusion of the letter in its most favourable aspect, still pestered the poet until he got the inscription out of him, and a very ordinary affair it is, as might have been expected, from the writer's contempt of both Nash and his "R.H."

We cannot help regarding these obelisks as "standing advertisements" for the town; and Nash evidently used up the two princes in the same manner that Professor Holloway, of Ointment notoriety, does the Earl of Aldborough in the columns of the 'Times.'

But turn we again to the magnificence of Nash in his day of pride. Behold him going forth upon a progress to the colony of Tunbridge he has founded, in his post-chariot and six grays, with outriders, footmen, and French horns; and at the side of his equipage his famous running footman, Murphy, who thought nothing of going a message for his master to London in a day. Had not Bath reason to be proud of a king who kept such sumptuous state? It might be asked how Nash managed to support all this extravagance, as he received no remuneration in consideration of his office as Master of the Ceremonies. One word will explain all—*play* filled his overflowing purse.

If, under his auspices, the resources of the city for restoring health were fully developed, it cannot be denied that he fostered the vices that ruined the mind; and thousands that came hither to recruit the body did not leave it until they were morally ruined.

Hazard, lansquenet, and loo, were the milder forms of excitement in which the ladies joined; and, according to Anstey, who lashes the folly of the day in his famous 'New Bath Guide,' had a pretty way of their own of cheating:

"Industrious creatures! that make it a rule
To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool:
So they win to be sure; yet I very much wonder
Why they put so much money the candlestick under;
For up comes a man on a sudden *slapdash*,
Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash;
And as nobody troubles their heads any more,
I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.

The sterner sex indulged in more desperate games, and an incredible deal of money was lost to the sharpers who made the city their head-quarters during the dead metropolitan season. To such a height was gambling carried, that at last the Government interfered, and by Act of Parliament suppressed all the games of chance of the day. Public gaming thus being checked, the whole source of Nash's income was cut off at once. He managed to recover it, however, for a time, but

with a total loss of all honour, and a great portion of that consideration with which his Bath subjects had hitherto treated him. He received this fall through entering into a confederation with the keepers of a new game, called 'E.O.,' set up on purpose to evade the law, a certain portion of the profits of which he pocketed, in consideration of the company he drew to it. Poor Nash was not a bit more corrupt than the mass of society at the time; but his position made it necessary for that society to turn its back upon him to save its own honour! The moral condition of Bath about the middle of last the century, was, we confess, at the lowest ebb, and its intellectual life was melancholy indeed. One forcible contrast will perhaps show the depravity of the period better than a thousand words.

In the year 1760, subscription-rooms were opened for prayers at the Abbey, and gaming at the rooms. At the close of the first day the number of subscribers for prayers was *twelve*, and for gaming *sixty-seven*. This circumstance occasioned the following lines at the time:

"The Church and Rooms the other day
Open'd their books for Prayer and Play:
The Priest got *twelve*, Hoyle *sixty-seven*;
How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!"

Not only in the universal love of gambling was the vice of the period exhibited, but in the shameless intrigues which were carried on, but which Beau Nash—we must do him the justice to say—exerted all his influence to put a stop to. He was the Marplot of Bath; in fact, whenever a clandestine marriage was on the *tapis*, and as far as lay in his power, he acted as the conscientious guardian of those young ladies of fortune around whom the swindlers of the place constantly gathered. His manner of warning parents was sometimes *brusque* enough. On one occasion he highly offended a lady of fortune at the Assembly-room, by telling her *she had better go home*: this speech he continued to repeat to her; and at last, piqued and offended, she did go home, and there discovered the meaning of his apparently rude advice in a coach and six at the door, which some sharper had provided to carry off her daughter. As for the manner in which the company got through the day, a description of it is melancholy enough. The bath occupied the morning; the noon was spent (by the young) in making-believe to drink the waters in the Pump-room, but really in flirting, according to the ingenuous Miss Jenny of Anstey's poem, who admits that the springs she never tastes, but that her chief delight is

"Near the Pump to take my stand,
With a nosegay in my hand,
And to hear the Captain say,
'How d'ye do, dear Miss, to-day?'"

whilst the old tabbies

"Come to the Pump, as before I was saying,
And talk all at once, while the music is playing:
'Your servant, Miss Fitchet': 'Good morning, Miss Stote';
'My dear lady Riggledam, how is your throat?'"

'Your ladyship knows that I sent you a scrawl
'Last night, to attend at your ladyship's call;
'But I hear that your ladyship went to the ball.'
—'O Fitchet!—don't ask me—good Heavens preserve!
'I wish there was no such a thing as a nerve:
'Half dead all the night, I protest—I declare—
'My dear little Fitchet, who dresses your hair?
'You'll come to the rooms; all the world will be there!'"

Out of such materials as these Nash managed to construct that social life which made Bath so famous in the last century, and which led to its material reconstruction by the genius of the architect Wood.

We have before dwelt upon the insignificant appearance of the city at the beginning of the eighteenth century: at that time, it contained but two houses fit to receive any personages of condition; but before its close it was one of the most splendidly-built places in Europe. In the few minutes' breathing-time which is allowed at Bath, in the rapid rush from London to the West, the traveller has, from the platform of the railway-station, a splendid view of the city. The foreground he sees filled with spires of churches—the Abbey sitting like a mother in the midst; the back-ground closed in by the Lansdowne hills, up which terrace and crescent climb, until they appear almost to kiss the sky. Amid this splendid scene, however, he singles out one mass of buildings immediately beneath his eye, which stands with an air of great dignity, and seems to carry with it recollections of bygone glory. The North and South Parade, which we allude to, was one of the earliest works of Wood. Its broad and ample terraces,—where now but a few invalids catch the warmth of the sunny South, or breathe the bracing air of the Downs; in the time of Nash, and still later, was the resort of all the fashion of the land. What a sidling of hoops, a clapping of delicate red-heeled shoes, a glistening of sword-hilts, a raising of cocked hats, and a display of black solitaires, and patches *à la Grecque*, was there once here,—of which a dusty death has long swallowed up all! Wood commenced these buildings about the year 1730; and soon after, Queen Square, with its very marked and noble style of architecture, the Circus, and a crowd of other elegant buildings, which we shall notice hereafter, followed, displacing meaner erections, spreading far out into the then country, and supplying that architectural magnificence which the wealth and fashion now filling the city demanded.

Nash died in 1761, and for some time no dispute as to the succession arose; but in 1769, a civil war took place, in consequence of two Masters of the Ceremonies being elected. The partisans of the rival monarchs, among whom the ladies were most prominent, actually came to blows in the Pump-room, whose walls witnessed the most extraordinary scene that perhaps ever took place in a polite assembly. Imagine, good reader, a crowd of fashionables of the present day falling to pulling noses, and tearing caps and dresses! Yet such deeds took place among the 'mode' in Bath, not seventy years ago:

"Fair nymphs achieve illustrious feats,
 Off fly their tuckers, caps, and *têtes* ;
 Pins and pomatum strew the room,
 Emitting many a strange perfume ;
 Each tender form is strangely batter'd,
 And odd things here and there are scatter'd.
 In heaps confused the heroines lie,
 With horrid shrieks they pierce the sky :
 Their charms are lost in scratches, scars,
 Sad emblems of domestic wars !"

And it was not until *the Riot Act had been read three times*, that the fury of the combatants was appeased !

The social condition of Bath, which we have been mainly following, continued pretty much the same as Nash left it, until the end of the last century ; from that period, however, to the present time, a marked change has slowly been taking place in it. The public life of the city has gradually subsided, and is now pretty well extinct. The gambling spirit of old times has degenerated into shilling whist at the Wednesday night card-assemblies ; and the public balls, those magnificent reunions which, in the old time, under Nash, always commenced with a minuet danced by the highest people of 'quality' present, although still well attended, yet shine with a diminished lustre. Bath, in fact, from a place of resort for the valetudinarian, and for the pleasure-seeker during the winter season, has become a resident city of 80,000 inhabitants, in which the domestic life has gradually encroached upon the public life that once distinguished it. Private parties have taken the place, to a considerable extent, of the subscription-balls, and friendly visits between families have emptied the Pump-room of much of that crush of fashion and galaxy of beauty which once trod its floors, when the city was a nest of lodging-houses, and the inhabitants a set of loungers, or a flock of incurables, who only visited it to air themselves in the eyes of the genteel world, or to wash themselves out with the mineral waters before making their final exit.

Another reason why the public amusements of the place have fallen off so of late years is to be found in the religious spirit which has developed itself. The modern history of Bath is but an amplification of the life of many of its fine ladies of old : beginning their career with all kinds of dissipation, progressing amid scenes of scandal and intrigue, and ending by becoming a devotee : what changes the individual underwent within the human pan society has repeated during the flight of a century and a half.

As one passes along the streets and looks into the booksellers' windows, the ascendancy of the evangelical church-party in the city is manifest by the portraits of young clergymen everywhere meeting the eye, and the multitudes of religious books, with 'third,' or 'fourth,' edition of the 'tenth,' 'twentieth,' or 'thirtieth' thousand inscribed upon their title-pages.

Many of the publications issued in Bath, when in the heyday of its fame, were lewd and gross in the extreme : we ourselves have seen many volumes which any Holywell Street publisher of the present time would

be prosecuted for attempting to vend, so grossly indecent were they : yet in those days they were perused openly by maid, wife, and widow,—and doubtless without raising a blush upon the hardened cuticle of the eighteenth century. Without being too pharisaical, the city might compare her present with her past moral condition with much complacency. The tone of manners is immeasurably purer, and the life more moral ; than it was in times of old.

THE HOT BATHS.

The Medicinal Baths of this city, so famous in the time of the Romans, appear to have lost all their attractions about the middle of the sixteenth century, mainly owing to the breaking-up of the monastery, in the prior and monks of which they were vested. So little were these baths known throughout the kingdom, and so few did they attract to their healing waters, that Dr. Turner, who wrote a treatise upon the 'Properties of the Baths of England,' in 1562, and which he dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, says, that it was only after visiting the baths of Italy and Germany, "*that I hard tel that there was a natural bathe within your father's dukedome :*" and farther on, he denounces the "*nigardishe illiberallite*" of the rich men of England, for not bettering and amending them. "I have not hearde," he tells us, "that anye rich man hath spent upon these noble bathes, one grote these twenty years." The Doctor's reproaches do not seem to have had much effect, for we find that during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the most extraordinary disorder existed in them. The baths, we are told, were like so many bear-gardens, and as for modesty, it was a thing which had no existence in them. *The custom of both sexes bathing together in a perfect state of nature* existed even a century before. Bishop Beckyngton having endeavoured, in 1449, to remedy the evil by issuing a mandate forbidding men and women to bathe together without "*decent clothing ;*" his efforts, however, did not prove of much effect, for in 1646 we find the scandal grown so great, that the corporation was obliged to interfere and enforce the wearing of bathing-clothes.

The filthy condition of the bath was almost as bad as the morals of the bathers : "*dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures, were hurled over the rails into the water, while people were bathing in it.*" By the rigid enforcement of by-laws the corporation amended the nuisance, and the good effect of their interference was seen in the crowds of people who flocked to the city from different parts of England, both for the purpose of bathing and drinking the waters. Pepys, who visited the city in 1668, and of course pried into the baths, did not think them particularly clean, in consequence of the great resort to them. His gossiping sketch is full of interest : "*13th (June) Saturday, up at four o'clock, being, by appointment, called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by-and-by, though we designed to have*

done before company came, much company came; very fine ladies; and the manners pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs are so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by-and-by comes music to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5s."

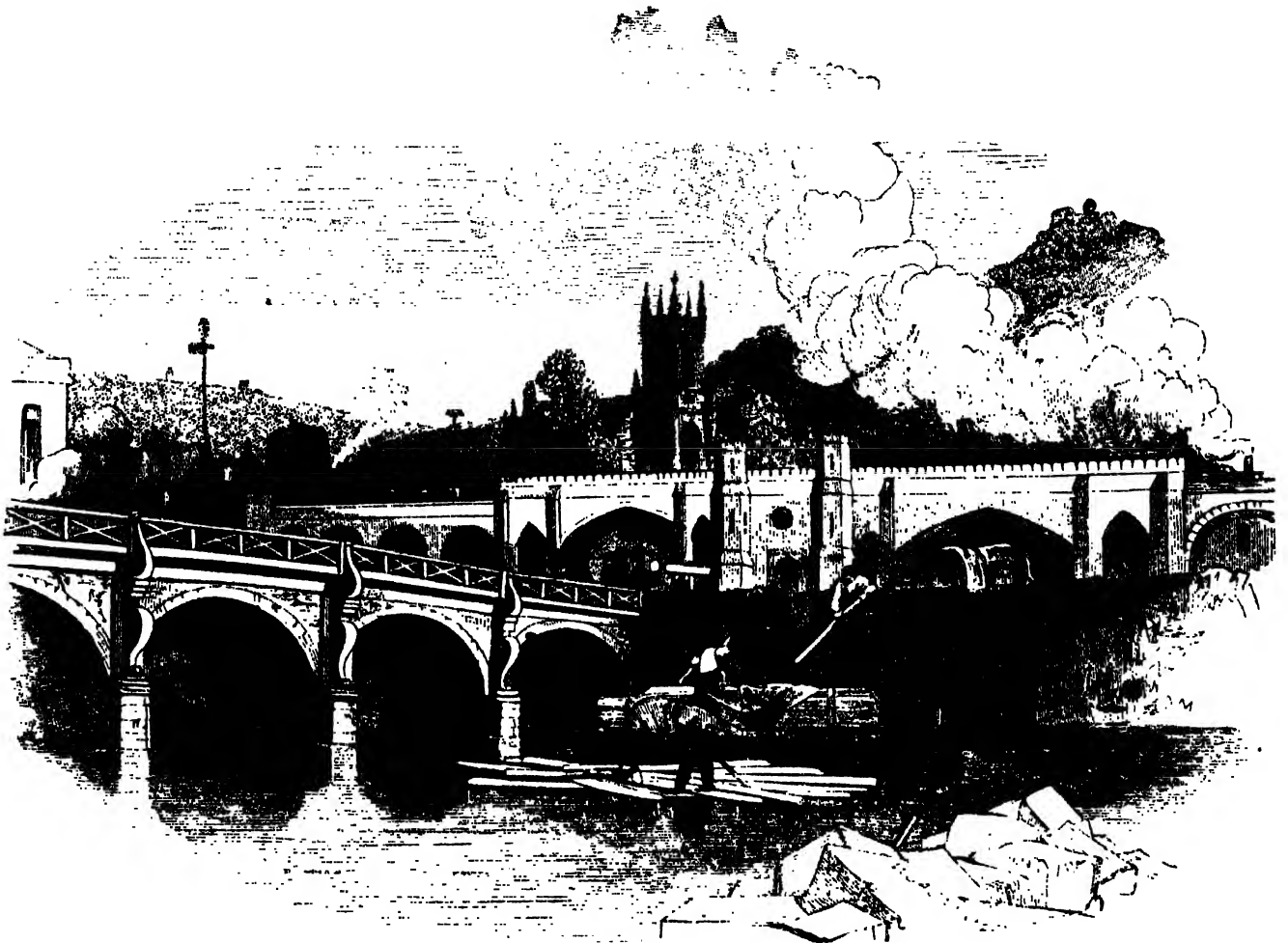
What an amiable picture this! the Clerk of the Acts (an officer filling the post of a modern Secretary to the Admiralty), his wife, and male and female servants, all dipping into one bath together! Somehow or other, the social liberty of those days of despotism was greater than that which exists at present, notwithstanding our free institutions. Fancy a fine lady of 1848 treating her waiting-maid on the like equal terms.

The fashion of ladies and gentlemen appearing in

the same bath continued down to the present century. Anstey has a fling at the custom in his satirical poem:

"Oh! 't was pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take the water like so many spaniels:
And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter;
'T was a glorious sight to see the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks;
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl,
In a great smoking kettle, as big as our hall;
And to-day, many persons of rank and condition
Were boil'd, by command of an able physician!"

The bath for a long time was a fashionable amusement for the ladies. A foreign traveller, who visited England towards the end of the last century, speaking of those in this city, says, "In the morning the young lady is brought in a close-chair, dressed in her bathing-clothes, to the Cross Bath. Then the music plays her in the water, and the women who attend her present her with a *little floating-dish like a basin*, into which the lady puts a handkerchief and a nosegay, and of late a snuff-box is added. She then traverses the bath, if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself; and having amused herself nearly an hour, calls for her chair and returns home." The while the lady thus amused herself with her little floating-dish, she was well



aware of being "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" for the gallery of the bath was generally the resort of young gentlemen who ogled the fair to their heart's content. There is a story told of a gentleman once looking at his wife while she was bathing in the King's Bath, and who was so charmed with her increase of beauty that he could not help complimenting her upon it, which a king of Bath hearing, he instantly took him by the heels and hurled him over the rails into the water—by way of marking, we suppose, his sense of the impropriety and *mauvais ton* of admiring one's own partner.

The public baths of the city are four in number—the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Cross Bath. The King's Bath is the largest and most important of them all, and royalty has on many occasions disported in its waters. A remarkable circumstance is related to have occurred in it while Queen Ann, consort of James I., was bathing here. A flame of fire, it is said, ascended to the top of the water, spread itself into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. This so frightened her Majesty that she immediately departed for the New Bath, close at hand; which ever afterwards went by the name of the Queen's Bath. Another circumstance, still more singular in connection with it, is mentioned by Stukeley in his 'Itinerarum.' "It is remarkable," says he, "that at the cleansing of the springs, when they set down a new pump, they constantly found great quantities of hazelnuts, as in many other places among subterraneous timber." The comment of this old author upon the circumstance is, however, a thousand times more strange than the thing itself. "These," he adds, "I doubt not to be the remains of the famous and universal Deluge, which the Hebrew historian tells us was in autumn; Providence by that means securing the revival of the vegetable world." (!)

The dimensions of this Bath are 65 feet wide by 40 broad, and it contains 364 tons of water; the heat at the springhead is 116° of Fahrenheit. In the centre of the Bath there is a statue of the 'favourite Bladud, and the bather stands astonished as he reads the following inscription in copper upon it:

BLADUD,
Son of Lud Hudibras,
Eighth king of the Britons from Brute:
A great philosopher and mathematician,
Bred at Athens,
And recorded the first discoverer and founder of these baths,
Eight hundred and sixty-three years before Christ;
That is,
Two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years
To the present year,
One thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

In connection with the King's Bath is a spacious tepid Swimming Bath, designed by that true artist and master of the classic style of architecture, Decimus Burton. The Cross Bath has of late years been converted into a Tepid, Plunging, and Swimming Bath, the admission to which brings it within the

means of the "great unwashed." The temperature of the water is about 95°. The Hot Bath is so named from the great heat of its springs, the thermometer standing in it as high as 116°: a temperature so great that it seems almost to scald the skin upon the first immersion. In addition to these public baths (which belong to the Corporation), there are a number of private bathing-establishments, fitted up with every elegance and improvement that the present day has suggested. There are also the Abbey Baths, likewise very commodious, and situated upon the site of the old Roman Thermæ. In 1833, an analysis was made, by the Oxford professor of chemistry, of the gas emitted by the waters, and he found that within the twenty-four hours 222 cubic feet was given off, which contained a variable quantity; viz., from 4½ to 13 per cent. of the whole; and the rest consisted of 96 per cent. of nitrogen, and 4 per cent. of oxygen. The learned professor, we are also told, drew the inference so comfortable to Bathonians, that their city owes its hot springs to the action of a volcano immediately beneath it!

This is a mere conjecture, however, as philosophers are still entirely in the dark as to the causes of the internal heat of the globe. The old Bathonians had an opinion of their own on the subject: they attribute the springs themselves to the Royal necromancer, Bladud; and their composition, and the origin of their heat, is set forth in rhyme, which, five centuries ago, was held to be very good reason: we quote the following lines as far as they bear upon the subject:

"Two tunne ther beth of bras,
And other two maked of glas;
Seven salts there beth inne,
And other thing maked with ginne;
Quick brimstone in them also,
With wild fire maked thereto.
Sal Gemme and Sal Petre,
Sal Amonak then is eke;
Sal Alfrod and Sal Alkine,
Sal Gemme is mingled with brine;
Sal Conin and Sal Almetre bright,
That borneth both day and night.
All this is in the tonne ido,
And other things many mo,
All borneth both night and day,
That never quench it we may.
In your well springs the tounes laggeth,
As all the philosophers us saggeth.
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot all about."

This, translated into modern English, means that the redoubtable Bladud buried deeply in the earth at Bath two tons of burning brass and two of glass,—the latter of which contained a composition of seven salts, brimstone and wildfire, which precious composition being set potwise over the four springs, fermented, and thus caused that great heat which now exists, and is to last for ever! Modern chemists would like to be able to produce perpetual heat on the same terms; it would be finding a motive power at a very cheap rate

—indeed it would solve the problem of perpetual motion without more ado.

The waters are reported to be beneficial in *all* chronic distempers, with the exception of those arising from diseased lungs, or from hæmorrhage and inflammation. Gout, stone, rheumatism, indigestion, palsy, and bilious obstruction (this accounts, we suppose, for the multitudes of liverless old Indians to be found in Bath;) and cutaneous diseases are said to be benefited by the use of these springs, whether administered externally or internally. A collection of all the treatises which have been written upon the efficacy of the Bath waters would make a very decent-sized library, as in former times such works were the means by which young physicians introduced themselves to practice. It is not a little amusing to look over the more antique of these productions, published in the days of Brobdignagian type, oceans of margin and rude initial letters, and observe how the old practitioners managed to hide their real ignorance of internal complaints by generalizing them under such appellations as “the grosser humours of the body,” or “the vapours which arise to the brain,” and which these waters were to drive forth. We do not wonder at Dr. Radcliffe’s threat “to cast a toad into the spring,” when we consider the outrageous manner in which their waters were quacked by the physicians of a past generation.

A WALK THROUGH BATH.

The high level at which the Great Western Railway passes through the suburbs enables the traveller to take in a very comprehensive view of the city. It lies before him almost like an Ordnance map, a very dirty corner of which he crosses; for however handsome the all-prevalent free-stone is in appearance in buildings of any pretension to architectural effect, yet when employed in the meaner buildings of the artisans it has a very grim and mean appearance, quite melancholy to witness. Across a perfect nest of courts and alleys, the traveller, as we have before said, is hurried, and he cannot witness the wretched poverty at his feet without bitterly contrasting it with the palace-like erections of the Lansdowne Hill-side.

If we approach Bath by way of the old bridge which crosses the Avon, we shall gain a juster knowledge of the city than by any other entrance. This bridge, in old times, was quite sufficient for all the traffic which passed over it; but with railroads a new epoch has commenced, and its ancient piers are now made to carry a wooden roadway overhanging on either side. A little higher up the stream, the railroad crosses the river by a skew-bridge, in which Brunel seems to have courted a difficulty merely to vanquish it. As the eye wanders over the complication of iron girders and ponderous beams of which it is composed, it assumes an aspect of daring power, that seems to typify the dauntless spirit of the present age as contrasted with the old bridge which slowly creeps across the river on five cumbersome arches. (Cut, No. 2.) Southgate Street, which in the

old coaching time resounded throughout the day with the rattle of the stages and mails running between London and the West, gives the stranger no idea of the beauty of the modern town. The gable ends of the houses, the country-town like character of the shops, and the appearance of the inhabitants, presents another world to that which exhibits itself in Milsome Street.

As we proceed along Stall Street, architectural beauties begin to unfold themselves. The Pump-room, the crescent-shaped Piazza which commences Bath Street, the King’s Bath, and the Colonnade, through which the beautiful west-front of the Abbey is seen, furnish a number of effects all charming in themselves. At this spot the genius of Bath still seems to linger: the chairmen hang about, reminding one of old times, and the lounge, too, seems to love it. The Pump-room, which was built upon the site of the old one, in 1796, presents, in combination with its two wings, the King’s Bath and the Colonnade, a very beautiful appearance. Its interior, which is 60 feet long by 56 wide, is noble-looking and elegant. The band, long famous for its performance of ancient music, still attracts much company on Saturday—the fashionable day of the season. (Cut, No. 3.)

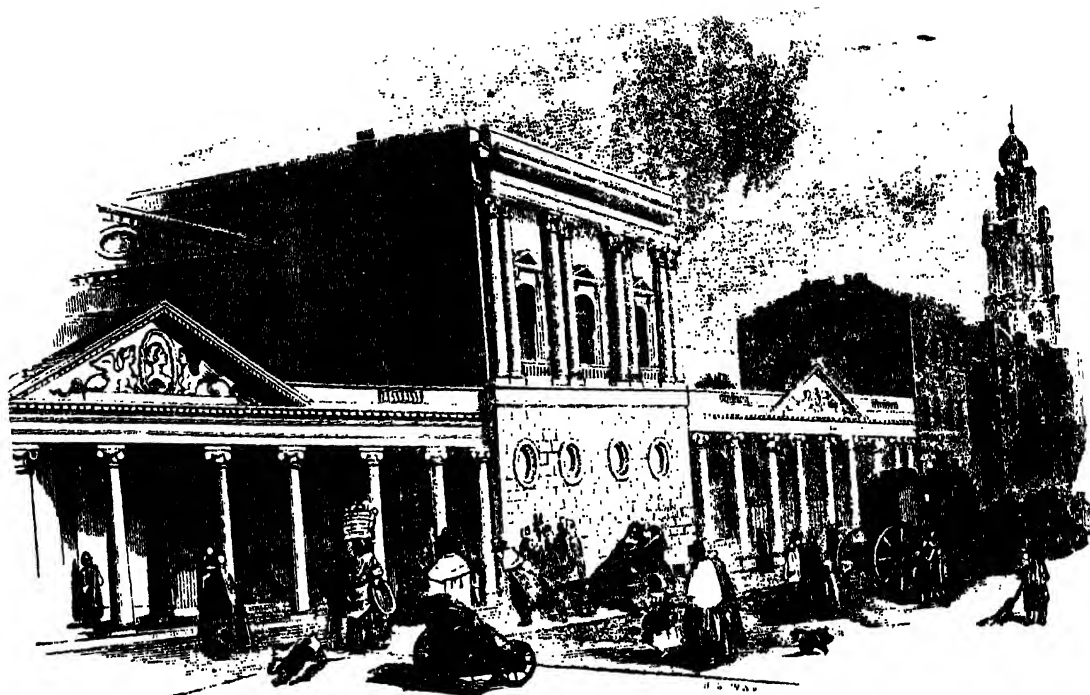
At the bottom of the room a statue of Nash used to stand, between two busts of Newton and Pope. Lord Chesterfield, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, let fly an epigram upon the incongruousness of the juxtaposition; the last stanza of which is biting enough:

“The statue placed these busts between
Gives satire all its strength
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.”

This keen shaft had the effect of separating the trio; the poet and the philosopher have been banished, and the Beau now holds an undivided reign, not exactly over the scene of his former triumphs—for that vanished with the old room—but still over the spot where the genius of the city still dwells.

The modern rooms have few associations. Old Queen Charlotte, when she visited Bath, in 1817, held her morning levees here, at which the chief company of the city and neighbourhood were presented to her. Madame D’Arblay, in her interesting ‘Diary,’ gives us an affecting picture of the presentation of her husband to her Majesty, and of the exhaustion of the sufferer, who was in the last stage of disease, when the interview was over. The old king was to have accompanied the queen on this visit, and three houses had been taken for them in the Royal Crescent; but just as he had arranged for the excursion he was afflicted with blindness, and then, as Madame D’Arblay says, he would not come; “for what,” said he, “was a beautiful city to him who could not look at it.”

It was whilst her Majesty was sojourning in this city that the melancholy news arrived of the death of the Princess Charlotte, which event hurried her off to Windsor; but she did not much love her Royal grandchild, and three weeks saw her again drinking the Bath waters.



3.—KING'S BATH AND PUMP-ROOM.

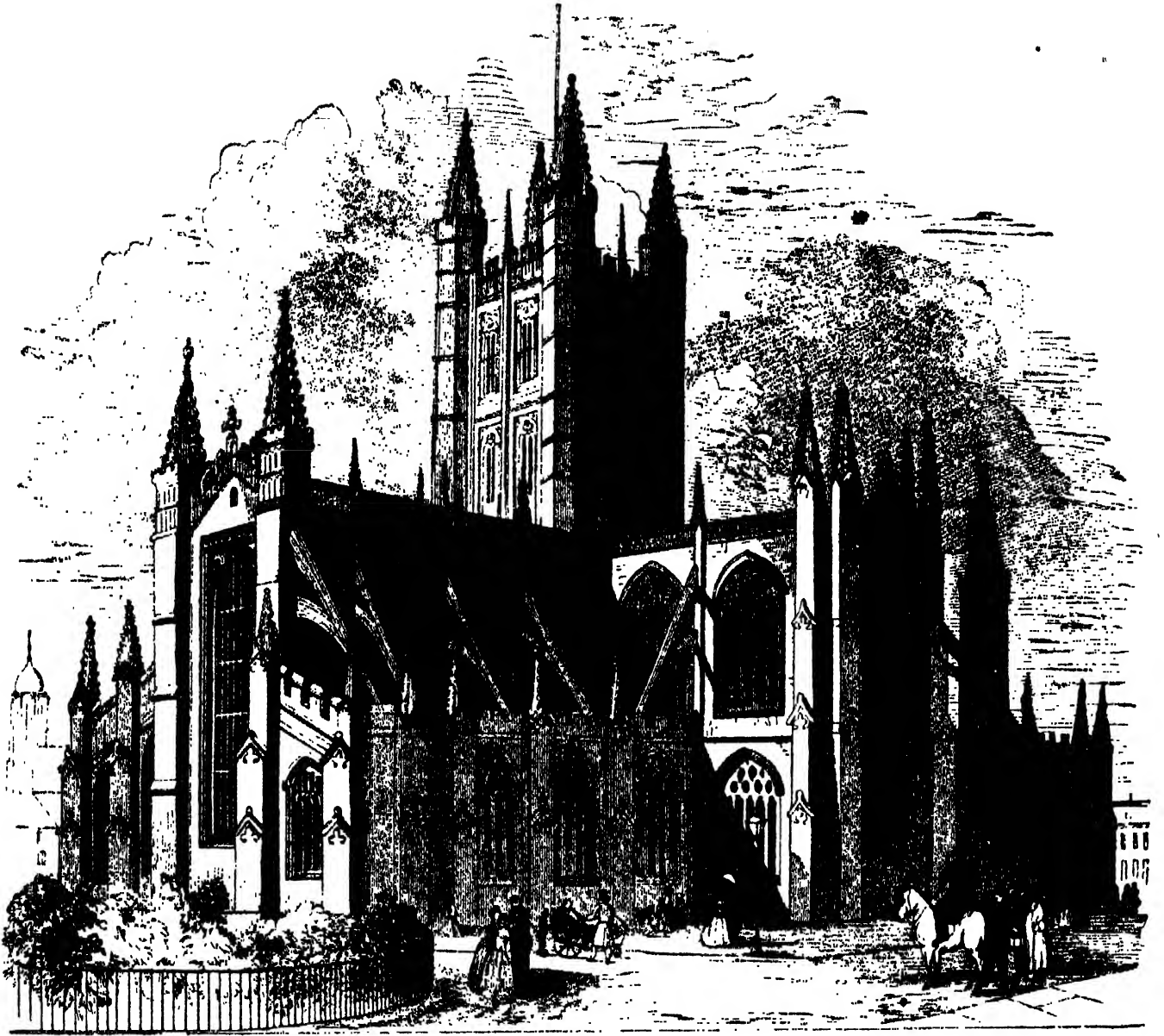
The waters issue from the mouth of a marble serpent, situated on one side of the room, where the poor valedudinarians gather to quaff out of glasses tintured, by the medicinal qualities of the water, a deep yellow colour. During the season a fee is demanded of strangers who visit the room while the band is playing, but at all other times it is open as a public promenade.

As we leave the Pump-room, our footsteps are naturally led towards the Abbey Church, the richly-embellished west-front of which the eye wanders over with delight. There was a monastery situated here at a very early date, and a church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, which was elevated into a bishopric in 1090, and granted to John de Villola, bishop of Wells, for the purpose of enlarging that see; and the two Abbey Churches and dioceses have ever since remained united under the same episcopal head. This building having fallen into decay, the present church was commenced in 1495, by Oliver King, bishop of the diocese, who, it is asserted, was prompted to the good work by a vision he beheld in his sleep, wherein he saw the Holy Trinity with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, to which was a fair olive-tree supporting a crown. This dream the prelate construed into a command from Heaven to restore the Cathedral Church; which he immediately set about, but did not live to see it completed. (Cut, No. 4.)

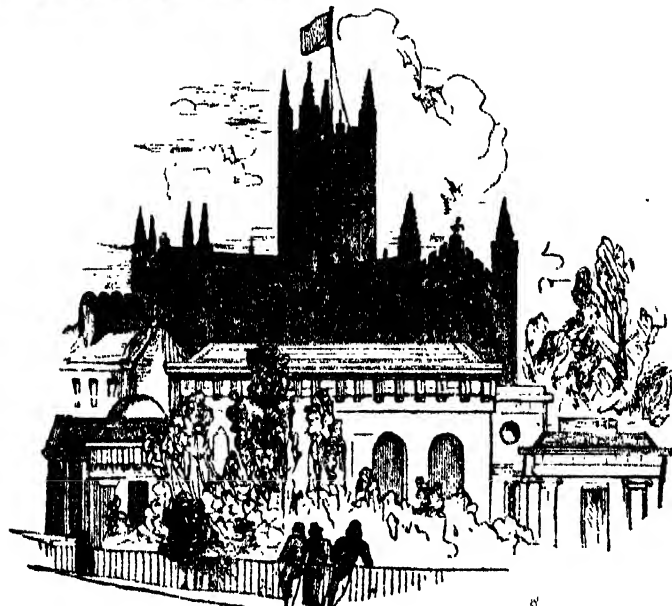
Viewed from beneath the Pump-room Colonnade,

and amid the bustle of Stall Street, this poetical idea of the ascent and descent of angels upon the ladder, sculptured in enduring stone on each side of the great west window, seems to realize some Scripture dream of one's youth, and to lead one back to those days when the white-robed angels, with the brightness of the celestial mansions still surrounding them, descended upon earth and formed a link between the Eternal and his earthly creatures. We fear all our praise must be confined to the effect of the west front, as the general design of the building is not beautiful, neither are the details particularly elegant. It was the last abbey built in England, and with it Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, as a really living style, might be said to have died. Like the religion with which it grew up, it had become so debased that its destruction was inevitable. Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, the Abbey was entirely stripped, by Henry's Commissioners, of the lead, glass, iron, and timber that it contained, and reduced, in fact, to its naked walls; in which condition it remained until 1606, when it was restored by Bishop Montague, and converted into a parochial church. The Bathonians, with a singular notion of the beauties of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, pride themselves upon the lightness of the interior of its edifice, which, from its being lit by the enormous number of fifty-two windows, is styled 'The Lantern of England.' The mid-day glare that meets

4.—BATH ABBEY.



M. JACKSON.



5.—THE INSTITUTION.

the eye in the nave, certainly warrants them in giving it this appellation; but they should not deceive themselves with the idea that this is a beauty. The early architects, whose aim seems to have been to produce that "dim religious light" which gives such solemnity to our York and Westminsters, would indeed smile, could they witness the manner in which that simple daylight effect is praised, which they used all their marvellous art to modify and subdue. The Church is crowded with cheap marble-slabs, which give it the most meagre appearance; nay, almost turn it into marble-mason's shop. Among the multitude of urns, sarcophaguses, weeping willows, and the like mediocre emblems of grief, scarcely more than half a dozen monuments deserve a better fate than to be ground up into marble dust; and yet we can almost forgive them their existence, for the sake of the following capital epigram to which they have given rise:

"These walls adorn'd with monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

Nash, who was buried here with great pomp, has a monument with an inscription, in which the visitor is requested to consign to his remains "one grateful tear;" what for we know not, as the Beau, during the latter part of his life, at least, was little better than a "hell-keeper." A more interesting monument is that of Quin, the actor, which consists of a finely-carved head and bust of the deceased, in marble. Quin contested for a short time the palm with Garrick, as a tragic actor, but was soon driven from the stage by that genius; when he retired to Bath with a handsome annuity, and lived there many years the prince of good fellows, and the sayer of good things. *Bon mots* were not the only invention of his brain: he seasoned his viands as well as his conversation, and his Blood-Sauce was a famous condiment among his friends. As he grew feeble, he used to be wheeled along the South Parade, where, as he basked in the sun, he would declare "that Bath was the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in." Garrick, who saw him off the great stage of life, as well as off that of London, wrote his epitaph; but it is a poor hybrid affair. Dryden has one of his beautiful mortuary inscriptions to Mary Frampton, which is quite delightful to read after the mass of affected and strained lines which everywhere meet the eye. So exquisite is this epitaph that we cannot forbear quoting it:

"Below this humble monument is laid
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid:
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd!
The mould was made on purpose for the mind;
And she would lose, if at the latter day,
One atom should be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
So faultless was the frame,—as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shown, in glass anneal'd,
Or like the sun eclips'd with shaded light,
Too piercing, also, to be sustain'd by sight.

Each thought was visible that roll'd within,—
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen:
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide:
All white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies—
For marriage, though it sullies not—it dyes!

High though her wit yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heaven below,
That when arrived she scarce had more to know;
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print:
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confined to prayer;
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'T was wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose!
A female softness with a manly mind,
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind,
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd!"

Another interesting monument is that to the memory of Lady Jane Waller, wife of the Parliamentary General. On the tomb lies the effigy of the knight in armour, in a mourning attitude by his wife's side, and two children in the like position. The old sextoness, who shows you the lions of the Abbey, draws your attention to a fracture in the knight's face, which, she informs you, was made by James II., who passing through the church, and happening to espy Waller's obnoxious effigy, drew his sword, and knocked off its nose. But unfortunately for this very pretty tale, Pepys spoils it, for he inspected the Abbey on his visit to Bath in 1668—long enough before James was king; and, as he tells us, "looked over the monuments, when, among others, Dr. Venner, and Pelling, and a lady of Sir W. Waller's; he lying *with his face broken*." Warner, in his History of the city, gives another story respecting James and the Abbey, which is perhaps true. It seems certain that shortly after his succession to the throne, he visited and made some stay in Bath; and that, among his other attendants, he brought with him his confessor and friend, Father Huddleston, the Jesuit. As the tale goes, this friar, by James's orders, went to the Abbey and exhibited on the altar all the paraphernalia of the Romish ritual; and then wrathfully denounced all heretics, at the same time exhorting them to an immediate change from the errors of Protestantism, to the true faith from which this country had apostatised. Among the number of his listeners was Kenn, then bishop of the diocese, and the consistent and firm supporter of the Reformed religion. Fired with indignation at this open display of hatred to his faith and to the established religion of the land, the bishop, as soon as Huddleston had concluded his sermon, mounted a stone pulpit which then stood in the body of the church, and desiring the departing congregation to remain for a little while, he preached an extempore sermon in answer to Huddleston, exposing his fallacies and displaying the errors of his church and the absurdity of its ceremonies in a strain

of such fervid eloquence as astonished his congregation and confounded Huddleston and the Royal bigot. Such is the tale as it goes; but it does seem rather strange that a Romish priest should be allowed to play such pranks in a cathedral of the Established Church, and in the very presence of its bishop. There are some monuments by Bacon and Chantrey in the church, but nothing very striking; and Bishop Montague, who repaired the building, has an imposing tomb in the fashion of James the First's time. Prior Bird's Chapel is the architectural gem of the building, the delicate tracery of which has lately been restored. The roof of the nave is formed of lath-and-plaster work, and in a style which comes, we suppose, under what is called 'Modern Gothic,' which includes anything that a master mason might imagine. The roof of the choir, however, is as beautiful as that of the nave is common. Those who have seen that of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster will have seen this; for they are both of the same age and style. The clustered pillars spreading out into a fan-like tracery, which covers the roof. Two long galleries totally deface the appearance of the choir. We wonder that in this age of restorations, when it is the fashion to rail at churchwarden barbarity, they have not been removed. The exterior of the building was repaired in 1833 (a period anterior to that in which most of the intelligent revivals have taken place), or rather botched in a most disgraceful manner. The pinnacles on the tower are such gross absurdities, that their having been allowed to remain astonishes us. Returning again into Stall Street, the main artery of the city, a short walk up Union Street brings us into Bond Street—a locality which reminds one of the West end of London, from the elegance of the merchandise in the shops and the general metropolitan air of the place. This paved court (for it has only a footway for passengers) is but the ante-chamber to what might be justly called the pulse of modern Bath—Milsom Street. This promenade is one of the most, if not *the* most, elegant and pleasant streets in the kingdom; not so long as Regent Street in the metropolis, or Sackville Street of Dublin, yet just the length to form a pleasant promenade. Its architecture, too, is noble and cheerful, and its shops are crowded with elegant novelties. Milsom Street is, in fact, the fashionable lounge of the city, and in the season the scene it presents more resembles the walk in Kensington Gardens than anything else that we know of. To the ladies it must be pleasant indeed; for here they mingle the two great joys of female life—flirting and shopping: when tired of their beaux they can drop in at the milliner's, when, fitted with a charming bonnet, they can issue forth again and smile gaily to the "How do's" that shower upon them from the mob of fine gentlemen who seek

renown

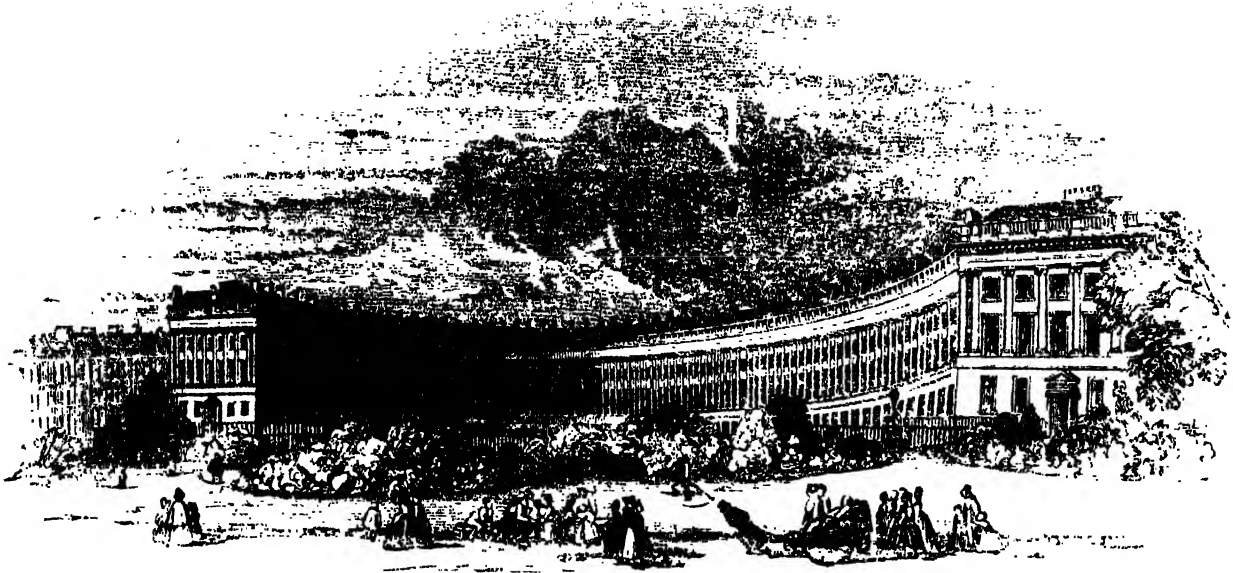
By walking up in order to walk down."

The street being situated upon a slight ascent, a full view of its bright scenes is gained from either extremity.

The tone of a city can generally be ascertained from the character of its shops: in Milsom Street we see at once that Bath is entirely a place of 'genteel' resort and independent residents. The perfumers, milliners, tailors, printsellers, circulating libraries, &c., which wholly occupy the principal streets, proclaim it a city of easy and elegant life.

From Milsom Street we might either climb the ascent of Belmont and Belvedere (two very fine ranges of houses), until we reach Lansdowne Crescent, which circles the fair forehead of the city, or by turning off to the left along Bennet Street, enter the Circus, which might be called her zone: choosing the latter way, let us pause for a moment at what might, at the present time even, be considered the chief attraction of Bath—the Assembly-room. This magnificent building was erected by Wood the younger, in 1771, several years after the death of Nash; consequently, none of the associations connected with him and his days are to be sought within its walls. The Assembly-room over which he reigned stood upon the site of the Literary Institution: it was destroyed by fire in 1810. When both buildings were in existence, they were presided over by distinct masters of the ceremonies, and were distinguished by being called the Upper and Lower Rooms. We question if the metropolis can boast so noble a suite of apartments as the Upper Rooms. The Ball-room is 106 feet long by 42 wide, and is finished in that elegant yet solid manner that prevailed towards the latter end of the last century. The Master of the Ceremonies receives the company in an octagon of 48 feet in diameter, and vaulted at a great height. The walls are surrounded with portraits of defunct kings of Bath, among whom Nash, with his white hat, stands conspicuous; but the artistic eye is more attracted by one of Gainsborough's lifelike heads. This artist was driven from London by the competition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was all the fashion of the day, and something more; yet we question whether his noble *manner* was after all as true a thing as the fine nature of his less successful competitor. Gainsborough, like Quin, retired to Bath from his rival, and lived and painted here for some time.

The Octagon-room and another, 70 feet in length by 27 feet in width, are devoted to cards. A guinea is the sum paid for the season Subscription Balls, and five shillings extra to the Card Assembly; and sixpence each is all the charge for tea. Moderate prices these, for admittance to one of the most polite assemblies in the kingdom. "Nobodies," however, must not expect to mingle with the "somebodies" of high life on such easy terms. Certain rules are drawn up, by which all retail traders, article clerks of the city, theatrical and other public performers, are excluded from its saloons. The Master of the Ceremonies goes on the principle, we suppose, of Dickens's barber, who refuses to shave a coal-heaver, remarking, "we must draw the line somewhere: we stops at bakers." It must be confessed, however, that the term "public performers" is rather a



5.—ROYAL CRESCENT.

vague one, as it might equally apply to the India-rubber men, who perform in our quiet streets, or to the Lord Chancellor, or Chief Justice of the kingdom. It must be, moreover, a difficult task for the Master of the Ceremonies, with all his fine eye for a gentleman, to distinguish the difference between a Piccadilly retailer and a Leadenhall Street merchant, disguised as they both might be in the well-built clothes of a Stultz or a Buckmaster; and we have no doubt that, with all the care taken to let none but aristocratic particles escape through the official sieve,

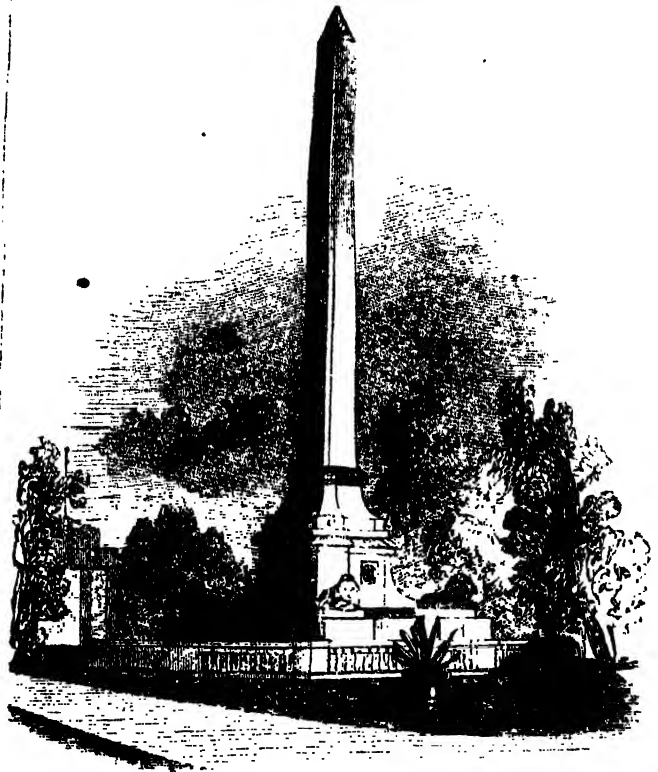
“Even here, amid the crowds you view,
‘Tis sometimes difficult to tell who’s who.”

This class feeling was carried at one time even into the theatre, where no trader was allowed to sit in the dress circle!

The Circus, to which Bennet Street forms an avenue, as its name denotes, is a circular pile of buildings, covering a large space of ground, and erected in the Roman style of architecture; the principal stories being divided by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars. There is something, we confess, gloomy in the effect of this mass of buildings; indeed, we must plead guilty to a certain feeling of oppression whilst traversing the more architectural portions of Bath: whether it is from the colour of the stone, darkened by age, and the uniformity of tone and style that prevails, we know not, but all the buildings have a haughty exclusive look, and appear to hold themselves aloof from the spectators; they seem, in fact, as exclusive as their possessors, and amid all their grandeur we wish for a sight of the pleasant jumble of Park Lane, where the houses are like faces—no two alike. Leaving the Circus by way of Brook Street, we come at once upon the really magnificent Royal Crescent, also built by Wood the younger. This is infinitely the most magnificent pile of buildings in Bath; indeed we know of nothing finer

in England; and its first appearance gives the reader that sensation that a fine work of Art or Nature always effects. Viewing it as we do from Brock Street, its grandly sweeping curve impresses itself once and for ever upon the mind. Few buildings have the advantage of such a site as the Crescent, situated as it is upon a gentle slope, and the ground in front quite open for a considerable distance; the Royal Avenue to the Victoria Park, in fact, forming its very picturesque foreground. (Cut, No. 5.)

Turn we now into the Royal Avenue—no formal



6.—VICTORIA COLUMN.

ow of trees, or broad gravel walk, as its name seems to imply, but a winding drive through plantations and shrubberies, in the centre of which another obelisk has been erected, called the Victoria Column. (Cut, No. 6.) This drive, of more than half a mile in extent, opens into the Victoria Park, lately formed out of the Town Common. The plantations have not yet grown up, consequently it has a cold naked appearance, which time alone can remedy. The scenery around the Park, however, makes up for the rawness incident to all newly laid-out grounds: few public promenades can command so fine a prospect, and fewer still such an architectural effect as the Royal Crescent. A colossal head of Jupiter, from the chisel of a self-taught sculptor of Bath, ornaments one portion of the Park. It is upwards of seven feet in height, and is esteemed by the citizens as a great work of art. It has certainly merit, but we fear the fact of its author being a "self-taught" native artist exaggerates its merits in the eyes of Bathonians: works of art must be judged purely on their own merits. We cannot leave the Park without noticing the two sphinxes over the gateway, the donors of which having had the very questionable taste to make the fact known to the world in Egyptian letters as large as a sign-board. There is a Botanical and Horticultural Garden in the Park, in which the floral exhibitions of the city are held.

Returning again to the Abbey Church, and proceeding along High Street, instead of turning off, as we have done, into the more aristocratic portions of the town, we come to the seat of civic dignity, the Guildhall, an exceedingly fine Roman building, in the centre of trading Bath: an architectural screen on either hand forms portions of the market, by which we suppose the builder meant to imply that the corporation takes especially under its wings the good things of this life. Bath has, from a very early period, possessed certain municipal privileges; but its government by a mayor and corporation dates from the time of Elizabeth, when, by Royal Charter, Bath was declared a city in itself. The Corporation, before the passing of the Reform Bill, had the privilege of returning to Parliament the two members for the city: the inhabitants at large having no voice at all in the matter. This extraordinary state of things was one of those cases, like that of Old Sarum, which tended as much as anything to pass this important measure. The fact of twenty-six persons thus monopolising the rights of the citizens of such an important place as Bath, can scarcely be believed by the rising generation; but give a body of men a privilege, and, however unjust it might be, they soon come to confound it with a right, and are astonished at those it oppresses attempting to destroy it.

In the days before the Municipal Reform Act fell like a blight upon the close corporations of the kingdom, the civic authorities, like their Bristol brethren, were famous for taking care of the "body corporate" in more ways than one, as the length of their kitchen-range, and the size and magnificence of their banquet-table now testify to. In consequence of the

exclusion of the citizens from the Assembly-room, they are in the habit of holding their balls in these fine apartments, which certainly rivals the others in magnificence, if the company be not altogether so select. Turning off on the right hand, down Bridge Street, we cross the Avon by means of the Pulteney Bridge, which carries on its strong arches a line of houses on either side of the roadway, the river being thus entirely hidden from view. The prospect, as we proceed up Great Pulteney Street, is one of the sights of Bath. It resembles Portland Place, London, in width and architectural effect; but it is a full third longer than that street, and it is terminated by the very handsome Sidney Hotel, which, besides serving its ordinary purposes, forms a noble entrance to the Sidney Gardens, —a place of great resort to the citizens of Bath and Bristol: it was, indeed, for a long time the Vauxhall of the two cities, pyrotechnic exhibitions taking place here nearly every week. Having been planted above half a century, the trees have grown up to a stately altitude, and assume all the wild luxuriance of a forest. A thousand beautiful effects meet the eye at every turn, and one cannot help contrasting the charming effect of these gardens with the trim, cold, bare appearance of the Victoria Park. For some time past, however, it has been a melancholy solitude: no gay lamps now hang between the trees:

"Glitt'ring like fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

The pathways are deserted, the flower-beds neglected, and the arbours rotting; and the whole domain looks forgotten and abandoned, with the exception of two lines of life which traverse it in the shape of the Kennet and Avon Canal, and the Great Western Railway. Handsome terraces skirt and overhang the iron-way, and ornamental bridges span it, whilst the Canal forms quite a piece of ornamental water to the Gardens, adorned as its margin is with weeping-willows. Standing between these two great arteries of the west, the Past and the Present seem pictured to us at a view. Along the Canal comes a barge, "The Sylph of 70 tons"—for it is a curious fact that the heavier the tonnage and appearance of these vessels, the lighter and more aerial is the name given to them—a string of horses, or perhaps men, towing it slowly along. It moves so gently that the ripples scarce curve from its bows; the helmsman moves the helm sleepily with his jutting hip, the blue smoke from the little cabin creeps upwards in an almost perpendicular thread, and the whole seems a type of the easy-going world that is departing. Then on a sudden a rumble is heard in the distance, where the traffic-brightened rails, like lines of light, vanish in a point; a speck of black is seen: it grows up to us in a moment, rushes past, and we stand gazing at a long thread of white cloud, painted distinctly against the green background of trees; and ere it has broken up and drifted into fantastic fragments, the train, with its long freight of thousands, is lost in the mist of the distance:



7. BROAD STREET, AND ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new ;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

Not in vain the distance beacons : forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groves of change."

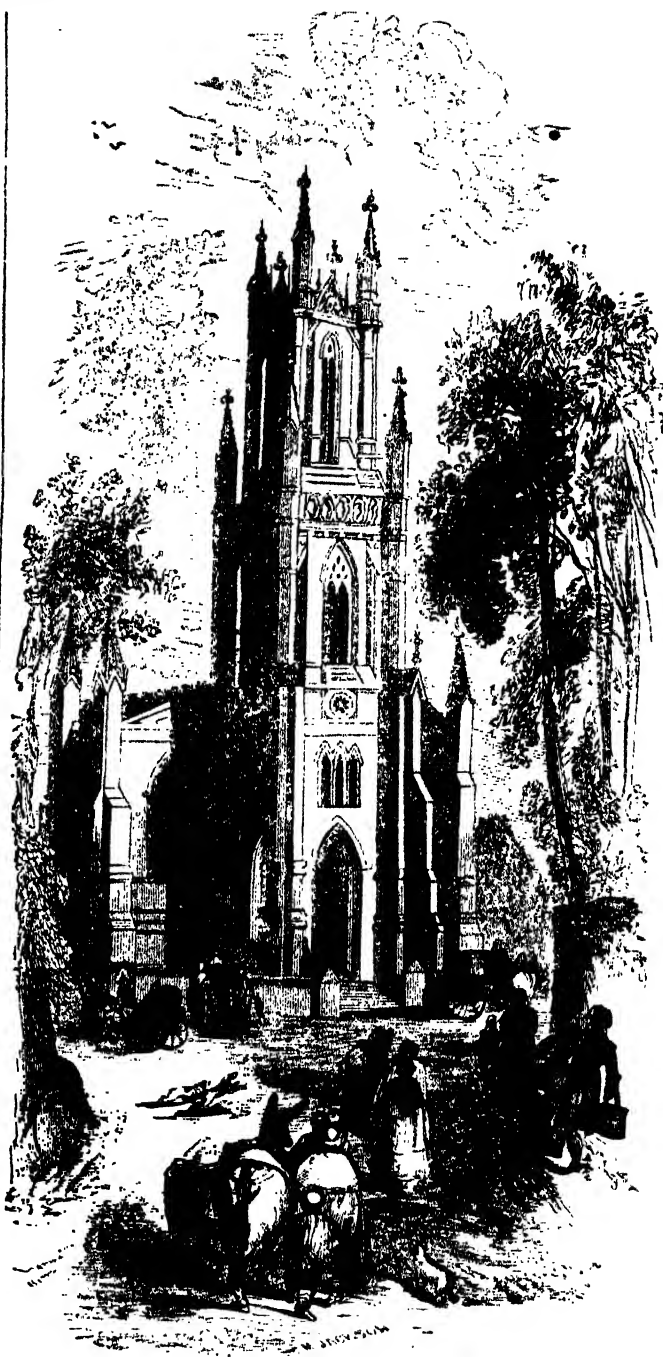
However much the material aspect of the world might alter, the emotions of the heart never do ; and we read with as much delight the love-tales of times long past as those of our own immediate day. Along these garden-walks, Sheridan once rambled with his beloved, and the grotto is pointed out in which they used to sit. The lover has himself left a rather maudlin poem, addressed to the spot, which commences in the following very limp and dishevelled manner :

"Unconth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree ;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own ;
And willow, *thy damps are refreshing to me.*
In this is the grotto where Delia reclined,
As late I in secret her confidence sought ;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught,"
 &c. &c. &c.

The lady of his love was the beautiful Miss Linley, of Bath. She was of a musical family, and was herself so accomplished a public singer, that she was called "the syren and angel of the Bath concerts." From the description left of the tender sweetness of her face, we cannot help thinking of that exquisite head, so full of sentiment and beauty, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Dulwich Gallery, known as "A Portrait of a Gentleman." The original was a Linley, a young musician, and doubtless of the same family as the lady Sheridan wooed in these Gardens, and afterwards married.

Returning along Great Pulteney Street, we cannot help noticing that it stands, as it were, still in the country. At every opening, on either side, we see meadows and pleasure-grounds, and the public walk to Henrietta Street is quite park-like in appearance. This fine street was constructed at the latter end of the last century, and was intended as the main thoroughfare of an entirely new neighbourhood on the east side of the river ; but the plan was never carried out, and the "New Town," as it is called, consists of the trunk of Great Pulteney Street, and a few streets leading out of it, or lying like great blocks in its immediate vicinity. It remains for some future speculator to fill up the vast original sketch, and to render the New Town the most splendid portion of the city.

If we return to High Street, and proceed on through Northgate Street, we have a full view of St. Michael's Church, which is by far the best of the modern ecclesiastical structures of the city. It is built in the fork, between Broad Street and Walcot Street : an excellent position, as far as effect goes. The style is that prevalent in Salisbury Cathedral. The most beautiful portion of the building is the pierced spire, which rises



8.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

to a considerable height, and forms one of the most interesting features of the city, when viewed from the railway. This spire is wrought in the most elaborate manner, and only requires time to soften its present sharpness to make it perfect. (Cut, No. 7.) The new tower of St. James's Church, built in the Italian style, and surmounted with an elegant lantern, is another very prominent object, as you enter Stall Street ; indeed, it forms many graceful combinations from different points of view.

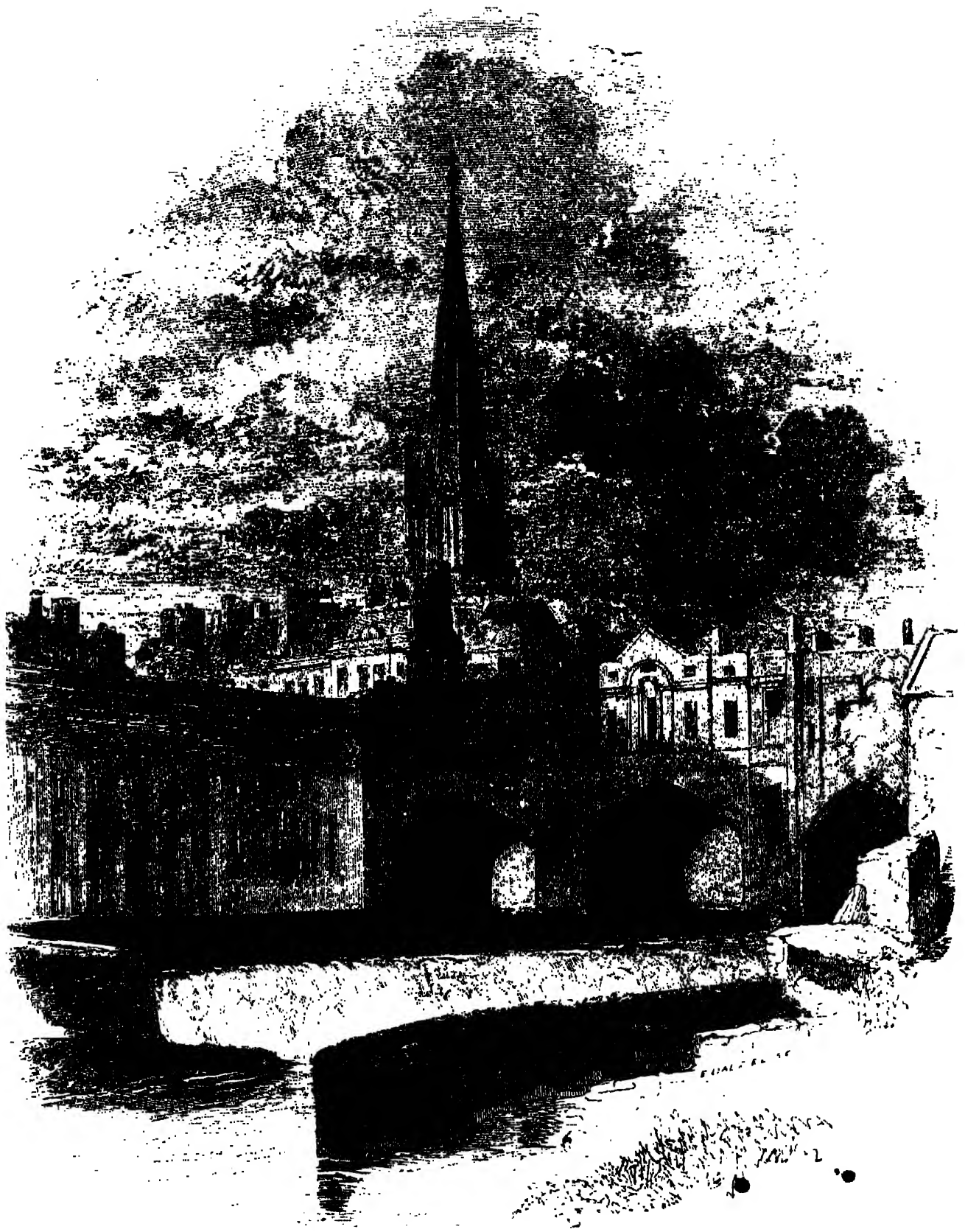
The most ambitious-looking of all the modern ecclesiastical erections in Bath is St. Stephen's Church, situated upon the top of Lansdowne Hill. It has been built within the last few years, but its architect does not seem to have felt the influence of that revival of the pure Gothic which has lately taken place. (Cut, No. 8.)

There are no churches of any antiquity in Bath, the Abbey itself not dating earlier than the fifteenth century; but at the top of Holloway, the straggling suburb that climbs the Beechen Cliff, there is a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, that was founded in the twelfth century, and repaired and enlarged of late years. The city is, in fact, remarkably wanting in early English remains of any kind. Bellet's Hospital, in Beau Street, founded by Lord Cecil, in James the First's time, and devoted to the use of poor persons using the medicinal-baths and waters of the city, is, perhaps the most interesting old building in Bath; and its low appearance, and pompously-carved porch, which rises as high as the roof itself, is singular enough, as we look upon it suddenly from out the great modern thoroughfare of Stall Street. Beside it rises the regular façade of the Bath United Hospital: a handsome classic building, and no doubt replete with every modern convenience; but still it lacks entirely that old familiar, sociable, *indigenous* look which characterize its uncouth little neighbour's appearance. Still more interesting specimens of antiquity are the remains of the ancient walls of the city, yet to be seen in the Upper Borough Walls, nearly opposite the General Hospital, and in the Grove at the back of the Market. Its most perfectly-preserved portion is in Boatstall Lane, where the wall is complete even to the battlements; the eye has to carefully trace it out, however, as it is incorporated with the fronts of the houses built upon it. The three great epoch of the city's, nay, of the country's, history, are written on this wall in enduring characters of stone. Its foundation is formed by the old Roman fortifications which originally protected the city, and secured a foreign supremacy. The walls themselves (Saxon and early English), speak of the second period of brute force, when they served the double purpose of a stronghold against invaders, and a bulwark against the external foe during an age of civic strife. The row of horses which now surmounts them—each one an "Englishman's Castle"—is the expression of the final triumph of law and order. We wish we could also say that the scene immediately below them speaks of the conquests of sanatory science; but, unfortunately, it is quite the contrary: slaughter-houses flourish in all their disgusting filth, and we much question if so much blood was to have been seen here even after the destructive battle in which King Arthur is said to have slain 450 Saxons with his own hand, as now pollutes the very centre of a city especially devoted to health.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, (Cut No. 9,) built upon the site of the Lower Assembly-rooms, is a very commodious and convenient edifice, containing a lecture-room, library, reading-room, and a range of vaults which contain the Roman Antiquities before mentioned. There is also a museum stored with a collection of minerals, and a series of geological specimens; showing the stratification of the entire South Coast of our island. The Conchological Exhibition is also worthy of inspection. But the chief attractions to the

alone sufficient to draw those who take an interest in such things to Bath, for no Institution in England is so rich as this one in those architectural remains and pieces of sculpture, which are the most perfect tracks left by the Roman Colonists of their magnificence, whilst sojourning in this island. As building goes on, and excavations are made, the Collection is continually increasing. The last, and not the least interesting, specimen of Roman remains found, was the entire ground-plan of a villa, exposed, a few miles from Bath, during the construction of the Great Western Railway. A fine specimen of tessellated pavement was removed from it to the Institution; where it now remains, and, together with the other antiquities, is politely shown to strangers by the officers of the establishment.

Among the Charitable Institutions of Bath, the most interesting, and perhaps one of the most useful is Partis's College, a very handsome pile of Grecian buildings, on Newbridge Hill, a little way out of the city, and well seen from the railway. Here, by the will of the founder, thirty reduced ladies, ten of whom must be the widows or daughters of clergymen, are provided for. The Bath General Hospital was originated by Beau Nash, in 1738. There is a presence about the building which always strikes the stranger in his rambles about the city. Charity covereth a multitude of sins; and we suppose the Beau, in its erection, considered that he should expiate the crime of passing a life in foolishness and utter vanity. His position enabled him to command the pockets of a great number of persons,—in fact as King he could dip into his subjects pockets, with almost as much impunity as other monarchs, and the sums he collected for this Institution were accordingly great. An anecdote is told of the art with which he managed to make indifferent people "bleed," that is worth repeating. Whilst in Wiltshire's Rooms (a celebrated gambling-house of the day) one morning, collecting money for the hospital, a lady entered who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." "Yes, madam," said he, "that I will, with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, "One, two, three, four, five." "Hold, hold!" said the duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace! madam," replied Nash, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam: sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more," said the duchess. "Charity hides a multitude of sins," replied Nash. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." "Nash!" at length broke out the lady, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits: Lord, I shall die!" "Madam, you



10.—PULTENEY BRIDGE, FROM THE BATHWICK WEIR.

better for you," and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand and compound with her for thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, she bade him stand further *for an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him* (this, it appears, was the wit of the last century). But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her: "Come," said she, "I will be friends with you though you are a fool, and to let you see that I am not angry, there is ten guineas more for your Charity. But this I insist on, that neither my name, nor the sum shall be mentioned." Until very lately it was a condition of the hospital that no inhabitant of Bath should participate in its benefits. This absurd law has been very properly abolished. The United Hospital, which we have already spoken of, contains in itself the old City Dispensary, Infirmary, and Casualty Hospital. There are also several alms-houses and charity-schools in the city. The Grammar-school is, however, a very small establishment to supply the educational wants of such a large city as Bath, only ten boys being provided with a gratuitous classical education. We have now traced the principal streets of Bath, and noticed its more remarkable buildings and institutions, and shall conclude with a word or two about the Theatre, the life of which seems sadly on the wane. These boards once developed the talent of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Abingdon, Miss Brunton, and that of Incedon, Henderson, Edwin, and Elliston. Indeed, together with the Bristol stage, which was generally under the same management, it sent up to the metropolitan boards a greater number of eminent actors than any city in the kingdom; now, we fear, the supply of talent is entirely stopped, and the tone of the society of the city keeps away the citizens from its doors. "The New Theatre Royal," as it is called, has a handsome classic front, and its interior is excellently arranged, and very elegant in appearance: indeed, few provincial buildings of its kind can vie with it either in beauty or the excellence with which it is constructed as regards sight and sound.

THE RIVER AVON AND ITS BRIDGES.

The river which traverses the city in a winding direction, from east to west, has certainly something to complain of in the manner in which it is treated in its passage. The river God, who disports himself in the tolerably clear stream skirted by the Bathwick meadows, must, we are sure, both hold his nose and shut his eyes, or dive, or execute some other manoeuvre, to escape the unpleasant odour and prospect which would otherwise meet him on his way through Bath. It would be somewhat unfair to reprove the citizens for allowing the public sewers to discharge into the stream, when great and opulent London, the centre of the sanitary movement, does the same thing; but the evil is not to be viewed by the metropolitan error, for the Thames is at least a swiftly running river, contain-

ing a vast body of water, while the Avon is little better than a canal, for its sluggish stream is impeded at about every other mile of its length, between a spot high above Bath down to Bristol, with lock-gates and weirs. The consequence is, that all the filth which flows into it is merely deposited at the bottom, and there generates noxious gases at "its own sweet will." We must confess that we do not envy the fair naïads of the stream (if they have not all been scared long ago), the difficulty they must have in picking their way along the bottom of the river. We wonder again why the Bathonians allow the banks on either side of the old bridge, the chief entrance to the city, to be lumbered with such ruinous buildings as skirt the Lower Bristol Road, and the mean cottages to be seen on every hand. The stranger would look for a promenade beside the river of such a city as Bath as a matter of course; but he finds instead every condition unfavourable to health and disgusting to the senses. But we are only at the beginning of our knowledge of the great science of Hygien, and are wrong to expect Bathonians to understand it better than their neighbours.

The river is spanned by a number of bridges, which differ widely in their character. The highest up the stream is a pretty little toy suspension-bridge, at the back of Grosvenor Place; then comes the Bathwick bridge, connecting the London Road and the parish of Walcot, the general appearance of which is solid and ornate. The next we arrive at is the gloomy structure which carries Bridge Street on its broad back. There is something quite terrible in the appearance of this bridge, viewed from the weir in front of the Bathwick mill. The three dark arches, through which scarce any light is seen, and the sombre character of the tall houses which form the back of the Grove, and rise in all the gloomy manner of one of Dante's creation, is contrasted with the long, ghost-like, white line of foaming water which rushes over the dam, and completes a picture which stamps itself on the mind for ever. An old dramatist would instantly seize upon it for the scene of some imaginary horror. (Cut, No. 10.) After dwelling upon its strangely tragic appearance, the light effect of the North Parade Bridge seems to relieve the mind like a vaudeville after a heavy melo-drama. The span of this elegant structure is 108 feet, and its whole effect is pretty. The two railroad bridges come next, then the old bridge, and, lower down the river, towards the village of Twerton, there are two more on the suspension principle. We question if any city in England is spanned by so many roadways as Bath. The village of Twerton is well worth a visit, as in this place still lingers the old manufacture of the place, in the shape of an immense woollen factory, which turns out a vast amount of the still celebrated West of England cloth.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF BATH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

For those associations, of which Bath has most reason to be proud, we must sweep the horizon. To

the north-west, stands the solitary tower, on Lansdowne, built by that great and magnificent genius Beckford; to the south-east, where Coomb Down rises four hundred feet above the vale, Prior Park rears its long and splendid façade. This mansion, once the seat of Ralph Allen, Esquire—the Allworthy of Fielding's novel of 'Tom Jones,'—is now erected into a Roman Catholic College. To get to it we must cross the Old Bridge—having in our face the bold acclivity of Beechen Cliff, which rises to several hundred feet in height, and seems to hang with its woody summit directly over the city—and proceed for some little distance along the left bank of the Avon, until we turn up the lovely Vale of Lyncomb. This beautifully wooded valley is studded with cottage ornées and handsome residences, and is evidently a favourite spot with those who desire a mild and sheltered situation. At length our footsteps are arrested by a couple of gates, forming the entrance respectively to the New Bath Abbey Cemetery, and to the Catholic College of Prior Park. If we scale the greater height, we shall soon find ourselves in front of the latter building. Prior Park was erected in 1743, by Mr. Allen, who was originally a clerk in the Bath Post-office; but having luckily been enabled to give General Wade some intimation of a wagon-load of arms coming to the town for the use of the Pretender's adherents during the rising of 1715, he was rewarded by the Government, at the recommendation of that officer, with the situation of Postmaster of the city. Whilst in this trust he got the Government to adopt an ingenious plan of his for the multiplication of cross posts, by which the revenue was vastly increased, and the proposer, who formed the department, was rendered independent.

The Post-office seems to have been mainly indebted to Bathonians for the improvements which have been made in its management; for the first revolution which took place in the speed with which letters were transmitted was brought about by another of her sons, Mr. Palmer, who originated the plan of despatching the letter-bags by mail-coaches, and who was rewarded for his idea by the post of surveyor and controller of the Post-office, and by a grant of £50,000. But to return to Prior Park and its builder, between whom and Pope an intimacy had sprung up, occasioned by Allen's admiration of the letters of the poet, published in 1734. Pope, who loved "to fall in pleasant places," if his lines did not, was a constant visitor to the palatial residence of his friend, and to this day a walk in the neighbourhood is known as 'Pope's Walk.' It was to his worthy host that his fine compliment is paid which has passed into so common a quotation:

"Let humble Allen with ingenuous shame
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

It was originally written, "Let low-born Allen," &c.; but the best of us have a vein of pride lurking about our hearts, and Pope did not exactly please his friend by this allusion to his early life, and, at the suggestion

stands. The way in which the Bishop became acquainted with Allen is a singular instance of the manner in which a whole life—nay, the destinies of a family,—might be decided by an accident. It is related that whilst Pope was on a visit at Prior Park he was handed a letter, the reading of which seemed to give him some perplexity; and his host inquiring the cause, was informed that a Lincolnshire clergyman had written him word that he would be with him at Twickenham in a few days. Mr. Allen suggested that the friends could as well meet at Prior Park as on the banks of the Thames; and the result was, that Warburton arrived, and in process of time married Allen's niece, became, through his influence, Bishop of Gloucester, and ultimately inherited Prior Park and a large portion of his estates. Pope, we must confess, did not behave towards Allen with very much delicacy, for he actually brought down to his house his mistress, Martha Blount; but his friend even bore this insult with temper: a coldness, however, took place between the lady and Mrs. Allen, as might have been expected. The only wonder is, that her visit should have been allowed; but that such was the case might be seen, from Allen's conversations with Pope on the subject, and his letters to Mrs. Blount, which appear in Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Warburton took up his residence here after Allen's death, and from this place issued the major part of that divine's controversial works. In 1829, Dr. Baines, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of the Western district, purchased Prior Park, and converted it into a college for the instruction of youth. For this purpose he enlarged the building by adding two very extensive wings to the original fabric, and the whole façade has now a very noble appearance. The gardens were remodelled by the same tasteful hand, and the interior enriched with statues and paintings, which the vicar had brought from Italy. A theatre and an observatory were also added to the building, and such was the magnificence to which the whole establishment had attained under Dr. Baines's guidance, that a few years ago the place was the lion of the neighbourhood. A very disastrous fire took place, however, in 1836, which entirely consumed the interior of the centre, or old portion of the building erected by Allen, and property to the amount of £18,000 was destroyed. This loss, together with the death of Dr. Baines, in 1843, seems to have reduced the fortunes of the place, and now visitors are not so easily allowed admittance; the present head of the establishment not wishing, it is said, to expose the reduced fortunes of the place.

We have not many particulars of Fielding's connection with Prior Park, but there is no doubt that he laid the early scenes of 'Tom Jones' at this place. The novelist must have been a bit of a courtier as well as the Bishop; for his portrait of Allworthy drew from the original a present of £500. A description of Mr. Allen's grounds and the distant landscape is given in 'Tom Jones,' which, as one of the old guide-books says, "allowing for the introduction of an imaginary sea, distant island, and ruined abbey, is tolerably cor-

rect!" The objects the imaginative painter has introduced into his landscape are evidently drawn from some high point near neighbouring Clifton, where the features of a river and sea, and a distant island, lie before the spectator. Fielding might have copied faithfully, however, the prospect from Coomb Down; for if he had no ocean-prospect to terminate his view, the city, with its picturesque spires, and its noble buildings was there to supply the scene with a moral life far more attractive than a monotonous expanse of ocean. Allen, independently of his patronage of men of letters and his abundant benevolence, might be considered as having been a very important agent in the construction of modern Bath. It was he that opened the vast quarries of oolite or freestone upon Coomb Down, from which, as from a womb, the splendid city at its side sprang forth. This quarry is well worth a visit in itself. The great oolite formation in which it works is 130 feet in thickness, and the blocks taken out are sometimes of an enormous size. The roof of this quarry is supported by numerous lofty pillars and arches, through which the subterranean passages extend a considerable distance. A tram-road, on an inclined plane, conveys the stone to the Avon, whence it is shipped in barges to all parts of the kingdom—its hardness and durability making it a favourite material with builders.

The view from the top of Coomb Down is very extensive. Salisbury Plain stretches across on the left; and, on sunny days, the White Horse cut, on Westbury Hill side, is very distinctly seen. Claverton Down, which rises to an equal height with Coomb Down, is not very far distant, and on it stands Sham Castle, the mere shell of a fortress-like building, erected by Allen to diversify the landscape.

Returning by the way we came, through Lyncomb Valley, the Abbey Cemetery must claim our attention for a few minutes. A more beautiful spot for the purpose it is devoted to could not have been chosen, and the most has been made of the natural beauties of the ground by the art of Loudon, who laid it out. There are not as yet very many monuments, for the Cemetery was only formed in 1843. The remains of Mr. Beckford were interred here in 1844, but his body has lately been removed to its resting-place within his own grounds on Lansdowne. When the workmen were making the roadway to the chapel in this Cemetery, they discovered three stone coffins containing skeletons, together with another skeleton, and two Roman coins, one of Carausius, the other of Constantine. A monument has been erected over these coffins, the presence of which prove that the spot must have been a place of burial at a very early period.

A person walking over the ground cannot help remarking the number of Indian officers among the dead. Every third tombstone, almost, rises resplendent to the merits of some lieutenant-colonel or major-general in the Bombay or Madras armies. "Bath must indeed be a great place for bad livers," are we should think the unconscious words that arise in most people's minds who visit it.

There is an air about all cemeteries of insincerity: the grief is too gilded—the sentiments too strained—by which survivors attempt to keep alive the memory of those buried in them. The churches in such places are but pretty toy-buildings, to which neither veneration nor respect attaches. The Saxon edifice in this Cemetery is particularly wanting in dignity. Looking, the other day, from this spot, down the vale towards the antique little church at Widcomb, over which old Time has been for ages festooning the ivy, we could not help contrasting in our mind the country churchyard and church with the genteel cemeteries of modern growth. The church was only a few hundred yards distance, and we walked towards it, expecting to have a ramble among its "forgotten graves," but found the hatch shut and locked; so instead of musing among the silent tombs—a privilege which should not be denied any man; for to close "God's acre" is to fasten down a leaf of that great book of mortality which all of us are the better for sometimes reading—we were perforce obliged to take a survey of the impounded dead over the low churchyard wall, and soon saw that none but the *elite* of the departed were here buried. The whole place wore an air of mouldering exclusiveness, which a distant view of the picturesque little tower did not lead us to expect. More lieutenant-colonels and major-generals of the East India Company's service have here their glorious deeds blazoned forth on urn and slab, and we turned away with a full persuasion that Bath was the natural resting-place of that class of individuals, the type of which Ingoldsby has given to us in his 'Legend of Hamilton Tighe,' as follows:

"There is an old yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As gray as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, and he frets and he fumes."
 &c. &c. &c.

The portrait is undeniable; we meet the original at every turn in the more aristocratic portions of the city, and we have seen by the obituaries in the churchyards and cemeteries that they make Bath their last long home.

We must mount again to the hill-top to seek the retreat of genius. Beckford's Tower, to which we bend our steps, stands on the brow of Lansdowne Hill; full eight hundred feet above the level of the city. Our way is along Belmont and Belvedere, toiling painfully up the steep, but everywhere meeting with signs of the aristocratic nature of the quarter we are traversing. At length we reach Lansdowne Crescent, one of the highest buildings in the city, and only second to the Royal Crescent in beauty. Mr. Beckford used to occupy two houses here, one of which formed the corner of a wing detached from the main building by a narrow roadway. In order to form a communication between the two, he threw an arch across, of good proportions and simple form; and in this Siamese residence lived the great

recluse,—a puzzle, nay almost a fear, to the good citizens of Bath. His retreat was a kind of Blue Beard chamber, of which all kinds of mysterious reports were spread. Mr. Beckford had a dwarf, who served as porter to his habitation; this unit the good gossips multiplied into a dozen, and gave each some weird employment. The proud, reserved nature of Beckford aided the mysterious awe in which everything belonging to him was held. Toned as his mind was so far above that of the fribbles who constitute the *ton* of Bath, and despising as he did their petty conventionalities and common-places, he neither sought their company nor would permit their vulgar curiosity to intrude upon himself. A few artists and literary men, in consequence, formed his only society, and the only times in which he was seen in public was when he dashed along the thoroughfares on his white Arabian. To those with whom he did chose to associate, however, his affability was extreme, and his conversation one of the most charming things in the world. His residence was the repository of the rarest works of art; but it was in his tower on the hill that he realized all his Eastern dreams. Here, too, he walled himself up from the rest of the world, and played the great Caliph to perfection. The Lansdowne Tower is so conspicuous an object, that every one who has travelled the Great Western road must have seen its exterior; yet very few of late years gained admittance to its interior, or into the charmed circle of its grounds. When it was first erected, Mr. Beckford allowed persons freely into it; but he afterwards shut it up almost entirely. This elegant building (of which we have given a Cut) is, at the base, constructed like an Italian villa, upon which rises a campanile, and this in its turn is crowned with a Grecian Lantern. The interior of the tower was a precious jewel-house,—cabinets of ebony, inlaid with lapis lazuli, onyx and agates, vases of verd, antique pieces of statuary, and the rarest pictures of the first masters, adorned its walls and chambers. At one time the value of these works of art was not less than £100,000; but an attempt having been made to break into the tower, the more precious portions of its contents were taken to his residence. (Cut, No. 11.)

The Lantern was the favourite room of Mr. Beckford, he had so constructed it that each window formed a frame to some splendid natural landscape; the view from the west opening is especially beautiful. The river Avon winds along the valley like a thread of silver, and in the distance the mountains of Wales rear their purple heads. In the middle distance runs a line of hills that used to displease Mr. Beckford by the monotonous appearance of its outline, and the manner in which he proposed to remedy this defect shows the originality and daring character of his mind. He endeavoured to buy the highest of the range, with the idea of planting it with firs, so as to have made it resemble Rembrandt's famous etching of "The Three Trees." A person to whom he related this extraordinary idea of copying in nature a grand effort of

to grow; Beckford replied, "*that he should put up cast iron ones, then, until they did!*"

This notion of "making up" Nature after the manner of some favourite painters effects was carried out by him in his own garden to a considerable degree. He converted an old quarry into a charming, half-cultivated scene, reminding one of a picture by Polemburg. Cype and Paul Potter he reproduced in his little meadow, spotted with his favourite cows; and the more gloomy spots of his shrubbery brought N. Poussin to mind, with his classic melancholy landscapes.

A rapid effect was a thing which Beckford delighted in. He used to chuckle over the sudden change he made one winter in the appearance of a considerable portion of Lansdowne Hill, by planting a vast quantity of trees. "The Bristol folks," said he, "who travel the Lower Road, seeing trees upon Lansdowne, where none appeared before, rub their eyes—they can't believe their sight." Mr. Beckford died in 1844, almost suddenly. His last note, summoning his beloved daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, is very touching; it contains only these three words—"Come, quick! quick!" His remains were deposited in the monument he had constructed for himself, (which visitors must have remembered to have seen, during his lifetime, standing amid the Shrubbery, just under the tower, and close to the little tomb he had erected to his dog "Tiny,") and transferred to the Bath Abbey Cemetery. This removal was contrary to his instructions, and as it proved to be the decree of fate; for upon the property being sold, it fell into the hands of a person who determined to make it a place of public amusement: but the Duchess of Hamilton could not brook this desecration of the spot she held sacred; the grounds were accordingly repurchased by her, and presented to the Rector of Walcot as a Cemetery; the first person who was buried here being its rite owner, and in the very spot he had chosen for himself. His tomb, formed of red granite, simple and massive in effect, seems like, what it is, an expression of his own mind.

On each end of the mausoleum is this inscription:

WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq., late of Fonthill, Wilts,
died May, 2nd, 1844, aged 84,

Beneath this, at one end, is a quotation from 'Vathek':

"Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven—hope!"

and on the other, the following lines from a prayer composed by himself:

"Eternal power!

Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of Thy bright essence on my dying hour."

It would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful cemetery than these grounds make, and Bath can boast, without fear of denial, of two of the most beautiful resting-places for the dead in the kingdom.

We have not mentioned any literary associations when speaking of Lansdowne, but personal recollections of the author of 'Vathek,' and the not less celebrated



11. —LANSDOWNE TOWER.

'Letters from Portugal,' which we give on the authority of a paper in 'The New Monthly,' some years since, written by those who knew him, cannot be without deep interest. We do not know, indeed, whether the associations that cling to Lansdowne are not more pleasant than those attaching to Prior Park. The former building certainly bears the impress of a stranger individuality.

The only other direction in which we can look for any literary associations connected with Bath, is to the beautiful suburb of Batheaston; but these we are afraid are only bastard ones. Sir John and Lady Miller (the lions of the neighbourhood) had, it appears, purchased while on their tour in Italy (of which Lady Miller published an account), an antique vase found at Frescati in 1759: this was brought home and placed in their villa at Batheaston, which was now converted into a temple of Apollo; the Lady being the high-priestess and the vase the shrine of the deity. A general invitation was issued to all the sons and daughters of fashion of the neighbouring city "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," every Thursday and Friday. Here the company were ushered into a room where they found the old Etruscan vase was placed upon a modern altar, and decorated with sprigs of laurel; and as each gentleman or lady passed the venerable relic, an offering was made of some original composition in verse: at first merely of what the French term *bouts rime's* or rhyming terminations, which had been filled up by the candidates for poetical fame; but afterwards of short papers on particular subjects given out the preceding week. The assembly having all contributed their *morceaux*, a lady was selected from the circle who, dipping her fair hand into the vase, drew the papers out haphazard as they occurred, and gave them to a gentleman to read aloud. This process being concluded, a select committee was named to determine upon the merits of the poems and adjudge the prizes; these retired into an adjoining room and fixed upon the four best productions—the blushing authors of which, when they had identified their compositions, were presented by the high-priestess, the lady of the mansion, with a fillet of myrtle, and crowned amidst the plaudits of the company. The most sensible part of the gala, a genteel collation, concluded the business. This attic time continued for several years; till the wicked wit of an unknown wag having contaminated the purity of the urn by some licentious and satirical composition, to the extreme horror of the ladies assembled to hear the productions recited, and the equal chagrin of the host and hostess, who expected the usual weekly tribute of adulatory compliment: the sacred vessel was henceforth closed, and the meetings were discontinued for ever. Such is the account given of this namby-pamby affair, by Warner the Bath historian; and we should scarcely have thought it worth our while to repeat it, still less to place the silly actors in it beside those bright literary lights whose memories still illumine the horizon of the city, but that these proceedings show the tone of the literary spirit which

pervaded the upper-classes towards the end of the last century, when scribbling poetry of the Della Cruscan school was all the rage, and which Gifford so unmercifully lashed in his 'Baviad and Mæviad:' Mrs. Piozzi, who, when Mr. Thrale was the friend and intimate of Johnson, joined the Della Cruscans, when on a visit to Italy, with her husband, and was one of the most active contributors to the 'Florence Miscellany,' but this was long after the break-up of the Batheaston poetasters. Mrs. Piozzi died in Bath at a very advanced age, in 1821, writing love verses almost up to the day of her dissolution. Bath can at the present moment, however, boast of the residence of a true poet, and one of the most delicate, graceful, and original prose writers of the age, in the gifted Walter Savage Landor. In artists also the city has not been wanting. Barker has made himself a name as a landscape painter, and Gainsborough, although not a Bathonian, yet lived many years here and sketched much from its surrounding scenery. The celebrated Wick Rocks in the neighbourhood was one of his favourite haunts and supplied his portfolio with numberless sketches.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE CITY.

It is now as common to inquire respecting the sanitary condition of a town, as of the health of a person. Necessity forces us to deal with man in the aggregate as well as with the individual. Sir Henry De la Beche's report of the condition of the city is a rather favourable one, and doubtless from the situation of a greater portion of it, the city should be eminently healthy. The buildings on Lansdowne Hill, for instance, are based on the inferior oolite sands which, together with the rapidly sloping nature of the ground, renders them dry and healthy in the extreme. Other portions, again, of the city, are constructed on marl and limestone foundations, which make them tolerably wholesome. The lowest parts of Bath, however, such as Great Pulteney Street, Bathwick, and the neighbourhoods bordering the river, stand entirely on alluvial ground, composed of clay, which naturally causes damp, and produces disease. Great Pulteney Street is, however, protected in a measure from this evil by the deep vaulting on which the houses are erected. The number of deaths, in proportion to the population, is fewer than in most towns; but we scarcely think the public health is so good as it might be, when we consider the natural advantages of the place as regards drainage and the free currents of air which circulate through the valley in which it lies. It might be said that the average length of life in the city is lowered by the number of invalids who come here merely to die; but this is, we think, quite balanced by the vast proportion of persons it contains who live in comfortable circumstances, and many of whom attain to a great age. Bath, it must be remembered, has no manufactures, and does not, therefore, breed up on its bosom a class of persons who are peculiarly open to the attacks of disease: that there is a vast amount of squalor in the lower parts of the

town there can be no doubt, but it does not amount, we think, to that existing in many other places. When we consider all these favourable circumstances, then we can only account for the public health not being still more favourable than it is, by an insufficient system of drainage, and by the very bad plan of allowing the public sewers to empty themselves into the almost stagnant river. A remedy to the evil can scarcely be looked for, we suppose, until some well-devised plan of collecting the refuse of towns and applying it to agricultural purposes has been arrived at. One very singular fact is elicited by the population returns, and

that is the preponderance of females over males in the city. By the census of 1841, this excess was no less than 8,546! So that Bath is the last place in the world for a managing mother with a large family of daughters to come to. What a pity it is that so many of them should

“Wither on the virgin thorn,”

when at Adelaide and other Australian cities, they are so impatient for wives that young men come off in boats when emigrant ships arrive on purpose to secure them!



EXETER,

AND THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF DEVONSHIRE.

WHILST we have made pretty wide excursions in search of whatever is beautiful or impressive in town or country—whatever might interest the lover of Nature, the curious in antiquity, or the inquirer into commercial or manufacturing greatness or prosperity;—wandering to the extremest north, and south, and east of England, and extending our researches even into Scotland and Wales, the distant west has been almost wholly neglected by us. Neither Cornwall nor Devonshire, though both counties are full of attractions, has contributed a leaf to our Sketch-book.

We propose now to make some amends for our past attention to the charms of Devonshire.—

"And is it thus," interrupts some impatient reader, "that you follow the rule you propounded only a month or two back, when you quoted old Burton to the effect that writings as well as dishes, ought to be seasonable? Is this 'season' to go rambling, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque—for I presume Devonshire's charms are chiefly of that order?"

Good reader, you are a townsman, (fair reader, we do not suppose you would ask such a question,) or you would not imagine that beautiful Nature is not charming in every season. But we are not going to lead any one on an unseasonable journey. We are about to visit several picturesque and several beautiful spots; but, as you will find, we are going to do so at the very properest time. We intend to lead you on a tour of inspection through the winter watering-places of the southern coast of Devon: and if you think a visit to them at this time of the year unseasonable, why—we say it with all respect—you know very little of the subject of this present paper; and there is consequently so much the more need that you should attentively peruse it. Such desirable places are these Devonshire coast towns for a winter visit—or residence, if you can afford it—that not only ought Englishmen to flock to them (as they very prudently do); but Italians themselves would find their advantage in coming hither every winter, where, at the worst, that keen season seems to be "merely a languid spring," and

"The chilling blasts forget their freezing power."

"From November to February," says a writer on the climate of Italy, "I would recommend an Italian to repair to one of the Devonshire watering-places, if he could possess himself of Fortunatus' cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey:" and he proceeds to set forth the superiority of our coast towns. The quotation is made at second hand (a practice we always reprobate and seldom indulge in); and as the author's name is not given by our authority, we can neither

verify the passage, nor add the weight that his name would doubtless give: but

"Well fare his heart that book that wrote,"

say we. He has said a big word in honour of Devon, and deserves all praise from Devonians and Devonian writers therefore: but when he said it had he not forgotten the drizzle,—sempiternal, ubiquitous, close-wrapping, penetrative "Devonshire drizzle?"

We fear he had; for in truth that drizzle is a great damper of one's enthusiasm for a Devonshire winter. It is very well to say, as the natives do, that the drizzle is almost always succeeded by sunshine; but the visitor almost always finds that the sunshine is where he is not, and the drizzle where he is: that the drizzle—thicker and more piercing than a Cumberland, or even a Scotch mist, and as hard to see through as a city fog,—is all around him, wrapping him as in hydropathic blankets, and drawing a sort of duffle-gray curtain before the scenery. However, let us button our coats about us, and start on our journey; we shall find opportunity hereafter to discuss more at leisure both the comforts and discomforts of the climate.

EXETER.

But before we proceed to the coast we must visit the capital of Devon and of the west. Exeter is built upon the summit and sides of a hill, which rises pretty steeply from the left bank of the river Exe. Thomas Fuller thus describes the Exeter of his day: "It is of a circular (and therefore most capable) form, sited on the top of a hill, having an easy ascent on every side thereunto. This conduceth much to the cleanness of this city; Nature being the chief scavenger thereof, so that the rain that falleth there falleth thence by the declivity of the place. The houses stand sideways backward into their yards, and only endways forward, with their gables towards the street. The city, therefore, is greater in content than appearance, being bigger than it presenteth itself to passengers through the same." This was written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and though the city has altered a good deal since then, it yet, in the middle of the nineteenth, retains sufficient traces of its former features to authenticate the portrait of careful Thomas. It is no longer of a circular form, yet it will be readily seen to have (as Dr. Johnson says of the Highland huts) "some tendency to circularity." The native topographers still dwell with complacency on the cleanliness of their city, promoted, as they say, by its declivitous situation. They speak too daintily to call dame Nature their chief scavenger; and the stranger whose senses

are annoyed by the unsavoury odours and uncleanly sights which far too frequently greet them in the lower parts of the city, is half inclined to fancy that Nature herself has grown ashamed or tired of the occupation imposed upon her. In soberest phrase, the upper and better parts of the city (and they are the greater portion) are clean, pleasant, and healthy; but there are places down by the river that are dirty, wretched, and unwholesome, and that would not long be suffered to remain as they are if they attracted the attention of the authorities as forcibly and as painfully as they do that of the visitor who ventures to perambulate them. Official returns prove satisfactorily that Exeter is, on the whole, above the average of large towns in regard to its healthiness: and there can be little doubt that it would occupy a still more creditable position if some reformation were effected in these lower regions.

Exeter is an ancient city: whether it be as ancient as some who have written concerning it opine, we will not take upon us to affirm or deny. That it existed before Rome was founded may or may not be the fact. If, indeed, it was a city some time before the mighty King Brute laid the first stone of Troynovantum, (which, the reader may remember, was afterwards named *Caer Lud*, in honour of its second founder the renowned *Lud-Hudibras*, and is now known as London)—as that event happened some two centuries and a half before Romulus saw the twelve vultures fly over the Palatine hill, it is pretty clear that Exeter is of far greater antiquity than Rome; and of antiquity at least as respectable. For historians place the story of Romulus in the class of legends, as well as that of Brute; we need not, therefore, complain if the early history of Exeter range in the same category, or wonder if its origin be for ever lost in the darkness of oblivion.

Coming, then, to authentic history, we find that Exeter was a British city, and was known as *Caer-wisc*. In the two great Roman Itineraries it is called *Isca Dumnoniorum*; it was the chief town of the Dumnonii, or people of Devonshire and Cornwall. By the Saxons it was called *Exanceaster*, whence the present name is derived with less alteration than usually happens in the lapse of so many centuries. In the 'Domesday Survey' it is written *Exonia*. The name is derived from its position—*Caer-wisc* is the City on the Wisc. The Romans called the river the *Isca*; from which the Saxon form *Exa* is evidently only an adaptation to Saxon organs of speech: *ceaster* is the usual Saxon corruption of the Latin *castra*.

Having so sufficiently described its site, illustrated its origin, and accounted for its name, it is imperative upon us to glance at its history—and only glance; for to tell it at length, and as it ought to be told—that is, to relate its regal, military, corporate, and ecclesiastical story; the changes it has witnessed, the sieges it has suffered, and the deeds, worthy and unworthy, that have been performed within it and without it; the glory it has gained and the wrongs it has endured; and all the fortunes and misfortunes of city and citizens, would take up the remainder, not alone of this paper,

but of the volume—and perhaps half-a-dozen more volumes—of this our book. And we find, moreover, that we are already running into unusual and dangerous amplitude of style; we will therefore pull up abruptly, and jog on the remainder of our journey at a safer and more sober pace.

The early history of Exeter is dignified by the defeat of the Danes there, in 877, by the great Alfred, who compelled them to surrender the city, which they had seized, and agree to leave the kingdom. Fifty years later, the Cornwall men (in those days a wild and turbulent race) were driven out of Exeter by Athelstan, who is regarded by Exonians as the founder of the present city. "When he had cleansed this city by purging it of its contaminated race," says William of Malmesbury, "he fortified it with towers and surrounded it with a wall of squared stone. And, though the barren and unfruitful soil can scarcely produce indifferent oats, and frequently only the empty husk without the grain [Devonshire farmers manage to get a very different sort of crop from the vicinity of the city in these days], yet owing to the magnificence of the city, the opulence of its inhabitants, and the constant resort of strangers, every kind of merchandize is here so abundant that nothing is wanting which can conduce to human comfort. Many noble traces of him are to be seen in that city, as well as in the neighbouring district." Malmesbury wrote early in the twelfth century, and probably described the Exeter of his own day: it might very fairly describe the Exeter of ours. It is a favourite notion of the local antiquaries, that there are still, as when Malmesbury wrote, some, though not many, traces of Athelstan to be seen in their city. If the city flourished under the protection of Athelstan, it was less fortunate under his successors. More than once it was plundered by the Danes; but prosperity returned to it, its prosperity being probably a good deal advanced by its being made the seat of an episcopal see in the place of Crediton, by Edward the Confessor.

Exeter was one of the great towns that refused to submit to the Norman Conqueror. William did not direct his steps to the west of England till the year after the battle of Hastings; when he had effectually secured the quiet of the metropolitan and southern counties. The mother of Harold had fled to Exeter with all the wealth she could secure, and her followers and the citizens vowed to resist to the last. They renewed and added to the fortifications; increased the strength of the garrison; hired the seamen, who were with their ships in the port, to assist in the defence of the city: and endeavoured to rouse the country around to resist the march of the Conqueror. When William summoned the city to surrender, they replied to him by a coarse action, which the crafty king, who sought all along to give a colouring of religion to his enterprise, declared was an affront to the Deity which he would avenge; and when a portion of the walls fell down (probably owing to the running of a mine) he called on his army to observe the hand of the Almighty.

Several of the chief citizens went to the king to ask for a truce, which he granted, keeping some of their number as hostages for its observance. When the remainder returned to the city, however, the inhabitants refused to agree to the terms, and prepared to renew the fight. William now directed one of the hostages to be brought close to the walls, where he caused his eyes to be torn out. The inhabitants fought resolutely, but the wall being thrown down, the city was taken after a siege of eighteen days, though not without considerable loss to the victor. Even then the fall of the city was, according to the Saxon Chronicle, partly the result of treachery: "The citizens surrendered their city because the thanes had betrayed them." Harold's mother, Githa, and many of the wives of the citizens had escaped before the surrender: they went, according to the same authority, "to the Steep Holmes, and there abode some time; and afterwards went from thence over sea to St. Omer's." The Domesday Survey shows that forty-eight houses were destroyed in this siege: the king however dealt leniently with the people.

In order to hold the inhabitants in check for the future, William built a large and strong castle, which, from the red colour of the hill on which it was erected, he called Rougemont:—a name, the reader of Shakspeare will remember, which long after caused Richard III. to start:

"When last I was at Exeter,
The Mayor, in courtesy, show'd me the Castle,
And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond."*

Rich. III., Act IV., sc. 2.

William gave the charge of the castle to Baudoin (or Baldwin) de Brionne, the husband of his niece Albrina, whom he created governor of Devon, and bestowed upon him twenty houses in Exeter, and a hundred and fifty-nine manors in this part of the country. The castle is believed to have been erected on the site of a much older one. It remained in the hands of the descendants of Baudoin till the reign of Henry III., who took the keeping of it into his own control. In the war between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, Exeter embraced the cause of the empress. The castle was strengthened and garrisoned for her by the earl of Devon; and when the king came in person with his army before the city, the inhabitants refused to allow him to enter. The siege lasted for above two months, and the citizens at length yielded rather to the force of hunger than of arms. Matilda remained so great a favourite in Exeter that a festival was for some centuries annually kept in commemoration of her.

We ought perhaps to note here in passing that the

* Fuller very reasonably suggests that the wizard, as he styles the Irish bard, or Satan through him, must have "either spoke this oracle low or lisping, desiring to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard (a guilty conscience will be frightened with little) mistook the word," when the Mayor pronounced it.

city received its first charter from Henry I.; and that John Lackland, in the year 1200, empowered it to elect a mayor and two bailiffs.

The royal visits it received in these earlier days may be passed over—though that of Richard III. be amongst them; and the Black Prince, on his triumphant return from Poitiers, stayed here some days; and Edward I. came hither especially to investigate the particulars of the murder of Walter de Lechlade, the precentor, who was killed on his way from early prayers, when, for their negligence or complicity, in permitting the murderer to escape, the king caused the mayor and the gate porter to be hung. We may also pass over all its sieges and adventures down to the reign of Henry VII., when one occurs that must be mentioned.

It is that of the unhappy impostor, Perkin Warbeck, who here made his first and most unlucky trial at arms. Hall gives so curious an account of Perkin Warbeck's siege of Exeter, that it may be worth while to quote a portion of it. The first thing after Perkin's landing in Cornwall, says Hall, his councillors advised him to make himself master of some strong walled towns and fortresses, wherein he might entrench himself till his army had sufficiently augmented for him to meet that which might be sent against him. "When he and his council were fully resolved on this point and conclusion, they in good order went straight to Exeter, which was the next city that he could approach to, and besieged it; and because he lacked ordnance to make a battery to raze and deface the walls, he studied all the ways possible how to break and infringe the gates; and what with casting of stones, heaving with iron bars, and kindling of fire under the gates, he omitted nothing which could be devised for the furtherance of his ungracious purpose. The citizens perceiving their town to be environed with enemies and like to be inflamed, began at the first to be sore abashed, and let certain messengers by cords down over the wall, which should certify the king of all their necessity and trouble. But after that, taking to them lusty hearts and manly courages, they determined to repulse fire by fire; and caused faggots to be brought to the inward part of the ports and posterns, and set them all on fire, to the intent that the fire being inflamed on both sides of the gates, might as well exclude their enemies from entering, as include the citizens from running or flying out; and that they in the mean season might make trenches and rampires to defend their enemies instead of gates and bulwarks. Thus all the doings and attempts of the rebellious people had evil success in their first enterprize: and thus by fire the city was preserved from flame and burning. Then Perkin being of very necessity compelled to leave the gates, assaulted the town in divers weak and unfortified places, and set up ladders, attempting to climb over the walls and to take the city, thinking surely to compel the citizens either by fear or lack of succour to render themselves and yield the town. But the citizens, nothing so minded, so courageously, like valiant champions, defended the walls, that

they slew above two hundred of his seditious soldiers at this assault. As soon as the messengers of Exeter came to the king's presence and showed their instructions, he hastened with his host toward Exeter with as much haste as the gravity of the cause did require and expostulate When Perkin with his lewd captains saw that the city of Exeter was so well fortified both with men and munitions, and of them in manner impregnable, fearing the sequel of this matter, he departed from Exeter with his lousy army to the next great town called Taunton, and there the twentieth day of September he mustered his men as though he were ready to fight, but his number was sore diminished. For when the poor and needy people saw the great defence which was made at Exeter, and that no men of honour nor yet of honesty drew to him, contrary to the promise and assurance made by him and his councillors to them at the beginning, they withdrew themselves by sundry secret companies from him, in providing their own safeguard. Which thing when Perkin perceived, he put small trust and less confidence in the remnant of his army, as afterwards did appear, because the most part of his soldiers were harnessed on the right arm and naked all the body, and never exercised in war nor martial feats but only with the spade and shovel."

From Taunton, as will be recollected, Perkin took the earliest opportunity to make his escape to a sanctuary; and his army speedily dispersed. "And so," continues the old Chronicler, "the king, being a conqueror without manslaughter or effusion of Christian blood, rode triumphantly into the city of Exeter, and there not only lauded and praised the citizens of Exeter, but also rendered to them his most hearty thanks, as well for their duty done as for their valiantness. And there also he afflicted and put in execution divers Cornishmen which were the authors and stirrers up of this new insurrection and false conspiracy." To mark his sense of the service the city had rendered him, the king presented his own sword to the mayor, and also a cap of maintenance; and directed that they should be carried before him on all occasions of ceremony, in perpetual remembrance of the valour and loyalty of the citizens.

This was not the last occasion on which it successfully withstood a siege. When, in 1549, in consequence of the recent religious changes, occurred what was long remembered as "the Devonshire Commotion," the city was for two months encompassed by the insurgents; and the inhabitants, who resolutely refused to yield, were reduced to the greatest extremities before the siege was raised by a royal army under Lord Russell. It was in reference to these stout defences of the citizens that Elizabeth gave the city its motto, *Semper fidelis*. It but indifferently supported its loyal character during the "Great Rebellion." On the breaking out of the contest between Charles and the Parliament, the city was occupied by the Earl of Stamford for the Parliament. After the defeat of Stamford in May, 1643, Exeter opened its gates to Prince Maurice, and it continued to be held for the king till April, 1646, when it was

taken after a smart siege by Fairfax. This was the last of its warlike adventures. The Parliament caused the castle to be dismantled and the fortifications to be rendered useless. While the city was occupied by the royalist troops, Queen Henrietta gave birth here to a daughter, afterwards Duchess of Orleans; whose portrait, presented to the city by her brother Charles II., still hangs in the Guildhall.

Three days after his landing at Torbay, the Prince of Orange made a rather pompous entry into Exeter. The following account of the order of the ceremonial, as quoted in one of the guide-books, would contrast rather curiously with that of a military entry of the present day:—"The Earl of Macclesfield, with two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, on Flanders' steeds, completely clothed in armour; two hundred negroes, in attendance on the said gentlemen, with embroidered caps and plumes of white feathers; two hundred Finlanders, clothed in beaver's skins, in black armour, and with broad swords; fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, to attend and support the Prince's standard; fifty led horses trained to war, with two grooms to each; two state coaches; the Prince on a white charger in a complete suit of armour, with white ostrich-feathers in his helmet, and forty-two footmen running by his side; two hundred gentlemen and pages on horseback; three hundred Swiss guards, armed with fusées; five hundred volunteers, with two led horses each; the Prince's guards, in number six hundred, armed cap-a-pie; the rest of the army brought up the rear; they had fifty wagons loaded with cash, and one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon."

William's reception in Exeter was rather cold. "The prince," says Bishop Burnet, who accompanied him, "made haste to Exeter, where he stayed ten days, both for refreshing his troops, and for giving the country time to show their affections. But the clergy and magistrates of Exeter were very fearful and very backward. The bishop and the dean ran away. And the clergy stood off, though they were sent for, and very gently spoke to by the Prince. . . . We stayed a week at Exeter before any gentlemen of the city came about the prince. Every day some person of condition came from other parts."

We will only mention one other royal visit to Exeter: that of George III. and his queen, in 1789; and which is now chiefly noteworthy on account of Dr. Walcot, who never lost an opportunity of lampooning that monarch, having celebrated it in a burlesque rhyme, entitled 'The Royal Visit to Exeter, by John Ploughshare.' Walcot was a native of Devonshire; and the verses are written in the Devonshire dialect, of which they are considered a very tolerable example. Two or three stanzas will show its quality, and the nature of Devonshire speech—now losing a little of its rudeness, at least in this part of the county:

"Leek bullocks sting'd by appledranes
Currantin it about the lanes,
Vokes this way dreav'd and that;



1.-EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin ;
 Zom in the mucks and pellum sprawlin ;
 Leck pancakes all so flat.

Well : in a come King George to town,
 With dust and sweat as nutmeg brown,
 The hosses all in smoke ;
 Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
 Red colours vlecin, roarin, zingin,
 So mad seem'd all the voke.

Now down long Vore Street did they come,
 Zom hollowin, and screechin zom :
 Now trudg'd they to the Dean's.

Now goed the Aldermen and May'r,
 Zom wey crapp'd wigs, and zom wey hair,
 The royal voke to ken ;
 When Meyster May'r upon my word,
 Poked to the King a gert long sword,
 Which he poked back agen."

The description of the remainder of the ceremony, with a notice of the royal doings and sayings (some of it in sufficiently uncourtierlike style), may be found in its proper place. Peter Pindar has also two or three other poems in the Devonshire dialect, which may be found in his works by those who are curious in such matters.

Exeter, as has been said, is built on a rather steep though not very lofty hill, a circumstance that adds as much to its pleasantness as its salubrity. Leland, writing from personal examination, in the reign of Henry VIII., says: "The town is a good mile and more in compass, and is right strongly walled and maintained. There be divers fair towers in the town wall, betwixt the south and the west gates. As the walls have been newly made, so have the old towers decayed. There be four gates in the town, by the name of East, West, North, and South. The East and the West Gates be now the fairest, and of one fashion of building. The South Gate hath been the strongest. There be divers fair streets in Exeter; but the High Street, that goeth from the West to the East Gate, is the fairest."

Leland's half-complaining observation might be extended to the whole city—"As *buildings* have been newly made, so have the old places decayed." The Exeter of the present day is very different from that which Leland saw. The city has extended its boundaries till it has come to be about a mile and three quarters long, and above a mile broad, where widest and longest. Not only are the forts decayed and gone, but the gates also: the last of them, the South Gate, was removed in 1819. The walls may be traced; and some portions of them remain. Part of the walls of the castle are also standing, but of the building itself only a fragment is left. This is a gateway of Norman date, and is no doubt the chief entrance of the original Rougemont. It stands on the north side of the city, and should be visited. Little of the original architecture is discernible, it being almost wholly covered with

ivy: with its ivy cloak it forms a rather picturesque object. The site of the castle is occupied by the Sessions'-House—quite a common-place building; the large open space in front is used for holding election, county, and other meetings. From the ramparts may be obtained some very good views of the city; and the contemplative visitor may, as he paces them, appropriately ponder the changes that time has wrought in the whole way of life and habits of thought, as well in the material objects he sees about him.

The city hardly retains so much of the character or antiquity as might be expected. You may pass from end to end of the long High Street and Fore Street, and hardly have the attention attracted by any very remarkable feature; and equally so, from one extremity to the other, of North and South Streets. Still there are appearances of antiquity, and if it had not been necessary, from time to time, to alter and improve the houses, it is easy to see that the city would be a picturesque one. When the gables of the houses, which are set towards the streets, were ornamented, and the upper stories hung forwards, it must have been eminently so. But the narrowness of the streets, of course, made it advisable to remove the projecting stories where the old houses remain; and in the 'smartening' process which all have more or less undergone, nearly all the rich decorations of the old gables have been removed or hidden, and they have been made as smooth, and plain, and mean, as the modern houses on either side of them. Something has been done, too, to lessen the steepness of the streets—a very useful alteration, but certainly not an ornamental one. The deep hollow, for example, between North Street and St. David's Hill, has been spanned by a viaduct, the 'Iron Bridge,' whereby the passengers are brought about on a level with the first floors of the unhappy-looking houses: and when the new bridge was constructed at the end of Fore Street, the opportunity was taken of lessening in a similar way the steepness of the road. Still, if it be not remarkably picturesque, the city is pleasant and apparently prosperous; and there yet remain enough relics of antiquity within it to amuse the vacant hours and reward the researches of the visitor who is of an antiquarian turn, even apart from its noble cathedral.

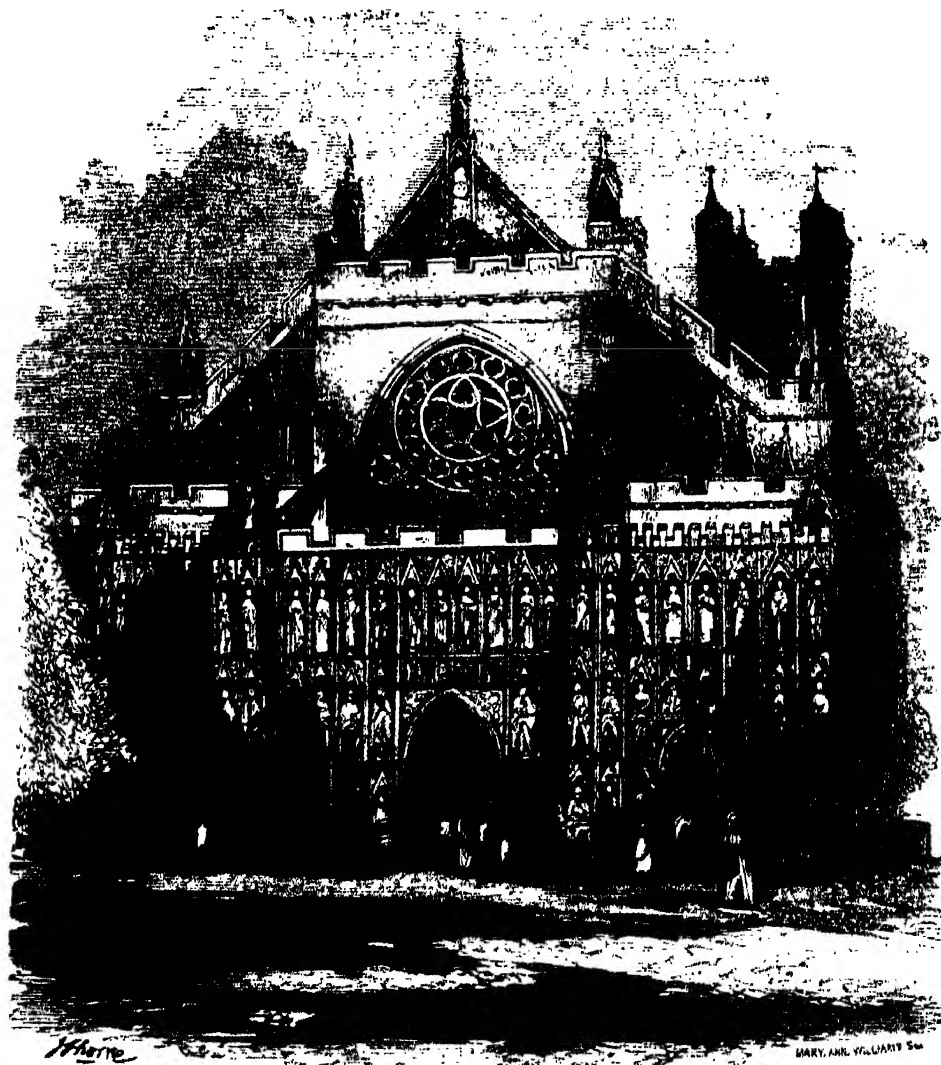
But the Cathedral (Cut, No. 1), is of course the chief object of attraction, and indeed, is the only really attractive building in the city. Though inferior in size and grandeur to a few other of our cathedrals, it is one of the finest of the second class, and in some respects it is unique. The oldest part of the present edifice was erected early in the twelfth century; but the main portion is more recent. In 1112, William Warlewast, one of the Normans who followed William I. to England, and whom the monarch had created third bishop of Exeter, laid the first stone of a new cathedral: he died before the works were very far advanced, and their progress was probably interrupted by the dissensions in the reign of Stephen. The part which had been finished suffered considerable injury during the siege

of Exeter by that king. The Cathedral was not completed till near the close of the century. A century later the building began to appear too small, or not sufficiently splendid for the see: and Bishop Peter Quivil determined to erect a new cathedral, on a much grander scale. He only lived to construct the Lady Chapel, but his successors steadily continued the good work, till the whole was completed, as it now appears, by Bishop Brantyngham in 1380. The only parts of Warlewast's cathedral which were retained in the new one are the two towers, which were made to serve for the transepts.

Nothing, scarcely, can exceed the beauty of many parts of Exeter Cathedral; but as a whole, perhaps it is not so satisfactory. Though erected in the golden age of English ecclesiastical architecture, and, with the exception of the massive Norman towers, tolerably uniform in style, the exterior is heavy, and comparatively unimposing in its general effect. The unusual position of the towers only renders the want of some

grand and lofty central feature the more apparent: and the want is equally felt whether the building be viewed from the Cathedral yard, or the suburbs of the city. The designer, if one may venture to say so, seems to have been a man of *confined* talent. Capable of contriving smaller features of almost faultless excellence, he might have designed an exquisite chapel; but wanting the happy imaginative daring of genius, he was unequal to the task of constructing a sublime cathedral. The aggregation of many beautiful parts is insufficient to produce a grand whole.

The objection may be a mistaken one; but we believe it is pretty generally felt that Exeter Cathedral is far less impressive than would be expected from an examination of its multitudinous beautiful details. The stranger especially feels this; for the parts are so fine, that those who are in the frequent habit of seeing them become insensible to any failure in the general effect. Until within these few years the Cathedral was a good deal hidden by mean buildings: these have been in a



2.—WEST FRONT OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

great measure removed, and the exterior can now be tolerably well seen.

The Cathedral is built in the form of a cross, but the arms are very short, the transepts being formed out of the towers. The entire length of the building, including the Lady Chapel, is 408 feet: the towers are 145 feet high. The towers are Norman, square, and similar in size, and also in general appearance; their surfaces being covered with blank arcades and other Norman ornaments, but they differ in the details. The remainder of the Cathedral is of what is known as the Decorated style of English architecture; and the numerous windows, with their flowing tracery, are among the finest examples of that rich style. Between the windows are bold flying buttresses, with crocketed pinnacles. The roof, which is of very high pitch, is crowned by a *fleur-de-lis* ridge ornament—the only one of our cathedrals that retains that decoration.

But the most striking portion of the exterior is unquestionably the west front. Gothic architecture was intended to appeal to the imagination and the feelings. The chief entrance to the Cathedral was by the western door, and consequently, upon the western front the architect ordinarily employed all the resources of his art. In most of our cathedrals the western end is more elaborately decorated than any other part: but no other is so much enriched as the west front of Exeter Cathedral, though two or three are more generally admired. The form and general appearance of this front will be best understood by the engraving (Cut, No. 2). It consists of three stories: the basement is a screen, with a central doorway, and one of smaller size on each side. The entire surface of this screen is occupied by canopied niches, in each of which is a statue. The second story, which recedes somewhat, is formed by the west wall of the nave, and contains the large and noble west window, the arch of which is entirely filled with the richest flowing tracery. On each side are decorated arcades. The wall is supported by two very bold flying buttresses. The upper story, which recedes somewhat behind the second story, is formed by the gable of the nave, and has a window smaller than the other, but similar in character. The arrangement, as has been often remarked, is unusual in English cathedrals, but common in those of France: indeed, the whole building has a good deal of a Continental character. The statues and ornamental work of the west front had become considerably dilapidated, but the authorities have carefully restored them; and this magnificent façade—one of the very finest in England—is now in a nearly perfect condition.

The interior of the Cathedral is far more imposing than the exterior. As you enter, the long range of clustered columns with the open arches above them; the noble series of windows in the clerestories; and the splendid vaulted stone roof which spans the whole extent of nave and choir, combine to produce a most powerful and impressive effect. But the effect would be amazingly improved were the organ to be removed from its present position. The magnificent vista would

then be unbroken, and the large and beautiful east window would appear at the end of it: the majestic interior, in short, would be seen as its designers intended it to be seen. The place which the organ occupies in so many of our cathedrals is alike unaccordant with good taste and religious feeling. When these cathedrals were erected, the screen which separates the nave from the choir bore upon it a lofty rood: it was placed there with a religious purpose, as a part of the system of the ecclesiastics, to address the imagination and the feelings through the eye as well as the ear. The worshipper, on passing through the portals of the noble western end of the Cathedral, saw stretching before him a long array of glorious architecture, the walls and the roof resplendent with skillfully-arranged colour and gilding, and the "dim religious light" streaming through numerous storied windows: while raised far aloft, in the midst of all, and occupying the most prominent position, was the emblem of his faith—so placed as not to interfere with the grand architectural effect, but to unite with it, and assist in deepening its solemnity of character. At the Reformation the cross was removed: but a century elapsed before its place came to be commonly occupied by the organ. The rood screen was selected for the purpose, probably, merely because it was the situation that most readily offered itself for so bulky an instrument. There was no religious feeling in the matter; and there was no architectural taste then in existence to be offended by such an anomalous introduction. Its tolerance during the last century is not to be wondered at,—one could hardly have wondered had the statues of Jupiter and Venus been placed on either side of it; but now that there is a purer and better feeling abroad as to propriety of character in church appliances, it is surely time that the organ should be relegated to a more obscure position. Regarding alone the religious character of the edifice, it cannot be desirable that, upon entering it, the organ should be the first object upon which the attention rests: and, as a matter of taste and artistic effect, its position is even more reprehensible. From either nave or choir it destroys the grand vista, and entirely obscures the noble terminal window; while from every part it forces the eye to rest on an object inconsistent with the venerable Gothic structure, and ungraceful and incongruous in itself. The organ of Exeter Cathedral may be, as is asserted, one of the largest and finest instruments in the country; but that is no reason why it should not be removed to a less important and conspicuous position, as has already been done with excellent results in some other of our cathedrals.

Both nave and choir will command and repay attentive examination. In general character they are alike, with, of course, those differences which their different purposes require. The clustered columns, the windows, and the roof, are remarkably fine examples of their several kinds: the roof is one of the largest and handsomest vaulted stone roofs of the Decorated period in existence. Very little of the original stained glass

remains in the windows. Like all other "idolatrous pictures and images," it suffered grievously from puritanic wrath. While Exeter was occupied by the soldiers of the Commonwealth, the Cathedral called into exercise no small share of their zeal. Many of the things which they spared speak as loudly as those they destroyed of their fervour and diligence. But they spared some things which they could hardly be expected to spare; among others, the glass in the great east window was left uninjured, and it yet remains in good preservation. We cannot stay to point out the many points of interest in the nave: a peculiarity will be noticed on its north side in the curious 'Minstrel's Gallery,' which projects from the clerestory, and is ornamented with well-executed figures of angels playing on musical instruments.

The choir is in itself the most complete and most striking part of the interior. Its most singular feature is the Bishop's Throne, a richly-carved oak structure, a pyramid of open tracery, rising to an elevation of 52 feet. Bishop Bothe placed it here, about 1470: it escaped the puritanic axe through having been taken to pieces and concealed before the surrender of the city. The pulpit and the stalls are also of superior character. The screen which divides the nave and choir, itself of graceful design and workmanship, is especially noteworthy for a series of very early and rude paintings on the panels. They represent a complete cycle of scriptural subjects, from the Creation to the Descent of the Holy Spirit. As pictures they are of no value; but they are curious as specimens of the state of the art in England at the time they were painted.

The chapels are numerous, and some of them very beautiful: the open screens which separate them from the body of the cathedral are in several instances of exquisite beauty and delicacy. These chapels mostly contain monuments, which are in themselves of considerable interest. Indeed the monuments in Exeter Cathedral are much above the ordinary rank; and they are of all times, from the thirteenth century down to the present. We can only mention two or three. One of noticeable character represents Bishop Stapledon, who erected the choir in which his tomb is placed; opposite to it is another, of a knight in armour, believed to be Sir Richard Stapledon, the brother of the bishop; they were both executed in Cheapside, by the populace, in 1356. In the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene—the very beautiful screen of which deserves especial notice—is a splendid monument of Bishop Stafford, who died in 1419. In the beautiful Gabriel Chapel, which was built by Bishop Brownscombe, who died in 1280, may be seen the very elegant tomb of its founder; and also two monuments by the greatest of recent English sculptors. One, a mural monument with several figures, in memory of General Simcoe (who died in 1806), is by Flaxman, but it is not a favourable specimen of his ability: there is little of poetic character in the design, and no refinement of form or execution. The other is Chantrey's statue of Northcote. The old

painter is represented seated in a thoughtful attitude, with his palette hanging carelessly on his thumb: he appears to be sitting in reflective mood before his easel, and has much of that tranquil contemplative character Chantrey could sometimes so felicitously unite with marked individuality.

The stranger should not fail to ascend the north tower of the cathedral, for the sake of the very fine view of the city he will obtain from its summit. Perhaps a better notion of its topography can be obtained from this tower than elsewhere: and the suburbs are also seen to advantage: the view is of exceeding beauty, southwards down the valley of the Exe, where

"Amidst luxuriant scenes, with conscious pride,
Voluptuous Exe winds her silver tide,"

to her confluence with the ocean.

In this north tower is the great bell, whose voice warns the citizens of the flight of time. It is one of the largest bells in the kingdom, being some four or five hundred pounds heavier than the famous Great Tom of Lincoln, and only inferior in weight and tongue to Oxford Tom. The biographer of 'The Doctor,' says, "There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their Christian names, and they are both called Tom. . . . Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion, I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honour of Mr. Wordsworth." Southey was mistaken as to there being only two such bells; our bell has a christian name, and, curious enough, it is Peter Bell. Of course it was not so named in honour of Mr. Wordsworth: it received its appellation in honour of a certain bishop who died centuries before the waggoner was dreamed of. In the south tower is the heaviest peal of bells in the kingdom.

The Chapter House of a cathedral is generally worth seeing. As the ordinary place of meeting for the transaction of the business of the society, and also the apartment in which the members of the monastery daily assembled to hear a chapter of the order read (whence its name), it was usually made an important feature in the general design. The Chapter House of Exeter Cathedral is not so fine as some others, and it is oblong instead of being polygonal as is usually the case; but it is a very handsome structure. It is of later date than the cathedral, having been erected about the middle of the fifteenth century: the windows are good of their kind; the roof is of oak in richly ornamented panels. It is now fitted up as a library. The Bishop's Palace, close by, is not a very remarkable building, but from the very pleasant gardens parts of the cathedral are seen in picturesque combinations and to considerable advantage. During the Commonwealth the Bishop's Palace was let to a sugar-refiner; vestiges of whose pans and troughs were remaining when the palace was repaired in 1821. The cathedral cloisters were entirely destroyed during the Commonwealth.

There are nineteen churches in Exeter: before the Commonwealth there were, it is said, thirty-two. Fuller, writing immediately after the Restoration, says,

"As for parish churches in this city, at my return thither this year, I found them fewer than I left them at my departure thence fifteen years ago. But the demolishers of them can give the clearest account how the plucking down of churches conduceth to the setting up of religion. Besides, I understand that thirteen churches were exposed to sale by the public crier, and bought by well-affected persons, who preserved them from destruction." None of the existing churches will stay the feet of the stranger. The older churches are for the most part small, mean, and uninteresting; the modern ones are of almost invariable mediocrity. St. Sidwells (of unenviable fame), and Allhallows are the most noticeable of the recent churches. Of the old ones, that of St. Mary Major, in the cathedral yard, has some details that will interest the archæologist; and that of St. Mary Arches contains some ancient monuments.

Nor is Exeter more fortunate in its other public buildings than in its churches. The Guildhall (whose hoary-looking portico is so prominent a feature in the High Street) is the only one that is not modern. The hall itself is rather a fine room; it is tolerably spacious; the walls are covered with carved oak, and it has a very good open timber roof. On the walls are several portraits, chiefly of corporate dignitaries; but there are also portraits of the Princess Henrietta, and of General Monk, by Sir Peter Lely; of George II., and Lord Camden. The modern buildings are numerous, as may be supposed, in a cathedral city which, with its suburbs, at the last census contained upwards of 36,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a populous and flourishing district; but none of these buildings are of any general interest, and none of them can be said to add much to the beauty of the city. A list of them will be found in the guide-books which will serve to direct the visitor who is curious in such matters to those that are in their several ways of most interest: here a mere enumeration of them would be useless and tiresome.

Exeter formerly carried on a very large manufacture of woollens: at one time, according to Defoe, it was "so exceeding great, all the women inhabitants may be supposed to be thoroughly employed in spinning yarn for it." The manufacture was very great even when Fuller wrote, for he observes, "Clothing is plied in this city with great industry and judgment. It is hardly to be believed what credible persons attest for truth, that the return for serges alone in this city amounteth weekly (even now, when trading, though not dead, is sick) to three thousand pounds, not to ascend to a higher proportion." In 1765 the annual value of the exports of woollens from Exeter was estimated at above a million. Towards the close of the century the manufacture began to decay; and it is now quite insignificant. There is, however, a considerable commerce; the import and export trade being both actively pursued. The ship canal, by means of which this trade is carried on, was one of the earliest constructed in this kingdom. It was first formed in 1544; the several parishes contributing towards its cost

a portion of their communion plate. This canal, which at first extended only to Countess' Weir, two miles from Exeter, was afterwards deepened and considerably improved; but it only permitted the ascent of small vessels till 1827, when it was entirely reformed and carried some miles lower; an extensive wet-dock was at the same time constructed at its termination near the city. By means of these improvements, which cost about £125,000, vessels of 400 tons burden can reach the city dock. The city does not appear to have suffered permanently from the loss of its woollen trade. New houses have been built on every side, and plenty are now building. In some of the pleasanter spots in the suburbs, villages, of the class of residences that builders now-a-days call 'villas,' have sprung up, much as such 'villa' villages have risen round London. Mount Radford has a showy and we hope flourishing crop of this kind: and it is as pleasant a place for such a purpose as any we know in the vicinity of any great town. The streets of the city, too, display a goodly number of handsomely fitted, and well stored shops; and a busy crowd daily throngs the thoroughfares. The facilities afforded by the matchless railway have no doubt contributed greatly to stimulate the activity of the citizens.

We must not quit Exeter without referring to its walks, on which the inhabitants very justly pride themselves. The chief of these is the Northernhay, "the admiration of every stranger, and the pride, the ornament, and the boast of Exeter." It lies along the summit of an elevated spot of ground on the north of the city, close by the castle wall. The grounds are neatly laid out and planted with shrubs, and the walks, which are well disposed, are shaded by noble old elms, and afford some pleasant prospects. From Friar's Walk and the parade in front of Collumpton Terrace, on the south side of the city, some capital views may be had of the city and country beyond. On the outside of the city very charming strolls may be taken in almost any direction. Pennsylvania Hill affords extensive and noble prospects; perhaps the city and surrounding country are seen to most advantage from it. The footpaths along the meadows by the Exe also yield a most pleasant ramble. The Exe is here a broad stream, and the scenery along it, though not very striking, is very pleasing: while the weirs that here and there are met with add occasional vivacity to its quiet beauty. Old Abbey, on the east bank of the Exe, about a mile below the city, is the site of a priory of Cluniac monks. Hardly a vestige of the building remains: but the stranger will not regret the stroll down to it, as it stands on a very pretty part of the river. A good footpath alongside the canal forms a favourite walk of the citizens in the summer season,—especially of such as "go a-junketing" to the neighbouring villages. There are some very agreeable walks, too, by Cowick and Ide, and along the heights in that direction: it was from one of these spots that the sketch for our steel engraving was made.

Had we time, it might be worth while to lead the

reader to some of the villages around Exeter: several of them are worth wandering to. The pretty village of Heavitree, about a mile east of Exeter, was the birth-place of "Judicious Hooker." Alphington, on the south, has a fine church in a picturesque situation, and is moreover a noticeable place in itself. But we must proceed on our main journey. We have named a few things, the remainder must go unnamed:

"These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work;"

as sweetly singeth Master John Dryden in his 'Hind and Panther.' We will on.

SIDMOUTH.

Secure the box-seat of the Sidmouth stage, and you will have a right pleasant afternoon trot over the hills to Sidmouth. There is a delightful alternation of scenery along the road, and you travel at a pace that allows you to have a fair gaze at some such magnificent views as you will not wish to hurry away from. You will also pass through three or four pretty and very countrified little villages. And "though last not least" in our esteem, the delightful sea breezes that you will meet in riding over the hills will so refresh and invigorate the inner man, that you will arrive at the journey's end in prime order to do most excellent justice to the good fare of mine host of the 'York,' the 'Marine,' or the 'London'—or wherever else you may choose to stay at. This is a main charm of stage-coach travelling: it is a grand thing (as they would say in the north) to be able to do the 194 miles between London and Exeter in four hours and a half; and no one who has travelled by that best of all express-trains was ever heard to complain of the journey. But for real enjoyment, this two hours' ride over the fifteen miles of hilly road, by the good old stage, is worth a dozen of it—that is, of course, supposing there be fair weather to enjoy it in.

The situation of Sidmouth is very well described in 'The Route-book of Devon,' in a passage we quote for the sake of recommending the book to all who travel in that county: the notices generally are brief, clear, and accurate,—qualities most valuable in such a work:

"The beach of Sidmouth is situated nearly in the centre of one of those hollows or curves, of which there are many formed within the vast bay of Devon and Dorset, extending from the Isle of Portland, on the east, to Start Point, on the west. At each end of the curve, east and west, rise two immense hills, about 500 feet high, running north and south, forming a deep valley between. Along the bottom of this valley lies the town, with a considerable part of its front presented towards the sea. On the slopes, or sides of the valley, extending a mile or two inland, are the suburbs, studded with villas, cottages ornées, and every description of marine residence, with which builders of this kind of

dwelling indulge their taste in erecting. These two hills, Salcombe and Peak, continue their range of protection to the town, one on the east and the other on the west, till Harpford and Beacon hills, on the one side, and Penhill on the other, take up its defence on the north-west and north. Sidmouth by these hills is sheltered from every quarter, except the south, which is open to the sea, and may be considered as completely protected from all cold winds; for those from the south are seldom or never cold or piercing in Devonshire. 'Snow,' says Dr. Mogridge, in his descriptive sketch of this place 'is seldom witnessed; and in very severe seasons, when the surrounding hills are deeply covered, not a vestige—not a flake will remain in this warm and secluded vale.'"

The little town lying thus snugly embayed, with the lofty hills rising behind and on either side of it, looks, from the beach, as pretty and pleasant a dwelling-place as the visitor can desire for a short month or two. We can very well imagine that it had a more picturesque, though a ruder appearance, when none of the smart houses that front the sea and are scattered about the hill sides, had been erected; and instead of the regular line of the long sea-wall, there was a rugged bank of sand and shingle, and the place itself was only known as "one of the specialest fisher towns of the shire." When the fashion began to prevail of resorting annually to the sea-side, Sidmouth was one of the earliest places to perceive the advantage of preparing a comfortable resting-place for these birds of passage. The little town has, with transient fluctuations, gone on in a steady course of prosperity, and is now a very complete place for its size. It has good houses of different grades; good inns, baths, libraries; subscription, billiard, and assembly-rooms; very respectable shops; and the streets are well-paved, and lighted with gas. The sea-wall, erected at a heavy cost a few years back, forms an excellent and very pleasant promenade. Indeed, all the recent alterations and improvements in the town have been made with a view to increase the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors: and it would seem with success. Sidmouth has a late summer season; and perhaps this is its best season, as it is undeniably its pleasantest. But it is also a good deal resorted to in the winter; and it is one of the most agreeable little winter watering-places along this coast. The town is well-sheltered, the site cheerful, the air balmy and genial, and there are most enjoyable walks, both for the robust and the invalid; while, as we have seen, provision has been made for home and in-door delectation: a very necessary provision, certainly, in this moist climate.

The buildings in Sidmouth are not of any architectural importance or interest. The old church is but of very ordinary description; and for the new one there is not much more to be said. Several of the private houses are rather pretty; and one of them, a large thatched cottage-ornée, "a cottage of gentility," is one of the chief lions of Sidmouth. Attached to it are extensive and well-filled conservatories, an aviary,



3.—CHIT ROCK.

and a collection of animals; and it contains in its ample rooms a vast variety of all those numerous costly articles which fall under the general designation of articles of vertu. The proper name of the house is 'Knowle Cottage;' but it is popularly known, at least in Sidmouth, as 'The Little Fonthill.' Permission to see it is readily granted; and "the rooms are thrown open to the public every Monday during the months of August and September."

Sidmouth, we have said, has beautiful walks. The beach will, probably, for a while content the visitor: the cliffs curve round in an easy sweep, and form a picturesque little bay, closed at each extremity by lofty headlands. On a bright calm day, when the sea lies tranquilly at rest, gladdening and glittering in the sunshine, the little bay is a very picture of gentleness and beauty; but when there is rough weather abroad, and dark clouds hang heavily upon the hill tops, the waves roll in with a broad majestic sweep that seems to give quite a new and grander character to the scene; and the bold and broken cliffs themselves appear to assume a wilder and more rugged aspect. The cliffs along this part of the coast are of red marl and sandstone; and as the sea beats strongly against them, they are worn into deep hollows, and in many instances portions become quite separated from the parent cliff. One of these detached masses, of considerable size, stands out at some distance in the sea, at the western extremity of this bay. Chit Rock (Cut, No. 3), as it is called, is one of the notabilities of Sidmouth.

But the visitor will soon wish to extend his walks

beyond the narrow limits of Sidmouth beach; and in almost every direction he will find rambles of a nature to tempt and to repay his curiosity. Along the summits of the cliffs he will obtain glorious views over the wide ocean, and not a few pleasant inland prospects. The hills farther away from the sea command views of vast extent and surpassing beauty; and along the valleys and gentle slopes there are simple pastoral scenes, and green shady lanes, and quiet field-paths, with here and there a solitary cottage, or a little social gathering of cottages, such as it does the heart good to look upon.

Nor must it be supposed that these pleasant strolls are not to be enjoyed in the winter season; as the winter visitant will find, if he venture abroad—and happily most do so venture, though they limit their ramblings far more than they ought. The trees, which impart so much beauty and life to the landscape, are leafless and silent; the streamlets are swollen and turbid; the voices of the innumerable birds that in summer send their glad music from every spray, are mute: but the fields and hill-sides are still verdant; the banks and hedges have yet a pleasant show of flowers and herbage; mosses and lichens of gem-like richness cover the trunks and branches of the trees, the thatches, and the palings; evergreen shrubs and trees are frequent; and no Devonshire lane, or cove, or dell, is without a pretty numerous colony of birds of one kind or another: while withal the air is often deliciously balmy, genial, and serene. Indeed a stroll along the lanes around Sidmouth—and the remark is more or less

applicable to all the towns and villages along this coast to which our winter visitants repair—has, on a fine winter's day, a charm entirely its own; and often the more grateful from its unexpected vernal cheerfulness. And this vernal character happily here lasts throughout the winter. Frosts are seldom severe, and almost always transient; snow hardly ever falls in the valleys, and never lies long on the ground.

"Lovely Devon! where shall man,
Pursuing Spring around the globe, refresh
His eye with scenes more beauteous than adorn
Thy fields of matchless verdure?"

"This is all very pretty, Mr. Writer; but the drizzle—what about the drizzle?"—Yes, good reader, to be sure there is the drizzle; one can't escape from that; but, let us accost yonder countryman, who is resting on his long-handled spade there, and whose form and features show that he has been exposed to Devonshire weather for many a year,—and see what he will say about it.

"More rain!"—"E'es, zur—a little dirzzell!"

"And does it always drizzle in this part of the country?"—"Whoy no: i'dreecans zumtimes."

"Well, does it always rain when it doesn't drizzle?"—"They do zay, I believe, that i'dreecans here if i'dreecans anywhere; and, for zartin, we've a girt deal of it; but it be vine enough between whiles."

There, good reader, you have the truth of the matter: there is rain here, and there is drizzle; but there are delicious intervals, and fortunate is he who is able and willing to avail himself of them:

'How soft the breeze
That from the warm south comes! how sweet to feel
The gale Favonian, too, that o'er the cheek
Breathes health and life!"

Carrington—'Banks of the Tamar.'

But we must wander, this fine winter morning, down one of the lanes—or rather, slightly notice two or three things that are noteworthy in them. The lanes of Devonshire are usually exceedingly good examples of English country lanes; and those in this neighbourhood are among the choicest in the county. The continual undulation of surface brings into view a never-failing variety of distant scenery, which blends in the most pleasing manner with the peculiarly picturesque features of the lanes themselves; now showing between the distant elms merely a few upland meadows, where Devon's "matchless verdure" gleams under the glancing sunbeam with a brilliant emerald hue, such as is only seen elsewhere on a few of the brightest days of spring; and close beside lies another field of bare red earth, with a labourer or two busily at work upon it: presently there opens a wide and cheerful valley, winding far away among receding hills: here, a few groups of cottages are seen along the margin of the streamlet, and on the slopes houses of more ambitious character are pretty plentifully besprinkled; and again some new turn brings in the sparkling sea to add a new charm and more powerful interest to the picture. It must be

confessed, however, that Devonshire farmers and road-makers do their best to conceal as much of all this as possible. They are people of most anti-picturesque propensities: the road-makers seem to rejoice in 'deep cuttings,'—the farmers take especial delight in 'high banks: so that, between the two, the poor pedestrian fares often but sadly. Wherever they can contrive to shut out a wide prospect, or a sunny peep, or a picturesque nook, these good people are sure to do it: they won't let you see more of their country than they can help. There appears to be an unaccountable perversity in this matter. You ascend some piece of upland lane, that promises to bring you to an opening between the hills, whence you may have a rich prospect, when, on reaching the spot, you find the road sunk,—or a mud-bank, some six or eight feet high, with a tall hedge on the top of such impenetrable closeness as to bid defiance even to a hedger. Yet there is some compensation in these banks: for the most part they are covered, although it be winter, with a luxuriant crop of graceful ferns, of ivy, and of periwinkles, and an innumerable variety of light green herbage; while primroses are not scarce even at Christmas, and there is sure to be an early and plenteous supply of violets. The soil in this part of Devonshire is of a deep and rather bright red, and the delicate ferns, and the grass and leaves, and flowers, form with it a singularly vivid contrast. Hardly a bit of old broken bank is there in one of these lanes that does not form a little picture. However, it is the numerous and varied close picturesque nooks, where human interest mingles with the natural and rustic features, that are the chief charm of these lanes. The rural occupations and those who are employed in them; the road-side houses, and the country carts and country folk who are seen about them; the humble cottages that lie just out of the lane, and the goodwife and children who are in constant motion about the open doors, are a never-failing source of interest and pleasure. Nothing is there more picturesque, in its way, than an old Devonshire cob cottage, with its huge overhanging thatch, and all its various accompaniments, animate and inanimate! We should attempt to sketch one, had it not already been done infinitely better than we could do it; and as it only could be done by an observant resident, who, with frequent and leisurely opportunity joined the requisite skill to copy its most characteristic features.

"A Devonshire cottage," says Mrs. Bray, in her 'Tamar and Tavy,' "if not too modern, is the sweetest object that the poet, the artist, or the lover of the romantic could desire to see. The walls, generally of stone, are gray, and if not whitewashed (which they too often are), abound with lichen, stone-crop, or moss. Many of these dwellings are ancient, principally of the Tudor age, with the square-headed mullioned and labelled windows. The roof is always of thatch; and no cottage but has its ivy, its jessamine, or its rose, mantling its sides and creeping on its top. A bird-cage at the door is often the delight of the children; and the little garden, besides its complement of hollyhocks, &c.,

has a bed or two of flowers before the house, of the most brilliant colours. A bee-hive, and the elder—that most useful of all domestic trees—are seen near the entrance; and more than once have I stopped to observe the eagerness and the delight with which the children amuse themselves in chasing a butterfly from flower to flower."

The cottage here described belongs to the other end of the county, but it is equally true of those in this part,—with this difference, that instead of being constructed of stone they are here mostly built of cob; and consequently, a cottage of the Tudor age is here a rarity. Of course the reader knows what cob—'Devonshire cob'—is? If not, we must tell him that it is merely the common clay, or marl, mixed with straw, &c., which is trodden for a long time by horses, till it forms a very tenacious material, and is the ordinary material used for buildings of inexpensive character where stone is not abundant. Like the stone cottages, these are generally whitewashed, and invariably thatched—perhaps we ought to say were, for some few of recent date are slated. The common boundary walls are constructed of cob, as well as the walls of houses, and the stranger is often a little surprised to see a deep and neatly made pent-house thatch surmounting such a wall. When well thatched, a well made cob boundary-wall will hardly need repairing once in a generation: and a good cob wall, whether of house or yard, will last a century.

We intended to lead the reader to three or four of the pleasant spots in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth; along the lanes to the pretty village of Sidford, to Sidbury castle, and on to Penhill; to the top of Salcombe Hill, where is a magnificent prospect, extending, it is said, over from thirty to forty miles of a rich and fertile and very beautiful country, and seaward far as the eye can reach; to one or two of the quiet out-of-the-way corners, where the little Sid, the river (or, as old Risdon calls it, riveret), to which Sidmouth owes its name, with the hollow along which it hurries, "singing its quiet tune," makes pleasant miniature pictures:—by the way, there is an exceedingly pretty peep up the Sid vale from the beach: we intended to visit these and one or two other places, but we must leave them and pursue our journey. Some Miss Mitford of this coast should explore the less-known localities, and give us a volume of country sketches after the fashion of that lady's 'Village.'

EXMOUTH.

The onward road lies along the summit of the cliffs, past Chit Rock. From High Peak there are good sea views; and from Peak Hill others of surprising extent and wondrous beauty, over the Haldon Hills as well as seaward. The road must be followed a little inland to Otterton, which lies two or three miles from the sea; and where is the last bridge over the Otter. The way is extremely pleasant, but we need not stay to describe it. Otterton itself is a noticeable place: it is a long

straggling village of poor-looking, whitewashed, thatched cob cottages, with a farm-house or two, a couple of inns, and a few shops. Through the middle of the street runs a little feeder of the Otter, a rattling brook, which adds a good deal to the picturesqueness of the place. On one side is a green, with trees around it. The church stands on a hill at the end of the village. All the houses are rude, unadorned, and old-fashioned; and if it were not for two or three shops that look rather modern, the stranger might fancy he had fallen upon a little secluded country town that had not changed for a century.

Otterton was at one time a village of some small local importance. John Lackland founded a priory here, subject to the monastery of St. Michael, in Normandy. There were to be four monks who were to celebrate the regular religious services; and also to distribute bread weekly among the poor, to the amount of sixteen shillings—a tolerable sum in those days. In succeeding ages the monastery received additional benefactions, and the superior had enlarged rights. Lysons, quoting from the Ledger Book of the priory in 'Chapple's Collections,' says that, "The prior of Otterton had the right of pre-emption of fish in all his ports, and the choice of the best fish,"—a very useful privilege against fast days; the next right is of more questionable value—"The prior claimed also every porpoise caught in the fisheries, giving twelve pence and a loaf of white bread to every sailor, and twice as much to the master; also the half of all dolphins,"—choosing no doubt the head and shoulders when only one was caught. At the suppression of alien monasteries, the priory was transferred to Sion Abbey; at the general spoliation it was re-transferred, part to the royal pocket, and part to some worthy layman. The priory stood on the hill by the church, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House—a building worth examining. The church itself, too, is a noteworthy one. It is a large irregular and very ancient pile, with the tower at the east end. In the churchyard is a grove of yew-trees. The church stands on a steep cliff, and with the old house by its side and the trees about it, and the broad river washing the base of the hill, looks from the opposite bank unusually striking. The Otter is here a good-sized stream, and the scenery along it is very picturesque. The banks are bluff and bold, rising from the river in bare red cliffs, making with the neighbouring round-topped hills numerous pretty pictures.

On the other side of the river is the village of Budleigh, only noticeable on account of its containing Hayes, the birth-place of Sir Walter Raleigh. Hayes was at the time held on lease by Raleigh's father; the proprietor of it being "one Duke." Raleigh cherished to middle age a strong attachment to his birth-place, and made an effort to purchase it about the time he was rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign. A letter (dated July 26th, 1584), is printed in his works, which he addressed to Duke, expressing his desire to possess the house—"because, for the natural disposition he had to it, having been born in that house he

would rather seat himself there than anywhere else." But his application was refused, Duke, it is affirmed, saying, "he did not choose to have so great a man for so near a neighbour." The Dukes for generations kept the letter pasted on a board, as a "kind of curiosity." The house (of course not in its original condition) is now a farm-house.

By the mouth of the Otter is the hamlet of Budleigh Salterton; which within these few years has grown into some repute as a quiet retired watering-place—a sort of country appendix to Exmouth: and where were only two or three mud hovels belonging to the fishermen, is now a thriving and smart little town, having its three or four streets of shops and lodging-houses; its baths and libraries; its hotel, and even commercial inn; and often a goodly number of genteel visitants. The streamlet that runs through the main street, with the plain wooden bridges that cross it, cause the place yet to retain something of its old rusticity. The cliffs along the sea here, and still more by Otter Point, on the other side of the Otter, are very lofty and very precipitous. The scenery about the shore we need hardly say is such as often exercises the pencils of the visitants. Ladram Bay is particularly celebrated, and in the summer season is one of the most attractive spots in this vicinity. The rocks are there worn into the wildest shapes, and there are caverns that are an object to ramble after: a sail to Ladram Bay is a favourite summer diversion.

From Budleigh Salterton there is a foot-path along the top of the cliffs and by by-ways to Exmouth, passing over Knoll Hill and through the quiet out-of-the-way village of Littleham; this is a pleasant way, but there is one which, though a good deal further, is more exhilarating to the stout pedestrian, round by the headland of Orcumb; or there is the ordinary road by Withecomb—from which some pleasant detours may be made, among others to the little ruined sanctuary of St. John's in the Wilderness.

Exmouth is so called from its position by the mouth of the Exe. Leland styles it "a fisher townlet a little within the haven mouth." And a "fisher townlet" it remained for a very longwhile afterwards. "In truth," says Polwhele, writing towards the close of last century, "it was no other than an inconsiderable fishing-town, till one of the judges of the circuit, in a very infirm state of health, went thither to bathe, and received great benefit from the place. This happened about a century ago, which brought Exmouth into repute, first with the people of Exeter, and gradually with the whole county—I might add, indeed, the whole island; since Exmouth is not only the oldest, but, in general, the best frequented watering-place in Devonshire."

That judge was evidently a good judge; and it was a fortunate thing for Exmouth to be tried by him. The townsmen ought in gratitude to erect his statue in the choicest part of the town.

Exmouth was not, however, always a mere fisher townlet. In the reign of John it is said to have been

one of the chief ports on this coast; and to have contributed ten ships and one hundred and ninety-three seamen as its proportion of the fleet which Edward III. despatched, in 1347, against Calais. On the other hand, it does not now maintain the high position it once held among the watering-places of Devonshire: it is no longer the first. It may not have decreased in popularity or attraction, but it has not increased. It has almost stood still while Torquay, has rapidly advanced: and to Torquay it must now yield the precedence.

The Old Town was built along the foot of the hill and by the river side. "The sea at this time covered nearly the whole of the ground on which the north-western part of the town is now built, and washed the base of the cliffs on the left-hand side of the present turnpike-road from Exeter." The New Town—that which is chiefly inhabited by visitants—is on the hill-side and summit. Exmouth is not in itself a parish: but lies chiefly within the parish of Littleham. "The manor of Littleham and Exmouth," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has been since the Dissolution in the family of the Rolles; and the late Lord Rolle and his present surviving relict have been great and generous patrons to this town. The fine and capacious church, built in 1824, and the market-house in 1830; the plantations and walks under the Beacon; the sea-wall just completed; in short nearly all the public improvements carried out within these few years, with the exception of those executed by the late Mr. R. Webber, have been at their suggestion and expense."

Exmouth is well furnished with the various means and appliances that contribute to the requirements and pleasures of sea-side visitants. It has a good bathing-place on the beach, and baths in addition; libraries, assembly and subscription-rooms; hotels and lodging-houses of all sizes and with every aspect; public walks; good shops, and a good market; a church and several chapels. None of the buildings are such as to command much attention as works of art, but they are convenient and serviceable. The sea-wall is an important and a substantial work. It is some 1,800 feet long; and in addition to its primary purpose, it forms an excellent promenade and drive. The walks in and immediately around the town are of a superior character. Several within the town afford noble prospects. That in front of Louisa Terrace commands a view that is in very few towns equalled either for extent or beauty. Nearly the same may be said of Trefusis Terrace, and some other terraces of equally pleasant site, and unpleasant name. The Beacon Hill is very judiciously laid out as a public ground, with beds of flowers, evergreens, and ornamental shrubs. About the walks are placed rustic seats, and occasionally arbours. The views from different parts of Beacon Hill are remarkably good, and altogether it is a very agreeable spot and admirably suited for the purpose to which it has been applied.

From the town there stretches a long sand-bank far into the river. A little lower down the stream another

sand-bank, called the Warren, extends from the opposite side for two miles across the estuary. Just by the first sand-bank there is also an island, about mid-stream, called Shelley Sand; and outside the Warren, where the Exe disembogues itself into the sea, a similar but larger accumulation has formed, which is known as the Pole Sand. By these means the river is contracted within a very narrow winding channel where it enters the sea, although just above the Shelley Sand it had been a mile and a half across. The natural harbour thus formed withinside the sand-banks is called the Bight; and is an anchorage for vessels waiting for wind or tide to enable them to ascend the river, or work out from it and pursue their voyage.

The appearance of the river by Exmouth is very much that of a good-sized lake; and the town has a rather pleasing appearance in consequence. From the sands, Exmouth looks somewhat formal, but from the river it improves very much. The long terraces of white houses, rising behind each other on the hill-side from among groves of dark foliage, with the mass of meaner buildings at the base, the sand with its fishing-boats and larger craft, and the broad sheet of water in front with the shipping riding at anchor upon it, compose together a pleasing and remarkable picture. But the finest view of the town—the view which exhibits best and most gracefully its peculiarities—is obtained on a bright clear day, at full tide, from the slopes on the opposite side of the river by Star Cross. The town rises on the hill-side in successive tiers of white houses, whose every-day character is lost by distance. On the heights, on either hand, are sprinkled numerous gay villas, each half embowered in its little plantation. Behind are the summits of loftier hills, clad in aerial tints. The broad blue lake, as it appears to be, repeats the various forms and hues in softened and tremulous lines; while a light skiff, or a deep-laden ship, sailing slowly along, imparts life and vigour to the whole scene. Exmouth has many attractive short walks in its vicinity; and many long ones also—but we must leave them all to the visitor's own exploration, and once more set forward on our journey.

From a note published by Polwhele, in his 'History of Devonshire,' we get a curious peep at the chief watering-place of Devon, towards the close of the eighteenth century. It is part of a letter written, he says, "to the author, about fifteen years ago, (i.e. about 1780) by a friend at Exmouth." "The village is a very pretty one, and composed for the most part of cottages, neat and clean, consisting of four or five rooms, which are generally let at a guinea a week. . . . Exmouth boasts no public rooms or assemblies, save one card assembly, in an inconvenient apartment at one of the inns, on Monday evenings. The company meet at half-after five, and break up at ten—they play at shilling whist, or twopenny quadrille. We have very few young people here, and no diversions—no *belles dames* amusing to the unmarried, but some *bel-dames* unamusing to the married. Walking on a hill, which commands a view of the ocean, and bathing,

with a visit or two, serve to pass away the morning—and tea-drinking the evening." How Exmouth would be horrified by such a description of its resources now!

DAWLISH.

From Exmouth there is a ferry to Star Cross, where there is a station of the South Devon Railway. It has been proposed to have steam-boats ply at regular hours, instead of the present sailing and row-boats, which are rather trying to the tender nerves of holiday-folks when the south-westerly wind causes a bit of a swell in the river. The alteration would, no doubt, be of some advantage to the town, though of little to the boatmen.

Star Cross is one of the many small villages that have profited by the growth of migratory habits, and the tendency of the different migratory tribes to wend towards the Devonshire coast in their periodic flights. Star Cross was a small fishing village, whither a few Exeter epicures used occasionally to come to eat, at their native home, the oysters and shell-fish, which are said to have a peculiarly good flavour when taken fresh from their beds near the mouth of the Exe: now, though still a small place, it has its season, and its seasonable visitors, and professes to hold out some especial advantages. Be these as they may, it is said to be a thriving little place. Lying along the Exe, it is a cheerful and pleasant, though quiet village: there is an excellent landing-pier, formed by the Railway Company; and it would not be surprising if, in some of the turns of fashion, this till recently obscure and out-of-the-way village were to become a bustling second-rate summer resort.

When here, the visitor should go on to Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Devon. In Norman times Powderham belonged to the Bohuns, by a female descendant of whom it was carried by marriage, about the middle of the fourteenth century, to Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon. The Courtenays possessed vast estates in this county: many of them have passed away long since, but Powderham has remained to the present day in their possession; and as was said, it is now the seat of the chief of the Courtenays. Gibbon, in his great work, the reader will remember, breaks off from the history of the Greek empire into a very long "digression on the origin and singular fortune of the house of Courtenay;" which, he thinks, "the purple of three emperors, who have reigned at Constantinople, will authorise or excuse." He follows the fortunes of the three principal branches, and shows how only the Courtenays of England "have survived the revolutions of eight hundred years;" the race of the ancient Greek emperors remaining in a "lineal descendant of Hugh, the first Earl of Devon, a younger branch of the Courtenays, who have been seated at Powderham Castle above four hundred years, from the reign of Edward the Third to the present hour." And he winds up the story with these philosophical reflections: "The Courtenays still retain the plaintive motto, [*Ubi lapsus! Quod feci?*] which asserts the innocence and deplores

the fall of their ancient house. While they sigh for past greatness, they are doubtless sensible of present blessings: in the long series of the Courtenay annals the most splendid era is likewise the most unfortunate; nor can an opulent peer of Britain be inclined to envy the emperors of Constantinople, who wandered over Europe to solicit alms for the support of their dignity and the defence of their capital."—(*'Decline and Fall,'* c. lxi.)

We too, it will be seen, have here "ample room and verge enough" for the indulgence of historical digression and moral reflection; and also—the house itself being one of the lions of the locality—for the display of antiquarian lore and critical acumen. But the reader need not fear: we are too compassionate of him to run a race after that fashion. We will just look round the park, and again jog on in our old, safe, steady, continuous amble.

Very little is left of the ancient Castle; or rather, what is left of the old castle has been transformed into a modern mansion, and very little appearance of antiquity remains. Admission to Powderham Park is readily granted, upon application. It is of great extent, and very picturesque in itself: the grounds stretch for a considerable distance along the Exe, and far up the hills to the north-east. From various parts there are views of great beauty; but one spot—the highest point—where a Prospect-tower is erected, is one of the most celebrated in this "land of the matchless view," as a native poet styles it. In one direction is the valley of the Exe, with the river winding through it to Exeter, where the city with the Cathedral forms the centre of the picture, and the hills beyond make a noble background. Southwards is the estuary of the Exe, with the town of Exmouth; and beyond all, the English Channel. Again, there is a grand view over the Haldon Hills; and in an opposite direction there is a rich prospect, backed by the Ottery Range.

The Courtenays appear to have had another seat in the adjoining parish of Exminster—"a great manor-house where the Earls of Devon resided, and where William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born," says the historian of the family. There was certainly a ruined mansion here when Leland wrote: he says, "Exminster is a pretty townlet, where be the ruins of a manor-place embattled in the front. I trow it belonged to the Marquis of Exeter." Only the name of it—"the Court House"—remains now. Exminster is a pretty townlet. It lies along the riverside, and has much of that level gentle kind of beauty we are accustomed to associate with the Flemish or Dutch landscapes. Its quiet meadows, with the fat cattle about them, the tower of the village church rising from the trees, the roofs of the little village, the curling smoke, the broad river beyond, with the sail of a fishing-boat or slow-moving barge passing occasionally along,—these, and a calm evening sky overhead, make a picture such as Cuyp would have loved to paint or Bloomfield to describe. Its low situation, however, gives it in moist weather rather an aguish look; and,

if we may believe Risdon, it once was aguish. He says, "Exminster, so called of its site upon the river Exe, lieth so low, that the inhabitants are much subject to agues, through the ill-vapours and fogs." But that was written two hundred years ago, and it may have changed since then. We have not heard any complaints against its healthiness. Indeed, Risdon himself makes mention of a person, living in this or the next parish, whose longevity gives a very different idea of its salubrity:—"There some time lived in this parish one Stone, who was of so hard a grit, that he lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years." A tough old Stone that!

Adjoining Powderham is a quiet retired village, named Kenton, which is worth strolling to, as well on account of the beauty of its situation and the surrounding scenery, as of the picturesqueness of the village, and the superior character of the village church. Kenton was once, it is affirmed, a market-town, and a place of some trade. The Church bears all the appearance of having belonged to a more important place than the present village: it is large and handsome, and will delight the antiquary and the admirer of village churches. The inside is equally worthy of examination with the exterior. Of the numerous statues of saints that once adorned both the interior and exterior, many have been destroyed; but several still remain. On the screen, which is a remarkably fine one, is a series of painted figures of saints and prophets.

While here we may mention the half-decayed town of Topsham, about a couple of miles higher up the river, on the other side, just by the confluence of the Clist with the Exe, where the latter river suddenly increases in width from a quarter of a mile to three-quarters. Topsham was once the port town of Exeter, and a full sharer in the ancient prosperity of that city. When the ship-canal was formed it was no longer necessary for large vessels to load and unload at Topsham, which gradually lost much of its trade and importance in consequence: it however had a considerable commerce of its own; its share in the Newfoundland trade is said to have been larger than that of any other place except London. There is yet some export and coasting trade; but the chief employment is in ship-building and its dependent manufactures. It has a population of about four thousand souls. Of late there has arisen a desire on the part of the inhabitants to render it attractive to strangers, who may prefer to take up their temporary abode at a little distance inland rather than on the coast; and many improvements have recently been made in consequence.

Topsham is placed in a very pleasant situation—stretching for a mile or more along the east bank of the river, where it widens into the appearance of a lake, or an arm of the sea. The town consists of one main street, a mile in length, at the bottom of which is the quay. The older part is irregularly built, and the houses are mostly mean: but many houses of a better class have been erected within the last few years. These are so situated as to command very fine views of the

estuary of the Exe with the rich scenery of its banks, and the sea beyond. The Strand is well planted with elms, and would form an agreeable walk in itself; but of course its value is greatly increased by the beautiful scenery which is beheld from it. The church stands near the middle of the town, on a high cliff which rises abruptly from the river. It is an old building, but there is nothing to notice in its architecture. Inside the church are two monuments, by Chantrey: one is to the memory of Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth; the other of his son Colonel Duckworth, who was killed at the battle of Albuera. The church-yard affords wide and rich prospects both up and down the river, and over the surrounding country. A good deal that is picturesque will be met with about the crazy-looking town itself; and some amusement will be found in watching the employments of the townsmen.

Although we mention Topsham here, it will be most conveniently visited—and it is worth visiting—from Exeter. It is only three miles distance from that city, and omnibuses are frequently running—if the stranger does not like so long a walk. We have thus, after a long ramble, returned almost to our starting-place: but we have not yet got to our journey's end; and we now retrace our way to the sea-side. But we need not walk. It is a delicious sail down the Exe, from Topsham to the Warren. The scenery along the banks is of the finest kind of broad placid river scenery. The noble woods of Powderham, running down to the water, dignify and adorn the right bank; to which the villages of Powderham and Star Cross add considerable variety. The lofty tower of the Railway-station is a noticeable feature here; and the passage of a train along the brink of the river imparts to it an air of novelty. On the left bank is the very pretty village of Lypstone—a retired little place, which folks who think Exmouth too gay or town-like, yet wish to reside near it, are very fond of. The stroll to Lypstone and by the neighbouring heights, is one of the most favourite with the Exmouth residents. Continuing the sail down the river, Exmouth soon becomes the chief feature; then the long wild sandbanks engage the attention, till the broad ocean comes into full view. We may land at the little hillock, which bears the emptying name of Mount Pleasant: in truth a pleasant spot enough, and in high repute with Exeter Cockneys, who are wont in the summer-time to recreate in the sea-gardens of the inn on its summit.

From Mount Pleasant there is a pleasant way along the summit of the cliffs to Dawlish: but there is also another, which we shall take, along their base.

The cliffs on this west side of the Exe are lofty and precipitous. During westerly gales the sea beats against them with considerable force, whence, being of a rather soft red sandstone, they have become pierced and worn in a strange wild manner. A shattered breakwater of massive stone stands an evidence of the power of the waves. The appearance of the rocks at this Langstone Cliff is at all times highly picturesque; but when the westering sun brightens the projecting

masses into an intense golden red, and casts the hollows into a deeper gloom, while the heaving billow breaks against the base in snowy spray, the effect becomes exceedingly grand and impressive.

Through this projecting point of Langstone Cliff the railway passes, in a deep cutting. It soon emerges, and pursues its course along the base of the cliffs to Dawlish. Alongside, for the whole distance—about a mile and a half—a strong sea-wall has been built, the top of which forms an admirable and very favourite walk. It was a bold venture to carry the line in such close proximity to the sea, along so exposed a shore. Hitherto, however, it has received no injury. But the sea-wall has not escaped without damage: in the stormy weather of this last winter the sea forced a way through it in two or three places. As soon as the waves had effected an entrance at the base, they drove through with irresistible fury, forcing out the stones from the top and making a clean breach that way; but we believe in no case did they break through the inner wall to the line. In those parts which experience has shown to be most exposed, measures have been taken to withstand the fury of the waves: and we may hope that the skill and daring of the engineer will be successful.

Dawlish is situated nearly midway between the mouths of the Exe and the Teign, in a cove formed by the projecting headlands of Langstone Cliff on the north, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks on the south. The town itself lies along a valley which extends westward from the sea: whence, according to Polwhele, its name—*Dol* is signifying a fruitful mead on a river's side; a very pleasant derivation, though a rather too fanciful one. A certain Dr. Downman, who many years ago wrote an epic, entitled 'Infancy,' and who wished to celebrate therein the curative qualities of Dawlish, seems to have had some misgivings whether the barbarous sound of its name ought not to render it inadmissible in so sublime a song: but happily for the place he resolved otherwise, and Dawlish is handed down to posterity in "immortal verse." He concludes his Fourth Book with this apostrophe:

"O Dawlish! though unclassic be thy name,
By every Muse unsung, should from thy tide,
To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,
From the cerulean bosom of the deep
(As Aphrodite rose of old) appear
Health's blooming goddess, and benignant smile
On her true votary; not Cythera's fane,
Nor Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved
On Delos erst, Apollo's natal soil,
However warm enthusiastic youth
Dwelt on those seats enamour'd, shall to me
Be half so dear."

And he promises that if Dawlish's "pure encircling waves," besides exhibiting to him this poetic vision, will only restore the timid virgin's bloom, health to the child, and "with the sound, firm-judging mind, imagination, arrayed in her once glowing vest," to the man,

he will continue, despite its unclassic name, to sing the praises of the happy town :

"To thee my lyre
Shall oft be tuned, and to thy Nereids green
Long, long unnoticed, in their haunts retired.
Nor will I cease to prize thy lovely strand,
Thy tow'ring cliffs, nor the small babbling brook,
Whose shallow current laves thy thistled vale."

We are convinced now that *we* have not keen poetic eyes. We have in vain looked on the cerulean bosom of the deep, for the blooming goddess to appear. Once indeed we fancied we were about to behold her rise, as Aphrodite rose of old, when lo! as poor *Slender* found his *Ann Page*, "she was a great lubberly boy." Polwhele was afraid (some fifty years ago) that "the conclusion of this description may ere long be attributed to fancy ; as a canal, cut through the vale, hath destroyed the natural beauties of the rivulet." Certainly the little stream, whether it be called babbling brook, or rivulet, or canal, is sufficiently unpoetical now. But there is something to remind one of Dr. Downman's description : if there be no thistles in the vale there are plenty of donkeys.

At the commencement of the present century, Dawlish was in the transition state from a humble fishing village to a genteel watering-place. "In general," says a writer about that time, "the houses are low cottages, some tiled, the greater number thatched. On Dawlish Strand there is a handsome row of new buildings, twelve in number. Other commodious houses have lately been erected nearer the water." Dawlish gradually grew into notice and favour, as this coast became better known ; and it has now, for some years past, taken a high rank among the smaller watering-places of Devonshire. At the last census it contained above three thousand inhabitants.

For the invalid, and those who need or desire a warm winter abode, yet wish for a less gay neighbourhood than Torquay, Dawlish has great attractions : and it is in equal estimation as a summer sea-side residence. The valley along which the town is built is well sheltered on all sides, except the seaward ; and the temperature is said by Dr. Shapter, and others who have paid particular attention to the climate of the coast of Devon, to be warmer and more equable than any other of the winter watering-places, except Torquay ; and some doctors will hardly except it. Here, as well as elsewhere on this coast, the myrtle, the hydrangea, and many another tender plant, grows and blooms freely in the open air. And the situation is as pleasant as the temperature is mild and genial. Lying embayed in a cove, which is terminated at each extremity by bluff bold cliffs, the beach in calm weather always affords a picturesque and cheerful walk. Through the centre of the valley flows a rivulet, across which several bridges are thrown ; on either side of the stream is a greensward, with dry gravel walks, carefully kept so as at all times to be an agreeable warm parade. The houses and shops are built on both sides of the valley ; a few villa residences are on the

slopes of the hills ; and along the strand and by the Teignmouth road are hotels, public rooms, and terraces, and detached residences chiefly appropriated to the uses of the visitors.

The public buildings are convenient, but not remarkable. The old church of Dawlish, at the western extremity of the town, was a very ancient pile and of some architectural interest. It was, with the exception of the tower, pulled down about five-and-twenty years ago, and the present edifice erected in its place. Inside the church are two monuments, by Flaxman ; they are both to the memory of ladies ; but they are not to be classed high among the productions of the great sculptor. The South Devon Railway forms a noticeable feature of Dawlish. The line is carried, partly on a viaduct, between the town and the sea. When the formation of the railway was first proposed, it was warmly resisted by the inhabitants, who anticipated that it would destroy the character of the town as a quiet retreat. Such, however, has not been the result. The Railway Company constructed their works so as not to interfere with, but rather increase, the convenience of the visitor ; and their buildings are of an ornamental kind. The noble sea-wall affords a new and excellent promenade. The viaduct is both novel and pleasing in appearance. The method of traction originally adopted on this line, was the unfortunate Atmospheric System. As on the Croydon Railway it has been abandoned, and the locomotive has taken its place ; but the engine-houses remain. One of these was erected at Dawlish, and it is greatly to be desired that some use may be found for it, as, though not more ornamental than was appropriate for the purpose to which it was to be applied, it is really a good-looking building. It is in the Italian style, the campanile serving to carry off the smoke. The material of which it is constructed is the red limestone, or Devonshire marble as it is called ; and its appearance ought to be a lesson to the Devonshire builders. Almost all the houses of a first or second-rate character in this part of the county are built of this stone ; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has been thought proper to cover the surface with composition. No material could be more suitable or more in keeping with the general character of the scenery than this red limestone, and none less pleasing than the paltry imitative white stucco. The Devonshire marble is beautifully veined and admits of a high polish—it is really surprising that architects have not, in some of the costly residences erected along this coast, tried the effect of introducing the polished stone in the ornamental parts, while the general surface was formed of the rough blocks. The cost of working may be a sufficient objection to the polished stone ; but to cover it in any case with the offensive plaster is most grievous.

The cliffs on the west of Dawlish have been strangely pierced and riven by the violence of the sea. Many huge lumps of rock stand out quite detached from the parent cliff. (Cut No. 4.) The same thing occurs elsewhere, as we have already had occasion to mention,



4.—ROCKS AT DAWLISH.

and as we shall see in places we have yet to visit. But nowhere else within the limits of our present journey do they assume so fantastic an appearance as between Dawlish and Teignmouth. When the waves surround them at high tide and beat against the cliffs, these rocks and the coast generally are remarkably picturesque and striking.

It would be improper to quit Dawlish without mentioning the many beautiful walks that it possesses. Some extend up the valley, affording delicious shady strolls in the summer, and sheltered sunny ones in the winter. Those along the higher grounds are varied and agreeable, and command often wide and diversified prospects. The sea-views are numerous, and very good. Indeed, both the active and the feeble may find delightful walks of various kinds, and well adapted to their respective powers. Altogether Dawlish will be enjoyed by those who seek a quiet, retired, but not unsocial or dull watering-place.

TEIGNMOUTH.

Along the coast from Dawlish to Teignmouth there is a continual alternation of tall cliffs and deep depressions. The rocks are bold and striking, and the sail between the towns is a right pleasant one. To walk the distance, you must follow the road to Country House, a little inn, somewhat more than a mile from Dawlish, when you may turn down a rough, green, rocky lane, known as Smuggler's Lane, which leads to the beach by the Parson and Clerk. The cliffs here are rugged and wild. Two of the most noticeable of the many detached fragments bear the trivial names of the Parson and Clerk, from some supposed resemblance to those functionaries. The Parson is, of course, of most

capacious rotundity; the Clerk is sparer: he might have been more appropriately named the Curate. The railway here emerges from a tunnel: it is protected, as before, by a sea-wall, which forms a wide and level road almost to Teignmouth. From the Parson Rock the view of Teignmouth, and the bay in which it lies, with the distant headland, is very fine. The seaward prospect from the sea-wall is excellent. There is a footpath along the brow of the lofty cliff under which the railway runs, from which there is a very commanding view over the ocean.

Teignmouth lies near the centre of the wide bay formed by the high land of Orcomb on the north, and Hope's Ness on the south. Its name marks its position by the mouth of the river Teign. The town is divided, for parochial and other purposes, into East and West Teignmouth, but there is no actual separation between them. East Teignmouth is the part that is built near the sea at the eastern end of the Den: West Teignmouth lies along the east bank of the river. (Cut, No. 5.)

Camden, Leland, and other of our older antiquaries, have asserted that Teignmouth is the place where the Danes first landed in England: but there can be no doubt whatever that they are mistaken, and that the Tinmouth of the Saxon Chroniclers is Tynemouth, in Northumberland. Teignmouth seems to have been at an early period a place of some trade. There was then no sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and the haven was safe and convenient. Teignmouth contributed, at least occasionally, its proportion of armed ships to the national fleet. Before the reign of Henry VIII. the river showed signs of silting-up, and sand had begun to accumulate in the harbour. An Act of Parliament was passed in that reign to amend the harbour; in the

preamble of which it is stated that formerly vessels of 800 tons burden could enter the port at low water.

If we may believe Bishop Burnet, Teignmouth had sunk into a very wretched state towards the end of the seventeenth century. After the defeat of the combined English and Dutch squadron, under the Earl of Torrington, off Beachy Head, in 1690, the French fleet sailed direct to Torbay, where it lay for some days. "But before they sailed," says the bishop, (*Hist. of his own Times*, v. ii. p. 54,) "they made a descent on a miserable village called Tinmouth, that happened to belong to a papist: they burnt it, and a few fisher-boats that belonged to it; but the inhabitants got away; and as a body of militia was marching thither, the French made great haste back to their ships: the French published this in their *Gazettes* with much pomp, as if it had been a great trading town, that had many ships, with some men-of-war in port: this both rendered them ridiculous, and served to raise the nation against them; for every town on the coast saw what they must expect, if the French should prevail."

But the townsmen's own account of the affair is not exactly like this. They addressed a memorial to the King; and a Brief was issued on their behalf, which enabled them to raise money for the restoration of the town. From the statement set forth in the Brief, it is plain that Burnet underrated the importance of the place, which was anything but 'a miserable village.' The statement is interesting, as an authentic representation of such an occurrence made immediately afterwards: and it is worth quoting farther, as an evidence of the way in which the zealous bishop colours his notices of matters of which he was not an actual witness. The Brief of the townsmen must of course have been well known to the bishop.

This address "Sheweth,—That on the 13th day of July last (1690), about four of the clock in the morning, the French fleet, then riding in Torbay, where all the forces of our county of Devon were drawn up to oppose their landing; several of their galleys drew off from their fleet, and made towards a weak unfortified place, called Teignmouth, about seven miles to the eastward of Torbay, and coming very near, and having played the cannon of their galleys upon the town, and shot near 200 great shot therein, to drive away the poor inhabitants, they landed about 700 of their men, and began to fire and plunder the towns of East and West Teignmouth, which consist of about 300 houses; and in the space of three hours ransacked and plundered the said towns, and a village called Shaldon, lying on the other side of the river, and burnt and destroyed 116 houses, together with eleven ships and barks that were in the harbour. And to add sacrilege to their robbery and violence, they in a barbarous manner entered the two churches of the said towns, and in the most unchristian manner tore the Bibles and Common Prayer-books in pieces, scattering the leaves thereof about the streets, broke down the pulpits, overthrew the Communion-tables, together with many other marks of a barbarous and enraged cruelty. And such

goods and merchandises as they could not, or durst not, stay to carry away, for fear of our forces, which were marching to oppose them, they spoilt and destroyed, killing very many cattle and hogs, which they left dead in the streets. And the said towns of East and West Teignmouth and Shaldon, being in great part maintained by fishing, and their boats, nets, and other fishing-craft being plundered and consumed in the common flames, the poor inhabitants are not only deprived of their subsistence and maintenance, but put out of a condition to retrieve their losses by their future industry; the whole loss and damage of the said poor inhabitants, sustained by such an unusual accident, amounting to about £11,000, as appeared to our justices, not only by the oaths of many poor sufferers, but also of many skilful and experienced workmen who viewed the same, and have taken an estimate thereof; which loss hath reduced many poor inhabitants, therefore, to a very sad and deplorable condition."—(*Lyson's Mag. Brit.*, vi., 491.)

The money required was raised, and the town was restored.

Teignmouth is now a busy and thriving town, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants. Fishing is largely carried on, and there is a considerable import and export trade. It is the port for shipping the Haytor granite, which is brought down the Teign from the quarries, and the fine clay which is brought from Kingsteignton. The inhabitants are also largely engaged in the Newfoundland fishery. There is besides a good coasting trade, so that the haven is commonly a bustling scene. The entrance to the river is impeded by a sand bar. The main sand-bank is elevated far above high-water mark; but the narrow channel by which the river escapes into the sea has a depth of water of about fifteen feet at high tide, permitting, therefore, the passage of vessels of considerable burden; and the harbour, though there are several large shoals, is tolerably commodious. The continuation of the sand-bank, called the Den, between the sea and the town, was once a part of the town. Leland says, "At the west side of the town is a piece of sandy ground, called the Dene, whereon hath been not many years since divers houses and wine-cellars." The Den is now laid out as a public promenade; near the western end of it a small lighthouse has been erected.

Teignmouth is not wholly dependent on its shipping. It is one of the largest and most frequented watering-places on the coast, yielding only to Torquay, and, perhaps, to Exmouth. According to Lysons, "Teignmouth appears to have become fashionable, and to have increased in buildings about the middle of last century." Unlike the other leading watering-places on the Devon coast, Teignmouth is not a winter resort. It has only what in watering-place phraseology is termed 'a summer season,' which of course includes the autumn.

The streets of Teignmouth have more the appearance of belonging to a trading town than a town of pleasure. They are mostly narrow and irregular, and the houses are far from showy. Facing the sea, however, there



5.—TEIGNMOUTH.

are good houses and terraces of the ordinary watering-place species. There are in the town and opposite the sea the usual public buildings, baths, and hotels. The showiest building in Teignmouth is the Public Rooms, which stands in the centre of the Crescent fronting the Den; it is a large structure, with an Ionic pediment, and a Doric colonnade. It contains a spacious ball-room, billiard and reading-rooms, and all the other rooms usual in such an edifice. The lighthouse is plain, but substantial; it is intended to warn vessels off the sand, and, by the aid of a light fixed on a house on the Den, to guide them in entering the river. There are two churches in Teignmouth, both comparatively recent, and positively ugly. Probably it would be hard to find another town that has only two churches, and both so ill-favoured. East Teignmouth Church is a singular building: it is said to be intended as an example of the Saxon style,—if so, it is a very bad example. The interior is described as being "warm and comfortable;" matters that are no doubt appreciated on a Sunday morning. West Teignmouth Church has no redeeming quality. In form it is an octagon, with a queer tower at one of the angles. The interior might raise a doubt whether the design was not taken from a riding-circus, to which use it might, with a little alteration of the pit and gallery, be readily converted.

The glory of Teignmouth is its promenade,—unrivalled on this coast, and not to be easily surpassed elsewhere. The Den was a wide, uneven, unsightly sandy waste, lying between the sea and the town, and extending from East Teignmouth to the river. This waste it at length entered into the imagination of the towns-

people might as well be applied to some use: accordingly it was levelled, the centre was laid down with turf, and around it was carried an excellent carriage-drive; while between this and the beach a broad walk was formed, extending above half a mile along the sea-side. Thus, what had hitherto been a deformity became not merely an ornament, but one of the most valuable additions which could have been made to the town. Within the last year the sea-wall of the railway has prolonged this walk for more than a mile farther. The people of Teignmouth are justly proud of the Den. The cove, within which Teignmouth lies, is a very beautiful one: the broad blue ocean, which in all its wondrous beauty stretches before you, is studded with vessels constantly passing to and fro; occasionally, one and another ship is seen working in or out of the harbour, unless it be when the curl of the waves over the bar at low water indicates the hidden danger; and the Den not only affords the most convenient means of observing the beauty and interest of the scene, but in itself would possess great attractions for the gay folks who visit these towns, as a parade whereon to take their daily exercise, or to assemble in order to see and be seen. The Den appears to great advantage on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking behind the distant cliffs. The moonlight view of the sea on a fine clear night is marvellously fine. Half the town seems sometimes to be assembled on the Den, if the full moon be particularly brilliant.

The country about Teignmouth is of uncommon beauty: in every direction there are pleasant and attractive walks. From the hills, which rise far abo-



6.—ANSTIS' COVE.

behind the town, the prospects of mingled sea and land are deservedly famous. But the sketch we have already given in speaking of the walks in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, must suffice as a sort of general description of the characteristics of Devonshire scenery; and here, as in other places, we must be content with a mere reference. It would be improper, however, not to speak particularly of the advantages that Teignmouth affords for aquatic excursions. The boats and boatmen of the town are celebrated; and the visitor will find a sail along the coast towards Babbicombe, or up the Teign, a treat of no ordinary kind. There is a regatta at Teignmouth every season, which is famed all through these parts.

The Teign, although not so romantic in its lower course as the Dart, has much of loveliness and something of majesty. As you ascend it the valley opens in a series of exquisite reaches; the banks at one moment descend to the edge of the water in gentle wooded slopes, and presently rise in abrupt cliffs; while ever and again is seen on the hill sides, or in some sheltered vale, a cottage, or a little collection of cottages:

"Cluster'd like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats;
Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,
Like separated stars with clouds between."

Wordsworth.

To some one or other of these quiet, retired places, parties are often made for a summer holiday. Combe and Coombeinteignhead Cellars, are especial favourites with those who love to go junketting. Devonshire, the reader no doubt knows, is famous for two delicious preparations of milk—junkets and clotted cream. They are imitated in other countries, but in Devonshire only are they to be had in perfection. The junket, which is made by mixing spirits and spices with cream prepared in a particular manner, is properly a summer dish; but the cream is for every season. Cobbett, in the pleasantest and healthiest of his books, the 'Rural Rides,' relates how, on halting on a dreary day at an inn in Sussex, and finding to his sorrow there was no bacon in the house, he at once resolved to proceed again on his journey, though the night was drawing on and it was pouring of rain:—the want of bacon, he says, making him fearful as to all other comforts. And he was right. He knew the country well; and he knew, therefore, that the lack of bacon in a Sussex inn was a sure symptom of ill housekeeping. In Devonshire the test is a different one. Here the Rambler may be certain, if he be not served with clotted cream to his breakfast, there must be something amiss; and he will do well at once to shift his quarters.

Mrs. Bray very properly extols the junkets and cream of her favourite Devonshire: and she adds a good illustration of their excellence. After speaking of the references made to them in old authors, she says that she one day observed to an old dame, of whose cream she had just been partaking in her dairy, and who had explained her method of preparing it, "that

she little thought of how ancient date was the custom of preparing the rich scalded cream in the manner she was describing to me. 'Auncient!' she exclaimed: "I've warrant he's as old as Adam; for all the best things in the world were to be had in Paradise. And," adds our fair authoress, "I must admit, if all the best things in the world were really to be found in Paradise, our cream might certainly there claim a place." Let the reader try it at breakfast next time he is in Devonshire, and he will be of the same opinion.

If it be not thought worth while to hire a boat for a sail up the river, there are market-boats which ply daily between Teignmouth and Newton, that carry passengers for a trifling fare, in which a place can be taken; and the scenery of the river may be well enjoyed from them. Just above the town the Teign is crossed by a bridge, which was erected about twenty years ago, and which is said to be the longest bridge in England. The roadway is supported on iron trusses, which form some four or five-and-thirty arches. Over the main channel there is a swing-bridge, which opens so as to permit the passage of ships up the river. This bridge is another of the pleasant walks of Teignmouth. At low water there is on either side a muddy swamp, but at high tide the view from the bridge up the river is very beautiful, especially at sunset. The richly-wooded valley through which the broad stream winds is backed by hills, receding behind each other till the distance is closed by the lofty Tors of Dartmoor. Looking downwards, the river, with Teignmouth on one side, and Shaldon on the other, is singularly picturesque: and it is still finer and more rememberable if beheld on a bright night, when the full moon is high over the distant sea, and sends a broad path of lustre along the river,—which appears like a lake closed in by the sand-bank that then seems to be united to the opposite Ness,—and the white houses that lie within reach of the moon's beams shine out in vivid contrast to the masses of intense shadow.

TORQUAY.

On leaving Teignmouth we may cross the river by the bridge and look at Ringmoor, or by the ferry to the picturesque village of Shaldon, which both from its fishery and as a watering-place may be considered as an adjunct to Teignmouth. The Torquay road lies along the summits of the lofty cliffs, and though too much enclosed within high banks, there may be had from it numerous views of vast extent. But more striking combinations of sea and land are to be found nearer the edge of the cliffs. Teignmouth, with the coast beyond, is seen here to great advantage. (Cut No. 5.) The coast from Teignmouth to Torquay is all along indented with greater or less recesses, and as the rocks are high and rugged, many of these coves have a most picturesque appearance. A larger one, Babbicombe Bay, is considered to be one of the finest of the smaller bays on the coast. Here, till not many years ago, were only a dozen rude fishermen's hovels, which

seemed to grow out of the rough rocky banks: now there are numerous goodly villas with their gardens and plantations, scattered along the hill-sides; hotels have been built, and there reigns over all an air of gentility and refinement;—a poor compensation for the old, uncultivated, native wildness that has vanished before it.

St. Mary Church, just above Babbicombe Bay, has also altered with the changing times. From a quiet country village, it has grown into a place of some resort, and houses fitted for the reception of wealthy visitors have been built and are building on every side. There is not much to notice in the village. The church is a plain building of various dates, and not uninteresting to the architectural antiquary. It stands on an elevated site, and the tall tower serves as a land-mark for a long distance. In the church-yard may be seen a pair of stocks and a whipping-post in excellent preservation. While at St. Mary's the stranger will do well to visit Mr. Woodly's marble works: the show-rooms, which are open to him, contain a wonderful variety of the Devonshire marbles, wrought into chimney-pieces and various articles of use or ornament. Some of the specimens are very beautiful.

A short distance further is Bishopstowe, the seat of the Bishop of Exeter: a large and handsome building of recent erection, in the Italian Palazzo style. It stands in a commanding situation in one of the very finest parts of this coast; and the terraces and towers must afford the most splendid prospects. Immediately below the Bishop's palace is Anstis Cove, the most romantic spot from Sidmouth to the Dart. (Cut, No. 6.) It is a deep indentation in the cliffs, where a stream appears at some time or other to have worked out its way in a bold ravine to the ocean. On either hand the little bay is bounded by bold wild rocks. On the left a bare headland juts out into the sea, which has worn it, though of hardest marble, into three or four rugged peaks. On the right, the craggy sides of the lofty hill are covered thick with wild copse and herbage, while from among the loose fragments of rock project stunted oak, and birch, and ash trees, their trunks overgrown with mosses and lichens, and encompassed with tangled heaps of trailing plants. The waves roll heavily into the narrow cove, and dash into snowy foam against the marble rocks and upon the raised beach. A lovely spot it is as a lonely wanderer or a social party could desire for a summer-day's enjoyment. The Devonshire marble, which is now in so much request, is chiefly quarried from Anstis Cove and Babbicombe Bay. While here, Kent's Hole, a cavern famous for the fossil remains which have been discovered in it, and so well known from the descriptions of Dr. Buckland and other geologists, may be visited, if permission has been previously obtained of the Curator of the museum at Torquay. The cavern is said to be 600 feet in length, and it has several chambers and winding passages. Numerous stalactites depend from the roof, and the floor is covered by a slippery coating of stalagmite: the place is very curious, but has little of the impressiveness of the caverns of Yorkshire and the Peak. At Tor-wood,

close by, are a few picturesque fragments of a building that once belonged to the monks of Tor Abbey; was afterwards a seat of the Earl of Londonderry; and then a farmhouse.

Nearly all the way from Teignmouth the stranger will have observed, not without surprise, the number of large and expensive residences that have been recently erected on almost every available (and many an unpromising) spot. Many appear to have been begun without a proper reckoning of the cost, and are standing in an unfinished state; many that are finished are 'to let,' but more are occupied. As Torquay is approached, the number rapidly increases, until on the skirts of the town there appears, as it has been appropriately termed, "a forest of villas." What old Fuller calls "the plague of building," seems to have alighted here in its strongest form. But whatever may be the case further off, it is said that a villa of the best kind is hardly ever completed and furnished in the immediate vicinity of the town before a tenant is found ready to secure it.

No other watering-place in England has risen so rapidly into importance as Torquay. Leland indicates its existence without mentioning its name. Speaking of Torbay he says, "There is a pier and succour for fisher-boats in the bottom by Torre priory." What it was in the middle of the sixteenth century it remained, with little alteration, to the end of the eighteenth. "The living generation," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has seen the site where now stand stately buildings, handsome shops, and a noble pier, with a busy population of 8000 souls, occupied by a few miserable-looking fishing-huts, and some loose stones jutting out from the shore, as a sort of anchorage or protection for the wretched craft of its inhabitants." The same work suggests a reason, in addition to the causes that have led to its unrivalled popularity, for the remarkable increase of houses:—"The increase of buildings and houses here has been, perhaps, greater than in any other town—[watering-place is meant: Birkenhead and other commercial and manufacturing towns have, of course, increased to a much greater extent]—in the kingdom. This, in a great measure, may be attributed, in addition to its beauty of situation and salubrity of climate, to the natural advantages it possesses for building. The whole district being nearly one large marble quarry, the renter or possessor of a few feet square has only to dig for his basement story, and the material, with the exception of a little timber, which is landed before his door, for the completion of his superstructure, is found."

Torquay lies in a sunny and sheltered cove at the north-eastern extremity of the noble Torbay. Lofty hills surround it on all sides except the south, where it is open to the sea. The houses are built on the sides of the hills, which rise steeply from the bosom of the bay. Thus happily placed, the town enjoys almost all the amenities of a more southern clime: the temperature is mild and equable, beyond perhaps that of any other part of the island. In winter the air is

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

warm and balmy; while in summer the heat is tempered by the gentle sea breezes; and it is said to be less humid than any other spot on the coast of Devon. It suffers only from the south-western gales, and they serve to clear and purify the atmosphere. Dr. (now Sir J.) Clarke, in his celebrated work on 'Climate,' gives it the first place among English towns as a residence for those whose health requires a warm winter abode; and his decision at once confirmed and widely extended the popularity it had already attained. He says, "The general character of the climate of this coast is soft and humid. Torquay is certainly drier than the other places, and almost entirely free from fogs. This drier state of the atmosphere probably arises, in part, from the limestone rocks, which are confined to the neighbourhood of this place, and partly from its position between the two streams, the Dart and the Teign, by which the rain is in some degree attracted. Torquay is also remarkably protected from the north-east winds, the great evil of our spring climate. It is likewise sheltered from the north-west. This protection from winds extends also over a very considerable tract of beautiful country, abounding in every variety of landscape; so that there is scarcely a wind that blows from which the invalid will not be able to find a shelter for exercise, either on foot or horseback. In this respect Torquay is much superior to any other place we have noticed. . . . The selection will, I believe, lie among the following places, as winter or spring residences: Torquay, the Undercliff (Isle of Wight), Hastings, and Clifton,—and perhaps in the generality of cases will deserve the preference in the order stated."

After such an encomium from one of the most celebrated physicians of the day, Torquay could not fail to obtain a large influx of visitors—and those of the class most desiderated. Torquay is now the most fashionable resort of the kind. It has both a summer and a winter season; and the commencement of the one follows close upon the termination of the other. Hither come invalids from every part of the kingdom in search of health, or in the hope of alleviating sickness: and hither also flock the idle, the wealthy, and the luxurious, in search of pleasure, or of novelty, or in the hope of somehow getting rid of the lingering hours.

A good deal of amusement, and some instruction, might be found in a sketch of the history of the wells, and the baths, and the watering-places of England; and there are abundant materials for the illustration of such a sketch in our lighter literature. It would be curious to compare the various ways in which, in successive generations, the votaries of fashion and of pleasure have sought to amuse themselves, under the pretence of seeking after health; and how variously health has been sought after by those who have really been in pursuit of it: and equally curious would it be to compare the appliances as well as the habits at such places. Torquay would probably be found to bear little more resemblance to Tonbridge-Wells or to Bath, to Harrogate, or Buxton, or Cheltenham, or any other of

our older towns of the same class, than it would to the baths of Germany, or the Italian cities of refuge.

Torquay has many buildings for the general convenience; but it has no public building that will attract attention on account of its importance or its architecture. There are subscription, reading, and assembly-rooms, first-rate hotels, a club-house, baths, and a museum; there are also three or four dispensaries and charitable institutions. But there are none of them noticeable buildings; the town wears altogether a domestic 'Belgravian' air: it is a town of terraces and villas. The pier is the chief public work: it is so constructed as to enclose a good though small tidal harbour; and it forms also a promenade. The principal shops lie along the back of the harbour, and they, as may be supposed, are well and richly stored. The streets are mostly narrow and irregular. The houses which the visitors occupy are built on the higher grounds; they rise in successive tiers along the hill sides, and the villas extend far outside the older town. A new town of villas is stretching over Beacon Hill, and occupying the slopes that encircle Mead Foot Cove. All the new villa residences are more or less ambitious in their architecture; some of them are very elegant buildings. They are, of course, of different sizes, ranging from cottages to mansions. They are built of stone—till lately, in almost every instance covered with stucco. Some of very ornamental character have been recently erected with the limestone uncovered. There is no good public parade by the sea-side: the new road to Paignton is but an apology for one, though a magnificent parade might have been constructed there: a better situation could not be desired. Recently a piece of ground of about four acres, in the most fashionable part of Torquay—but at some distance from the sea—has been laid out as a public garden: and it is, of its kind, a right pleasant one. The walks are numerous within the limits of the town, which are pleasant in themselves, or afford pleasing prospects. Along the summit of Waldon Hill the whole extent of Torbay is seen to great advantage: a grander prospect could hardly be desired over the ever-varying and ever-glorious ocean.

The views from Beacon Hill are almost equally fine. Noble views of Torquay, and of the eastern end of Torbay, may be had from the Paignton Road, and from the meadows by Tor Abbey, and the knolls about Livermead (Cut, No. 7). We shall say nothing of the walks in the vicinity of Torquay; the people of Torquay do not walk there: but there are rides and drives all around, of a kind to charm the least admiring; and the whole heart of the country is so verdant that they are hardly less admirable in winter than at any other season.

The appearance of Torbay is so tempting, that we can hardly suppose the visitor, however little of a sailor, will be content without having a sail on it. He should do so, if only to see Torquay to most advantage. From the crowd of meaner buildings which encircle the harbour and extend along the sides of the cove, rise the streets and terraces of white houses, like an amphitheatre, tier



7.-TORQUAY.

above tier. Behind these are receding hills, spotted at wider intervals with gay and luxurious villas, each in its own enclosure, and surrounded by dark green foliage. The picture is in itself a beautiful and a striking one—and it is the more impressive from the associations and feelings that arise on looking upon such a scene of wealth and refinement.

Torbay is one of the finest and most beautiful bays around the whole English coast. It is bounded on the north by a bold headland, which bears the elegant designation of Hope's Nose, and it sweeps round in a splendid curve to the lofty promontory of Berry Head, which forms its southern boundary. The distance between the two extremities is above four miles; the depth, in the centre of the bay, is about three miles and a half; the coast line is upwards of twelve miles. Within its ample bosom a navy might ride at anchor. Considerable fleets have lain within it. From its surface, the aspect of the bay is of surpassing beauty. On the northern side lies Torquay, beneath its sheltering hills: at the southern extremity is the busy town of Brixham, with its fleet of fishing-boats lying under the shelter of the bold promontory of Berry Head. Between these distant points are two or three villages with their church towers, and all along are scattered cottages or villas, serving as links to connect the towns and hamlets. The coast-line is broken by deep indentations and projecting rocks. The shore rises now in bluff and rugged cliffs, and presently sinks in verdant and wooded slopes: and behind and above all stretches far away, as a lovely back-ground, a richly diversified and fertile country; while to complete the glorious panorama, the bosom of the bay is alive with ships, and yachts, and numerous trawls.

Let us go ashore again, and look at the two or three spots that lie along the bay. Adjoining Torquay are a few vestiges of an old monastery of the Premonstratensian order, and which, according to Dr. Oliver, ('Historical Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon'), "was undoubtedly the richest priory belonging to that order in England." It was founded in the reign of Richard I., and it continued to flourish till the general destruction of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. The priory stood in one of the most exquisite spots in this land of beauty; and its happily-chosen site is a testimony to the community of feeling among the monks with what Humboldt (in his 'Cosmos') "traces in the writings of the Christian Fathers of the Church,—the fine expression of a love of nature, nursed in the seclusion of the hermitage." The few fragments that remain of the old priory are in the gardens of the modern mansion which bears the name of Tor Abbey. They are almost entirely covered with ivy, and are so dilapidated that no judgment of the ancient architecture can be formed from them.

About the centre of Torbay lies the village of Paignton, once a place of some consequence, as its large old church testifies. The bishops of Exeter had formerly a seat here, some fragments of which are standing near the old church. Paignton's chief fame till within these

very few years arose from its cider and its cabbages! The country around Paignton is very fertile, and the cider-apple is largely cultivated. A great deal of cider is annually shipped from Paignton to London and other places. About ten years ago a pier was constructed, at which vessels of 200 tons burden can load and unload. Of late, Paignton has greatly increased in size and altered in character. Torquay has no good bathing-place; and since the construction of the new road, the residents there have availed themselves of the sands at Paignton, which are well adapted for bathing. At first a few, and afterwards a great many, visitors sought for houses or lodgings here. To accommodate them, a good number of convenient houses have been erected; and the place is growing fast in size as well as reputation. It is not at all unlikely that it will some day have its full share of popularity. Paignton has many advantages as a watering-place; it lies in a pleasant and picturesque spot, almost in the centre of the splendid bay, over which the uplands command the grandest prospects: the sands are good and well adapted for bathing. The lanes and walks around the town are the pleasantest and most picturesque in this neighbourhood. Though not so sheltered as Torquay, Paignton is by no means exposed; and if not quite so warm, the air is less relaxing.

Brixham, which lies at the southern extremity of the bay, is one of the first and wealthiest fishing-towns in England. About two hundred and fifty sail of vessels belong to the town, besides some fifty or sixty of the smaller fishing-boats. The extent of the fishing trade is enormous,—the largest, it is said, in England. In Norman times the town belonged to the Novants; and from them it passed in succession through several other noble hands. The present lords of Brixham are Brixham fishermen. The manor was purchased some time back by twelve fishermen; these twelve shares were afterwards subdivided, and these have been again divided. Each holder of a share, or portion of a share, however small, is styled 'a quay lord.' If you see a thick-bearded, many-jacketed personage, who carries himself with a little extra consequence in the market-place, you may be sure he is a Brixham lord.

Brixham is a long, straggling, awkward, ungainly place. It stands in a picturesque position, and it looks picturesque at a distance. Not but what there are parts of it which, close at hand, are picturesque enough after a fashion. Down by the shore, Prout would make capital pictures of the shambling-houses, and the bluff weather-beaten hulls that are hauled on the beach or lie alongside the pier. The Upper Town, or Church-Brixham, is built on the south side of Berry Head; the Church is there, and the better houses are there also. The Lower Town, or Brixham Quay, is the business part of the town: the streets are narrow, dirty, and unfragrant,—a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell. There is here a Pier, which forms a tolerable tidal harbour. But the great increase in the trade (and Brixham is a port of some consequence apart from its fishery) has rendered the old harbour insufficient,

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

and a new Breakwater is now in course of construction, which will, it is expected, form a sufficient shelter for large merchant ships and frigates of war. (Cut, No. 8.)

It was at Brixham Quay that William, Prince of Orange, landed on that expedition which gave to him the British crown, and secured to England its constitution. The Dutch fleet, after some misadventures, rode safely into Torbay on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688. The townsmen of Brixham welcomed their arrival by carrying off provisions, and proffered their boats for the landing of the troops. As soon as a British regiment was sent ashore, William himself followed, and superintended the disembarkation of the remainder of the army. Burnet says the Prince's whole demeanour wore an unusual air of gaiety. While William was busily engaged in directing the military arrangements, the self-important Doctor stepped up to him and offered his service in any way he could be of use. "And what do you think of predestination now, Doctor?" was the Prince's reply. Dartmouth says he added a hint about studying the canons,—which Burnet

seems to have caught the drift of more accurately than of the question.

In the centre of the market-place of Brixham stands a monument, in which is fixed a block of stone, with this inscription engraven on it: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on landing in England, 5th of November, 1688." When William IV. visited Brixham, the inhabitants presented him with a small fragment of this stone enclosed in a box of heart of oak.

The fleet which brought William to England was not the last that has lain at Torbay. In the following year the French fleet, after having defeated the combined English and Dutch squadron, sailed into Torbay, and lay there for several days. The fleet of Earl St. Vincent made Torbay a principal station. The *Belle-rophon*, with Bonaparte on board of it, was anchored off Brixham for some time. The fallen Emperor is said to have gazed over the bay with undisguised admiration: "What a beautiful country! how much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba!" was his exclamation.



8. — BRIXHAM AND TORBAY.





1.—COLOURED-CLOTH HALL, INTERIOR.

